

LOVELY LONG-LIFE SON

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AHP 64





**Lovely Long-life Son!**  
**Living & Singing an Amdo Tibetan Pastoral Life**

ལུན་གུབ། Lhun 'grub with 祁慧民 Qi Huimin

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FRONT COVER: Do lam རོལ་མགོ། (autumn pasture) (22 September 2019, Rgya mo skyid རྒྱ་མོ་སྒྱེད།).

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# ACCLAIM

*A Lovely Long-life Son!* features graphic, real-life stories of Lhun 'grub (born in 1991) and his relatives, with memorable folksongs and photos from Mdo ba (Duowa) Town in the east of Qinghai Province, PR China. Two prominent genres of Tibetan folksongs - *glu* and *la gzhas* - are precisely categorized and vividly presented in both oral and Literary Tibetan, followed by the English translation and musical notation. The narratives, songs, singers, photographs, comments, and analysis depict the author's homeland from the 1930s to 2020, providing valuable materials to those interested in Tibetan folksongs, culture, education, love stories, community transitions, and social and cultural studies.

-Tshe dbang rdo rje ཚེ་དབང་རྡོ་རྗེ། (Caixiangduojie 才项多杰)

Qinghai Normal University 青海师范大学

In *A Lovely Long-life Son!* Lhun 'grub, a native Tibetan, takes readers on a journey from his birth and through his childhood within the historical and social dynamics of his home community. This sets the stage for how he learned and performed songs and the songs themselves as sung, in Literary Tibetan and English translation. The performers, the settings for particular song genres, and the lyrics are described, with the music notation provided by Qi Huimin. Readers gain rare, intimate insight into singing culture and its significant role in local cultural identity while hearing Lhun 'grub's concern for the marginalization of singing traditions in today's rapidly changing society. This is one of the few books richly detailing personal experiences with learning and performing Tibetan songs in a very local context and is a must-read for anyone interested in life-writing, the importance of cultural preservation, and Tibetan Studies.

-Kelsang Norbu (Gesang Nuobu, Skal bzang nor bu གསམ་བཟང་རོ་བུ།)

Lhun 'grub's well-organized collection of songs, life experiences, interviews, and stories in his autobiographical *A Lovely Long-life Son!* provide intimate insight into Amdo pastoral life in the 1990s. Featured songs include celebrating three-year-old children to eighty-year-old elders, communication between lovers, celebratory moments of reunion, and local entertainment. The lyrics and melodies typify nomad lifeways characterized by the intertwining of human and livestock lives with nature. Lhun 'grub is a gifted singer whose shared authentic experiences of learning, listening, and singing with locals empower and validate the transmission of these songs to future generations of pastoral people and bring back memories from my childhood and youth in Golok, a time when singing was tightly interwoven with daily life.

-Rigdrol Jikar (རིག་གྲོ་ཇུ་ཁར།) Victoria University, Australia

*A Lovely Long-life Son! Living & Singing an Amdo Tibetan Pastoral Life* triggers concerns about the sustainability of Tibetan culture in this constantly modernizing society and the struggles of ordinary Tibetans to maintain their culture and identity. Lhun 'grub is fortunate to have been born and nurtured in his native culture with its joys and challenges. Unfortunately, the happiness Lhun 'grub experienced with song and singing will likely not be shared by younger Tibetan generations, including Lhun 'grub's children. Poignant accounts of his childhood, interviews with singers, beautiful lyrics, valuable music notation and commentary, and amazing photographs make this book invaluable documentation.

-Klu rgyal 'bum ལུ་རྒྱལ་འུ་བུ།

Lhun 'grub, born in a black yak-hair tent in Amdo in 1991, recalls his life of songs and singing occasions as an integral experience of being a member of a mobile pastoralist community herding yaks, sheep, and horses. In many ways, his early life differs little from that of his parents and grandparents. Three life narratives plus biographical sketches of other community members allow for a rich appreciation of the social circumstances in a frontier space where wolves and bandits were constant threats. Rifles, horses, and idealized manhood were no-nonsense responses to living on the periphery. His childhood memories and elders' accounts convey intimate knowledge of a culture of songs and singing that was, in sharp contrast to today's world, far more than mere entertainment. Lhun 'grub's portraits of singers are a meaningful tribute. Moreover, lyrics transcribed in multiple Tibetan formats with English translation, plus musical notation (by Qi Huimin), provide readers with an exemplary model of weaving songs, music, life, and memories into a precious tapestry of Tibetan community life. This book will greatly interest scholars and students of the Tibetosphere, Tibetan music, cultural preservation, local history, indigeneity, and the impact of globalization and modernization on once remote, traditional peoples.

-Gengqiu Gelai (Konchok Gelek,

Dkon mchog dge legs དཀོན་མཆོག་དགེ་ལེན་པ།) *University of Zurich*

*A Lovely Long-life Son!* is an exquisite achievement in the genre of Tibetan ethnoautobiography, highlighting the impact of accelerating access to digital media and use. Exploring and documenting Tibetan traditional songs and the lives of their practitioners in an Amdo Tibetan pastoral community, this is essential reading for those interested in Tibetan traditional singing and the changing cultural landscapes of Tibetan pastoral lives.

-Tshe dpal rdo rje ཚེ་དཔལ་རྡོ་རྗེ། *University of Canterbury*

As the title suggests, *Living & Singing an Amdo Tibetan Pastoral Life* does precisely that in depicting Lhun 'grub's life through the celebration of songs and how they convey a wide range of intentions and emotions from lamentations to romantic love to praising religious personalities. Lyrics in oral and Literary Tibetan (Tibetan script and Wylie) with English translation and music notation (thanks to Qi Huimin) provide an invaluable resource of interest to readers and scholars of various disciplines. Born in 1991, before the ubiquitous presence of social media via cell phones, Lhun 'grub experienced a traditional education among Tibetan nomad community members as they maintained and enhanced cross-generational connections among people of varying social status (religious figures, political leaders, men, women, children, thieves) and connections with the surrounding environment and animals through singing. Of note is how antiphonal singing resembles Namuyi Tibetans' singing during weddings and gatherings of relatives - a powerful artistic, joyful way of communication transcending mere conventional linguistic expression. This book is invaluable.

-Li Jianfu 李建富 (Libu Lakhi, Zla ba bstan 'dzin ལྷུ་བ་བསྐྱེན་འཛིན།)

*Qinghai Normal University* 青海师范大学

Lhun 'grub's ethnographic description of his pastoral life, interlaced with traditional Amdo Tibetan folk songs, is a valuable record detailing songs, singing, and singers that now confront unprecedented challenges amid China's transformative modernity. Though some find Tibetan folk songs annoying, given their remarkable high-pitch and (to them) unfathomable lyrics, others who *do* understand may burst into tears when a good singer performs - testimony to the songs' expressive power. Meticulous contextualization of traditional folk song performance, meanings of songs and singing, ways of singing, song genres, and sketches of singers' lives give profound insight into the world of Tibetan singers in a fast-changing world.

-Nyangchak (Snying lcags rgyal སྙིང་ལཱག་རྒྱལ།)

*Living & Singing an Amdo Tibetan Pastoral Life* is a beautiful ethnography of singers, songs, and life in an Amdo pastoral community. Lhun 'grub's own and other locals' rich accounts of their experiences introduce readers to a traditional herding society where songs were central to the communities' value system, serving a deep purpose beyond just entertainment. Song varieties are presented in rich social and cultural contexts through the intimacy of lived interactions with songs and singing. These lives, memories, and hopes demonstrate a major concern with the imminent loss of local song lore transmission.

-Rin chen rdo rje རིན་ཆེན་རྡོ་རྗེ། Lanzhou University

*Living & Singing an Amdo Tibetan Pastoral Life* is a profoundly personal ethnographic account with fine observations focused on Tibetan songscapes. Lhun drub's engagement with various Tibetan songs and singers from childhood to young adulthood, and his contemporary observations of how and why traditional Tibetan songs were learned, the performance contexts, the texts as sung and in Literary Tibetan, English translation, and music notation (by Qi Huimin) are extremely valuable. This book is beautifully written and intensely observed with thoroughly translated Tibetan song texts. Requisite reading for a better understanding of pastoral life in the last three decades.

-Duojie Zhaxi (Rdo rje bkra shis རྡོ་རྗེ་བཀྲ་ཤིས།)  
Qinghai Minzu University

# PREFACE

This book is about songs, singing, and life in a Tibetan pastoral area beginning in the 1990s. Lhun 'grub (b. 1991) shares his mother's vivid memories of his birth, details of his childhood via three short stories while herding and camping on the grassland, his experiences with education, song categories, his life with song and singers, and the songs themselves in both Tibetan texts (versions as performed and in Literary Tibetan) and English translation.

Lhun 'grub grew up in his homeland living in black yak-hair tents at a time when mobile pastoralism in yak and sheep herding communities was the typical way of life. Personal experiences, conversations with elders exploring their involvement with singing, and other aspects of life are entwined with songs and singing, further demonstrating how integral song was to local pastoral lifeways.

Sangs rgyas bkra shis et al. (2015) and Phun tshogs and Qi (2017) are two of the very few autoethnographic texts focused on contemporary A mdo<sup>1</sup> Tibetan songscapes, highlighting the value and enduring importance of this book,<sup>2</sup> whose significance is further underscored when Lhun 'grub comments that, though he considers himself young (less than thirty-years-old in the year 2020), the local songscape that he energetically participated in has changed dramatically. He expresses regret that his children, let alone his grandchildren, will be able to sing very much in Tibetan.

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<sup>1</sup> A mdo refers to the northeastern part of ethnic Tibet and includes communities in Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho nub (Haixi) Mongolian and Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mgo log (Guoluo) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho byang (Haibei) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho shar (Haidong) City, and Zi ling (Xining City) in Mtsho sngon; Kan lho (Gannan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture and Wuwei City, Gansu Province; and Rnga ba (A ba) Tibetan and Qiang Autonomous Prefecture and Dkar mdzes (Ganzi) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture in Si khron (Sichuan) Province.

<sup>2</sup> See Craun (2011) for music notation of A mdo songs.

In addition to providing valuable music notation for the songs, Qi Huimin reminds us of the value of recording songs that, in the face of rapid social transformations, widespread access to social media, and the ever-expanding variety of immediately available global performances that younger community members find extremely attractive, are soon likely never to be heard again.



# DEDICATION

Dedicated to my father, Rta 'grin tshe brtan, and my mother, Sgrol ma mtsho.

རིན་ཆེན་པ་མ་གཉིས་ཀྱི་བཀའ་རིན་མཆོན་བྱེད་དུ་དཔེ་དེབ་འདི་སྦྱོས་སུ་ཕུལ་བ་ཡིན།

# NOTE

Conversation with the singers and videos of the songs featured in this text are archived at:

<https://bit.ly/2BRdOr2>

(accessed 24 March 2020).

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank Gabriela Samcewicz and Sarge for their invaluable help; Chos lo ཚོས་ལོ།, Gdugs dkar གདུགས་དཀར།, and Bsod noms bkra shis བསོད་ནམས་བཀྲ་ཤིས། for singing and providing information about their lives; and Sbyin pa rgya mtsho སྤྱིན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ།, Sangs rgyas bkra shis སངས་རྒྱས་བཀྲ་ཤིས།, Bkra shis rab brtan བཀྲ་ཤིས་རབ་བརྟན།, Nyi ma tshe ring ཉི་མ་ཚེ་རིང་།, and Skal bzang nor bu སྐལ་བཟང་རོ་རུ། for checking the Tibetan lyrics.

# CONTENTS

Acclaim <5>

Preface <10>

Dedication <12>

Notes <12>

Acknowledgments <14>

Contents <14>

Map. PR China, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, Rma lho (Huangnan)  
Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Thun rin (Tongren) City, Mdo  
ba (Duowa) Town. <17>

Introduction <18>

- My Beginnings – 1991 <18>
- Camped on the Grassland – 2001 <19>
- Overview <21>
- My Family <25>
- Three Stories <28>
  - Nearly Gored to Death <28>
  - Stolen Horses <31>
  - Herding, Romance, and a Letter <36>
- Skäl dan rgya mtsho'i dang sa <43>
- Pastures <44>
- Education <45>

PART ONE: SONG CATEGORIES AND MY LIFE WITH SONG <48>

- *Glu* 'songs' <49>
  - Introduction <49>
  - *Bstod glu* 'praise songs' <50>
  - *Glu shags* 'humorous songs' <51>
  - *Bcol glu* 'entrusting/enjoining songs' <55>
  - *Skyo glu* 'sad songs' <55>
  - *Ra ston gyi glu*<sup>3</sup> 'tent celebrating songs' <56>
  - *Ne'u ston gyi glu* 'songs for three-year-old children'<sup>4</sup> <57>

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<sup>3</sup> *Ra* 'yak-hair tent' is the local oral form. *Sbra* is Literary Tibetan.

<sup>4</sup> More literally: 'baby hair cutting songs'.

- *Gya ston gyi glu* 'songs for eighty-year-olds' <59>
- *La gzhas* 'love songs' <60>
  - Introduction <60>
  - Gathering and Singing *La gzhas* <63>
  - A Cassette Tape-player Radio <66>

## PART TWO: SINGERS AND SONGS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION <71>

### The Singers <72>

- Bsod nams bkra shis <72>
- Chos lo <76>
- Gdugs dkar <82>
- Lhun 'grub <84>

### The Songs in English Translation <84>

## PART THREE: SONGS' TIBETAN TEXTS AS PERFORMED AND LITERARY POETIC TEXTS <101>

## PART FOUR: THE MUSIC (by 祁慧民 Qi Huimin) <165>

- Introduction <166>
- *Glu* 'songs' <168>
  - Bstod glu 'praise songs' <168>
  - *Glu shags* 'humorous songs' <172>
  - Variations of Song One and Song Six <173>
- *La gzhas* 'love songs' <174>
  - *Rogs mthun pa'i skor* 'falling in love' <174>
  - *Rogs rtsod pa'i skor* 'conflict songs' <177>
  - *Rogs dran pa'i skor* 'missing my lover' <178>
  - *Bde mo 'jog pa'i skor* 'ending' <178>
- Conclusion <179>

## PART FIVE: PHOTOGRAPHS <180>

- Landscape and Livestock <181>
- People and Life <186>
- Local Activities <193>

## CONCLUSION <205>

References <208>

Tibetan Terms <210>

Chinese Terms <217>

Index <218>

## FIGURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

- Figures
  1. Song details. <85>
  2. Song details and melody relations. <166>
- Photographs
  1. Summer pasture, 2016. <181>
  2. My family's tent, 2016. <181>
  3. Autumn pasture, 2015. <183>
  4. Zog ba, 2010. <184>
  5. Winter pasture, 2017. <185>
  6. Mdo ba Town Center, 2015. <185>
  7. My father makes a fire in our stove, 2017. <186>
  8. Tshe ring sgrol ma milks yaks, 2016. <187>
  9. My mother feeds an orphan lamb, 2016. <188>
  10. Yu b+ha, 2015. <189>
  11. Mkhar mo bkra shis, 2017. <190>
  12. G.yang drung thar and his horse, 2014. <191>
  13. Rin chen, 2016 <192>
  - 14 and 15. Horseraces, 2016. <193>
  16. Checking a horse's brow-band, 2015. <195>
  - 17 and 18. *Lab tse*, 2017. <196>
  19. *Lab tse* in summer, 2016. <197>
  20. A wedding. <198>
  21. A night gathering, 2016. <199>
  22. *Glu* singer, 2016. <200>
  23. Singing *la gzhas*, 2016. <201>
  24. Tshe ring skyid, 2015. <203>
  25. Dkon mchog skyabs' first haircut, 2015. <204>

Map. Areas in the text: PR China, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Thun rin (Tongren) City, and Mdo ba (Duowa) Town.<sup>5</sup>



<sup>5</sup> A compilation of images from <https://bit.ly/3lBDsVj> ; Lincun, derived from File:Map of Province in China 630000 青海省.sv, CC BY-SA 3.0 July 2020, <https://bit.ly/2GmdMv>; <https://bit.ly/3jxatQw>; and <https://bit.ly/3hGF1bk>, all accessed 29 August 2020.

# INTRODUCTION

## MY BEGINNINGS - 1991

In 2013, when I was a college student in Xi'an City, I asked my mother (Sgrol ma mtsho, b. 1965) my birth date. Many of my Chinese classmates were celebrating their birthdays. I thought they would not believe me if they asked, and I told them I did not know my birth date. The next time I chatted with Mother on the phone, she told me I was born on the twenty-first day of the sixth lunar month.

Time passed, and in 2020, I was able to spend three days with Mother collecting caterpillar fungus (*Ophiocordyceps sinensis*), a medicinal herb. This provided me an opportunity to ask more questions about the circumstances of my birth. Here is what she told me:

In the fifth lunar month of 1991, your great uncle (Rdo rje, 1933-1991) was very sick and hospitalized in Lanzhou City. Great Aunt (Mgon po mtsho, b. 1944) stayed with him in the hospital. Your father (Rta 'grin tshe brtan, b. 1964) took *rtsam pa*, dry cheese, a chunk of butter, a container of yogurt, meat, and fried bread to Uncle Rdo rje in Lanzhou twice a month. He couldn't take much at once because Lanzhou's hot weather quickly spoils food. Your father couldn't stay in the hospital with Great Uncle because he also had to tend our sheep and your three siblings.

I was pregnant with you, and sometimes my belly was very painful. Our family tent was in the summer pasture, with twenty-five female yaks to milk. When your father went to Lanzhou, there was no one to care for me if I suddenly had to give birth.

One day late in the fifth month, Uncle Bsod nams bkra shis (1938-2018) told me to go to my mother's (Kho de b. 1942) tent to give birth, and then he escorted me there. I rode a horse while Uncle walked in front, holding the reins. After about three hours, we reached my mother's home. She gave us *rtsam pa* balls and milk tea. Afterward, I went to a small cloth tent by their black yak-hair tent to rest while Uncle Bsod nams bkra shis

returned to his home on the horse I had ridden.

Meanwhile, Aunt Zon thar skyid (1937-2010) stayed at our tent to care for your siblings and our family's livestock.

The next day, I went to my uncle's (Rta 'grin, b. 1954) home, where I was born and grew up. When I was five years old, my mother married and moved to her groom's (Chos 'phel, 1944-2016) home, leaving Uncle Rta 'grin and me behind in a black yak-hair tent. I then began to assume a woman's home duties. Uncle Rta 'grin did not marry until I was in my twenties.

After moving to Uncle Rta grin's tent, I had no worries about giving birth. Aunt Lcags rgya (1932-2019) was there. She was experienced in birth-giving, and I knew she would help me when I needed it. She was my mother's husband's elder sister and was always kind to me.

Aunt provided baked bread, milk, mutton, onion soup, and *rtsam pa* made with ghee and barley flour.

About a month later, my belly was very painful. In a corner of the tent, Aunt Lcags rgya made a frame of stones, added a layer of soil, and covered the soil with dried *su ru* 'rhododendron' branches. I lay down and gave birth to you in the afternoon.

We were all thrilled that our hope for a son had come true. News that I had given birth to a son spread and soon reached your father, great uncle, and great aunt.

Great Uncle's situation was hopeless, so he returned home several days after you were born, but I was not told this. I stayed for seven days at Uncle Rta 'grin's tent after giving birth and returned home and learned that Uncle had passed away a day earlier.

There was no way to rest and recuperate in such circumstances, so I worked like other women.

#### CAMPED ON THE GRASSLAND - 2001

It was early in the winter of 2001, some ten days after my family had moved to our autumn pasture, pitched our tent, and set up camp. Two communities had pastured livestock on the Do lam grassland. About eighty families had set up their black yak-hair tents in three lines. My



family tent was in the east of a vast stretch of pasture with a few hills. We grazed our yaks and sheep here for forty to fifty days a year. Ungrazed for more than 310 days, the grass was lush.

Many small streams gurgled over the grassland. The biggest stream, the Shug rgan dgu chu, runs from south to west in the center of this land. About 300 meters from the riverbanks, thirty tents lined the east side, and fifty tents lined the west side of the riverbank. Many tall mountains surrounded our pasture. Some eastern mountains were snow-capped all year. Elders said many juniper trees once grew there, and it had been challenging to find yaks once they entered the juniper forest. Now the trees were all gone. I never saw a single tree there.

Most village elders had moved to their winter houses because it was time to move once it turned cold. My great-aunt was no exception and had also moved to our winter house.

Father did not have to worry about the taboo against singing love songs in the presence of female siblings and mothers now that great aunt was not living with us. My sisters and I were too young to be aware of many things, so Father told me to invite nearby neighbors while he invited families on the other side of the river to come to our tent that evening to sing love songs.

At about seven PM, when the sun had escaped behind the western mountains, herders whistled at the yaks and sheep to drive them home. The camp soon grew very quiet. The yaks were tied to tethering lines, and women were no longer near them, laughing and talking.

My sister and I were playing beside the river near enough to our tent that, when inside, we could hear water running. I don't remember what game we played, but we often dropped dry pellets of sheep dung with a recognizable shape or mark into the stream to see whose pellet floated faster. The "owner" of the fastest pellet won.

Mother called us to dinner, so we rushed to our tent. "Eat quickly and go to bed early. We'll probably have many guests tonight, and you won't have a place to sleep when the guests fill up our tent," cautioned Mother.

I nodded and took a bite of the mutton chunk Father had

handed me. A big pot of noodles had just finished cooking. Mother lifted it from the adobe stove and placed it on the floor beside her. She then sat on a sheepskin pad. After eating some meat, I grew sleepy but still tried to chew. Father said, "You're sleepy, so please finish eating and go to bed."

I was not expecting to go to bed that early because I was very excited about many neighbors coming to our tent to sing and chat. Soon Klu mo mtsho (b. ~1982), one of Mother's best friends, arrived. She loved to listen to love songs and knew many, though she never sang.

Mother laid out a sheep wool mat in a corner of our tent and led me to sleep there. I lay down, and she covered me with Father's robe. I had no pillow until I attended primary school.

Many guests came one after another. Eventually, about thirty people sat here and there in our tent, and some young men stood by the tent entrance. Mother offered tea to those who were seated. At about ten-thirty PM, Tshe ring rgya mtsho sang a beginning song.<sup>6</sup> When in his twenties, he was considered an excellent love song singer. I envied him and decided to learn many songs and become a singer like him. My many dreams included being a good singer and emulating Father, a rifle over his shoulder, riding a fine horse, herding sheep in the high mountains, and shooting fierce wolves.

After Tshe ring rgya mtsho finished singing, the men asked the women sitting across from them to answer in song so they could sing in turn - call and response. The women giggled, wanting to wait for some time before they began.

I fell asleep and could not enjoy the many songs that followed.

## OVERVIEW

This book is about singing in my homeland. I am writing this in 2020, and while I still consider myself young (less than thirty-years-old), the songscape has changed dramatically in this short time, something I

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<sup>6</sup> Commonly, male singers sang first, asking for a partner - someone to perform call and response in song. Audience members were very familiar with this song.

assume will continue. I imagine, for example, that my children and grandchildren will be unable to sing very much in Tibetan.

The book has an introductory section, followed by five parts. Part One presents song categories, my experience with song and singing, more of my personal history, and my experiences with local education. Part Two relates my interviews with three local singers, additional information about my songs, and translations for thirty-one songs. Part Three records the thirty-one songs in two versions of Tibetan (as performed; and in literary and poetic texts), while Part Four provides musical notation and an analysis of the music. Part Five includes twenty-five photographs of landscapes, Mdo ba Town Center, festivals, and my family members and other residents. Thus, this book records my experiences as a witness to and participant in local culture - a testimony to local singing culture.

I was born into a Tibetan herding family living in Sgro rong bo (Jiaolongwu) Community, Mdo ba (Duowa) Town. Mdo ba Town is located ninety-one kilometers southeast of Thun rin City, which is in A mdo.

In 1958, the government established the Red Star Commune in Mdo ba. The name became Mdo ba Commune in 1960; the following year, it became a township. In 1966, Mdo ba Township was again renamed - Mdo ba Commune. This designation continued until 1984 when it reverted to Mdo ba Township.<sup>7</sup>

In July 2014, Mdo ba Township became a town and reported a land area of 937 square kilometers and an average elevation of 3,640 meters above sea level.<sup>8</sup> In 2016, it had a population of 6,266 (2,820 females and 3,446 males; 1,287 households).<sup>9</sup> There were 1,287 households from the following Tibetan communities: Khyi rnga (Qirina), Sgro rong bo, Rgya 'du (Jiande), Yo lag (Zhiyue), Ldong nge (Dongwei), and Kha skya (Kashenjia).

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<sup>7</sup> <https://bit.ly/2OfKqBJ>, accessed 4 September 2018.

<sup>8</sup> <https://bit.ly/2OZCJMO>, accessed 4 September 2018.

<sup>9</sup> This information was displayed on the Mdo ba Health Clinic Center wall bulletin board in 2018.

Conflicts between communities and households had been common in earlier years, so locals wanted their children to be boys who could fight well. Consequently, they performed certain rituals hoping this would come to pass. They had some success and as a result, the female/male ratio became unbalanced in favor of males.

The Mdo ba Town Center buildings included government offices, an official health clinic, a school, a police station, a bank, and a forestry station. By 2017 about 500 households<sup>10</sup> were living in or near the Town Center. A small monastery, Mdo sngags dar rgyas gling (Mdo ba 'brog, Do wa Drog, Ris sgar, Regasi, Tuhuisi, Duoedajilin), was also located here. Initially established in 1956 by Bka' rams pa dge 'dun rgya mthso, it was destroyed during a time of great social chaos. However, two younger generations of monks rebuilt the monastery after that period. In 2018, a local *bla ma* (Dge 'dun rgya mtsho) led the monastery, and the number of monks had increased from twenty to fifty.<sup>11</sup>

One of my favorite places in the Town Center was a single room with ten benches, each accommodating about four people. I watched films there every time I went to the Town Center. Dge lo from the Khyi rnga Tribe showed CDs and DVDs of various Chinese TV series, e.g., *Nan cin dmar gsod che mo* (*Nanjing datusha*) '*Nanjing Massacre*', *Zhengba Shanghaitan* '*Conquest of Shanghai*', and *Klu mo dkar mo'i sgrung* (*Baishezhuang*) '*Madam White Snake*'; and such films as *Yingxiongbenzi* '*A Better Tomorrow*' to locals and primary school students.

In about 2000, the Mdo ba Town Center site featured a main road and a small branch road. Both dirt roads were unpaved. At that time, business establishments included three Muslim restaurants operated by three families from Zhong hwa (Xunhua) Salar Autonomous County. The head of each family was fluent in Tibetan.

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<sup>10</sup> All households were Tibetan, other than a few Hui and Salar (Sala) households, however, their household registrations were not in Mdo ba Town.

<sup>11</sup> <https://bit.ly/2Ao1hKd>, accessed 11 November 2018.

These restaurants specialized in various sorts of noodles and rice fried with vegetables and meat.

Around five small, single-room shops sold liquor, beer, sugar, tea, cigarettes, and clothes. Muslims from Ka cu (Linxia, Gansu Province) operated two shops, and local Tibetans ran two other shops. Residents referred to the biggest shop along the branch road as Tshong khang che bo 'Big Shop'. A Tibetan from Reb gong County Town (the name at that time) ran it. Also, a local Tibetan family that lived near the branch road sold barley, wheat, and grass seed out of a single room that a woman in her fifties usually oversaw. Around fifty local Tibetan families lived along the roads in the Town Center.

Periodically, some merchants (mainly from Ka cu) came to buy yaks, sheep, lambskins, cheese, and butter.

The local government headquarters consisted of one-story rooms built in two lines shaped like the number 7 inside a yard surrounded by a red-brick wall. The yard gate faced south and bordered these main roads. One line of buildings comprised five to ten living quarters for employees. One room had a kitchen. I occasionally noticed employees enjoying liquor in front of that building under bright afternoon sunshine. All the front walls and the doors of these buildings were painted light yellow, while the sides and back walls were unpainted, retaining the reddish color of the original bricks. Everything seemed tidy and nice, and I imagined these were the finest buildings in the world. The buildings also included offices for the township leaders.

I knew three of the local government employees. Khyung bo skyabs (b. ~1965), a Tibetan resident, was the township head. The other Tibetan man was the deputy township head, and a Chinese man was a clerk. In total, about fifteen employees, including a cook, worked there.

Adjacent to the government compound was a health clinic with two examination rooms, two rooms for patients, several doctors' offices, and a pharmacy. A 600 square meter yard paved with red bricks surrounded the clinic complex. The clinic featured a sign that read *Mdo ba zhang 'phrod bsten gling* 'Mdo ba Township Health Center'.

Three Tibetan and two Chinese doctors worked there in about the year 2000. In 2017, Sang Chengqing (b. 1974) was head of the clinic and had worked there for thirteen years. There were two other private doctors, one Tibetan and one Chinese. Several local doctors who lived in the villages were required from time to time to work in the Township Clinic Health Center to, for example, vaccinate children. Most locals rarely visited doctors in the clinic because they believed that the village doctors were more experienced.

In 2014, a new building was built, and five new doctors came to work there. They cooked and slept in the old clinic rooms.

Some fifty meters from the Big Shop was the Rural Credit Union Bank, with five or six rooms. About five local Tibetans worked there, including Yu lo (b. ~1960), the bank manager.

Before 2007, the government did not stipulate that employees were required to know how to operate computers. Instead, all bank account information was recorded on paper. Later, the system changed, and computers were used to register account information. Several workers were assigned to deal with this change because most older workers could not use computers well.

## MY FAMILY

In 2019, my household consisted of my father (Rta lo, Rta 'grin tshe brtan, b. 1964), mother (Sgrol ma mtsho, b. 1965), great-aunt (Mgon po mtsho, b. 1942), my younger sister's (Tshe ring sgrol ma, b. 1993) daughter (Mkhar mo bkra shis, b. 2013), and my wife (Rgya mo skyid, b. 1992) and our two sons (Dkon mchog skyabs, b. 2013; Bsod nams bstan 'dzin, b. 2019), and me.

My brother's (Rin chen tshe ring, b. 1985) house was ten meters from my home. His family had five members, including his wife ('Brug mo byams, b. 1988) and their three daughters (Pad+ma mtsho, b. 2006; Gnam rgyal sgrol ma, b. 2009; and 'Brug mo mkhar, b. 2010).

My three sisters (Lcags mo skyid, b. 1983, Tshe ring skyid, b. 1988, and Tshe ring sgrol ma, b. 1993) no longer lived in our family home. Lcags mo skyid had moved into her husband's home in Sgro

tshang (a small subgroup in Sgro rong bo Community). She has two sons (Lcags thur rgyal, b. 2010; Klu sgrub, b. 2012). Tshe ring skyid moved into her husband's home in G.yu sngogs and has three daughters (Phag mo bde mtsho, b. 2009; Yum skyid, b. 2012; Bkra shis skyid, b. 2020). My younger sister, Tshe ring sgrol ma, had married and moved into her husband's home in Yo lag Community.

When Chinese or foreigners I met asked about my family, I explained:

My family lives in the mountains, far from cities, with howling wolves in winter and the sweet sounds of cuckoos in summer. My family never lived in a house until about 1995. Instead, we lived in a black yak-hair tent the whole year. During my childhood, I thought we had everything under that yak-hair tent - warmth, food, clothes, beds, tea, light, and a peaceful life. Herding in the mountains during the day and snoring under a sheepskin robe at night were essential aspects of our lives at that time. If we had built a house, we would only have lived there for about two months a year because we often moved to graze our livestock.

My listeners might have thought I was exaggerating. However, this indeed described my life at that time. Residents were all herders who raised sheep, yaks, and horses. Some also raised a few goats. A few herders bought and sold caterpillar fungus, clothes, motorcycles, cell phones, sheep and yak skins, and repaired motorcycles and tractors in the Mdo ba Town Center. Some small businessmen bought caterpillar fungus from collectors in the mountains and sold them in the Town Center.

I grew up in Sgro rong bo Community and spent most of my childhood with my herd-mates in the mountains. Bsod nams bkra shis (b. 1940), a local elder, said, "Sgro rong bo residents herded *mdzo mo*<sup>12</sup> for our great *bla ma*, Shar skyabs mgon skal ldan rgya mtsho.<sup>13</sup> During

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<sup>12</sup> The female offspring of a female yak and a bull.

<sup>13</sup> It is a general name for eight incarnations of Shar skyabs mgon skal ldan rgya mthso. The first to eighth incarnations are Yab rje bla ma shar skyabs mgon skal ldan rgya mthso (1607-1677), Ngag dbang 'phrin las rgya mtsho

this time, there were only forty to fifty households in Sgro rong bo Community."

Mother told me to herd with my older sisters when I was a child. I never tired of herding because, if I herded well, she rewarded me by allowing me to go to the Town Center with Father to shop for toys and have noodles from a restaurant a few times a year. My siblings and I would go to the Town Center after collecting caterpillar fungus late in the fifth month. However, we could not all go together at one time because my family had only two horses we rode. Father often rode the less gentle one, which was too dangerous for children to ride. We rode the other horse, but it could take only two of us at a time, so we took turns.

I was very keen to go to the Town Center. Sometimes I had to wait a whole year because Father rarely went there. However, he generally took me when we finished our *rtsam pa* supply.<sup>14</sup> He loaded the bags of roasted barley on male yaks or *mdzo*<sup>15</sup> to transport to a mill in the Mdo ba Town Center.

One autumn day in 2000, Father and I rode two horses and drove three yaks loaded with *sgyo* 'yakskin bags' of roasted barley to the mill. That morning, Mother gave me five RMB<sup>16</sup> as a reward for herding. As we traveled to the Town Center, I made many plans to spend that five RMB. At about ten AM, we reached our destination, and Father unloaded the bags of barley from the yak while I held the nose ropes.

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(1678-1714), Dge 'dun 'phrin las rab rgyas (1740-1794), Blo bzang chos grags rgya mtsho (1794-1843), Blo bzang 'phrin las rgya mtsho (1843-1844), Blo bzang bstan pa'i rgya mtsho (1844-1858), Blo bzang 'phrin las lung rtogs rgya mtsho (1916-1978), and Bstan 'dzin 'jigs med skal ldan dpal bzang (b. 1979) (<http://bit.ly/2sTH6hx>, accessed 13 July 2017).

<sup>14</sup> *Rtsam pa* refers to roasted barley flour and is a common Tibetan food. It is often mixed with butter, dried cheese, and hot milk tea. Sugar might also be added. *Rtsam pa* is known by several names locally. Children called it *b+ha b+ha*.

<sup>15</sup> A bull and a female yak's male offspring.

<sup>16</sup> Renminbi.



Father asked Sgro b+hu (b. 1961), the miller, to weigh our barley, and paid the milling fee. Meanwhile, she warmly offered us tea at her home. Father declined, explaining that he had to go to the bank to borrow some money. He asked me if I wanted to go with him. I told him I preferred to go shopping by myself. After giving me ten RMB, he left for the bank. I now had fifteen RMB to spend! I wandered around the shops, restaurants, medical clinic, and school buildings.

### THREE STORIES

To provide readers with a better understanding of my childhood, I relate three of my short stories.

#### Story One: Nearly Gored to Death<sup>17</sup>

I was ten years old [2002]. It was spring, so the ground was mostly green. Some locals would soon leave to collect caterpillar fungus. Others were anxiously preparing to move their livestock and tents to new pastures.

My family did not see me as very helpful because I was younger than my two sisters and brother, who were old enough to help my parents with everything. On the other hand, I was lucky to be young and so naughty that my parents decided to send me to primary school, hoping it would positively change my character. This was the main reason they sent me to school.

When we had a holiday, I stayed home and generally did little. But, one day, one of my sisters asked me to help her herd our yaks on a mountain. I didn't much like herding, which Sister was aware of, so she put some candies in a bag as an incentive.

I calculated I could get some of them even if I only played with the little yak calves. I put on a red, tattered robe and tied it with an old, faded sash. Mother stuffed a little food into a yellow bag and said, "Don't go near a new mother yak. She will charge and gore you."

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<sup>17</sup> This is a revised version of *Lcags so lhun 'grub* (2017:60-63).

I assured her I wouldn't and rushed outside. Sister and I followed our yaks. She said, "Hey! Can you climb up that high mountain? I don't believe you can. If you stay with me all day, these candies will be yours."

I confidently promised I could do it, and we started herding our yaks up the mountain.

The sky was as blue as a new mirror at about eleven AM. A bright sun shone, moving ever higher up a high mountain peak. I felt good but realized that my sister was unhappy. When I asked why, she said, "You're too young to understand."

I found an excuse to make her laugh and was glad to see her pearly teeth. I continued chattering as we climbed up the mountain.

At midday, we ate on the mountaintop. I hoped to get some candy, but I said nothing.

After suspiciously asking whether I wanted some candy, she handed me all of it and said, "If you come with me to herd after your holiday, I'll buy you many candies and toys."

"You really want me to herd every day?" I asked.

I was surprised when she replied, "You must study hard. Don't drop out of school. You are much luckier than me because you'll have the chance to choose your future. That's wonderful. Maybe you don't understand what I'm saying. Anyway, remember never to stop your schooling."

I had never realized that she had ever wanted to attend school. I knew she had never been to school, not even for a few days. Mother was sometimes ill and very much needed her help.

We have a proverb, *Bu mo 'gro sa gnas, ban de 'gro sa sgar* 'Women must marry, monks must be in a monastery'. Sister was now at the age to marry.

Around two PM, the sun ended its upward ascent and began descending. Sister told me to look for the yaks, which I soon located. Some little calves were playing with each other.

Calves fascinated me, particularly Dkar ril 'White-Face Calf'. It ran back and forth in front of the other calves. When my siblings and I were little, we each had our own lamb, foal, or calf. We were very aware of their

different coloration and named them accordingly. We also took good care of "our" special livestock, which we wouldn't let Father sell.

I had often stolen milk from our milk bucket and given it to Dkar ril. He followed me wherever I went.

I climbed to the foot of the mountain where the calves were running and went near Dkar ril, even though his mother was nearby. I was a little scared because Mother had exaggeratedly warned me, "Never go near a new mother yak. Her horns can be eighteen armspans long, and she may injure a child like you."

Dkar ril ran to me and began nursing my thumb like a teat. Meanwhile, the other calves raced to their mothers. I pulled a piece of bread from my robe pouch and offered it to him, but it scattered on the ground. Dkar ril seemed to think that Mother's delicious bread was poison. I concluded that yaks and people had a different sense of taste.

Sister called me once, then twice. She couldn't see me, but I could see her holding her slingshot on the hill's peak. Wanting to frighten her, I didn't reply. Instead, Dkar ril and I hid behind a boulder out of her sight.

Sister began climbing down. A bit later, I heard her scold, "Where is that little snot?"

When she got close, I rushed out and yelled, "Hey! Hey!"

She was shocked, not by me but by Dkar ril. When she was five, a dog bit her so terribly that Father shot the dog. At first glance, she had thought Dkar ril was a dog.

My shouts disturbed the yaks. Some ran off, but a new mother yak rushed at me, tossing her long horns. I had no choice but to run, looking back as I ran into a valley. I imagined a sharp-pointed horn laying me open and waving my intestines from its horns.

"Hide in a cave! Hide in a cave!" Sister shouted.

I suddenly remembered that there was a small cave just in front of me. As I scrambled into the cave, the yak's horn caught and broke the string of my amulet. Meanwhile, the yak charged down into the valley, unable to stop its forward movement.

My heart nearly jumped into my mouth. I stayed in the cave until Sister ran to me, crying in a trembling voice, "Are you hurt?"

"No!" I exclaimed and suddenly remembered to cry, warm tears running down my cheeks, plopping onto Sister's blue, long-apron.

"You're fine now! You're as brave as Father. That mother yak won't come back. I'll beat her if she does. I'm right here," comforted Sister.

Dkar ril also ran to us and butted my shoulder with his head as if checking to see if the mother yak had injured me. After remembering that I had lost my amulet, I quickly retrieved it and put it around my neck.

We drove our yaks back home at around six that evening.

Years later when Sister told Mother about this incident, Mother said, "Your amulet is very special. It protects you from harm. Never take it off, especially when you are in school or far from home."

## Story Two: Stolen Horses<sup>18</sup>

Our headteacher concluded class, assigned homework for the summer holiday, and then counted the students diligently. As soon as we were dismissed, we ran to the school gate like a flood rushing to the valley. I was the fastest among the students. At the gate, I turned and waited for the next student. I counted who was second, third, and so on. In fact, I could only count from one to twenty when I was nine, so I quickly lost interest.

It was around six PM on that day in 2003 when I headed home on foot alone. We lived in a tent in summer, and my home was about four hours away on the grassland in Gad dmar.

When the sun half-hid behind a mountain, I was still walking, passing valley after valley. There was no one else in sight. The land was as empty as a boundless ocean. Imagining that some wild animals might be waiting to attack me, I recalled Mother's saying, "When you are going somewhere, don't forget to chant scriptures."

I began chanting as loudly as possible, saw no wildlife, and reached the winter pasture at nine PM after darkness had enveloped the sky. I was terrified of storms when I was a child. I wanted to stay in our winter house, but it was vacant in summer, so I headed for the summer pasture.

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<sup>18</sup> A revised version of *Lcags so lhun 'grub* (2017:54-59).

I heard water flowing in streams in this dark world dominated by birds making strange sounds. Later, I learned that these birds make that sound every night at the same time. Many birds don't like the night and sleep, but that bird was different.

I eventually reached the group of tents where my family was camped. Solar panels generated electricity that charged the batteries used to light the tents that now resembled patches of stars in the sky. The dogs discovered me and began barking ferociously. My heart beat faster as I passed the tents one by one. My family tent was third from the top.

Sheep surrounded the yaks that were either sleeping or chewing their cud. My family dog saw me, barked, seemed to recognize me, and stopped barking.

Father came out of the tent with a flashlight to see why our dog was barking. I coughed so Father would hear. He shouted, "Lhu b+ha?"<sup>19</sup> and yelled into the tent, "Hey! Son is coming!"

All my family members came outside. They were glad to see me and asked if I was afraid on such a dark night. My two sisters, my brother, and my parents were there. It was now about ten PM. They were having dinner.

Father asked, "How about your school life? How is the school food?"

I reported that I was doing well in school, and the food was good. Father nodded skeptically and told Mother to give me some mutton. "I understand there is little meat in the school food," he said.

He was right. Indeed, there was little meat in the school food, but I did not say so because my parents would worry about me. Mother gave us all as much food as we wanted. After a great meal, we prepared to go to bed.

Father and I lay on the *hu tse*<sup>20</sup> together. Mother took food to our black watchdog but then returned quickly, calling to Father, "Hey! Come! Our horses are gone!"

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<sup>19</sup> My nickname.

<sup>20</sup> Heatable bed platform. See Blo brtan rdo rje and Stuart (2008:26) for more.

"They must have been stolen. Sgrol kho, get my rifle," ordered Father, pulling on his robe. The weather was cooler and windy. A storm was brewing.

"Take Rin chen tshe ring with you. Otherwise, we'll worry about you out there, all alone," Mother urged.

I hoped Father would take Brother with him, but he worried that Brother would get sick in the cold, wet weather and refused.

I stood in front of our tent and watched Father walk away, looking for a horse to borrow. I desperately wanted to be strong enough to help him. I despised my weak self and vowed to become a hero who would protect our family property.

Father soon returned with a white horse and called Mother to bring a saddle and hold the horse's reins. As Mother handed the saddle to Father, she murmured. "Take care! Horses are important, but your well-being is everything."

Although I was just a little boy, I understood the difficulty of being a man without siblings. I knew many painful experiences littered Father's life.

And then suddenly Father was gone, like a butterfly in the boundless, limitless darkness with only the decreasing clatter of his horse's hooves testifying to his departure.

That night passed as slowly as a tortoise crawls, and sometime it began pouring. Mother didn't sleep. Her fingers counted her string of prayer beads hundreds of times as she quietly chanted. Meanwhile, my sisters were immersed in their dreams.

Brother lay on his back, staring at the top of the tent.

I listened to the rain.

We silently waited for Father, thinking about nothing else.

Later, the rain let up and became gentle enough for a honeybee to fly. We continued waiting as silence clutched our tent. Dogs barked vividly. I went out hoping to see a ray from Father's flashlight. Some young men had surrounded a girl's tent, singing love songs and whistling. Then, in the distance, I saw Father on a mountaintop. I jumped up happily and called Mother. We made a fire in the stove in preparation for his arrival.

When Father returned, he described what had happened:

Two men from the east stole our horses. I saw their tracks in the mud but didn't catch up with them. Maybe they are from A mchog (Gansu Province). In 'Bo ra Village, men steal to show their courage. It won't be easy to get our horses back. I'll go to Rong bo Monastery and consult our *bla ma* tomorrow. Sgrol kho! Take care of our livestock and ensure Rin chen tshe ring herds the sheep well. Now we should sleep. I have a long journey tomorrow.

Mother got up at the first sound of a sparrow the following day. She tried to make a fire in our adobe stove but could not because the fuel was soddened from the rain. Murmuring, she tied a sash around her tattered robe and hurried to a neighbor's tent to get some smoldering dung.

I drifted between consciousness and dreams, still sensing a slight odor of smoke from the wet wood Mother had tried to set afire.

The bandits' attack continued to make me deeply uncomfortable.

Father got up after a bit and exited the tent. I didn't know where he had gone. I guessed he wanted to borrow a horse to hurry to the Town Center before the bus left for Rong bo.

I stayed in bed a bit longer and then completely woke up. My continuing sense of anxiety pulled me from my pillow.

"You should sleep till after I finish milking," suggested Mother. She had returned with a big metal dipper full of smoldering yak dung.

I stepped outside and noticed the clouds lifting above our tent and neighbors' tents. The whole world of that valley was slowly awakening, silently and gently.

Father soon returned, riding a horse he had borrowed from one of my aunts. Mother prepared some dried cheese and butter to give the *bla ma*. A kettle of milk tea began noisily boiling.

After breakfast, Father rode off. I stood by the tent door and watched his figure steadily diminishing, a white bag with gifts strapped to his back.

Mother finished milking, handed the pail of milk to me, and then untied the yaks.

Several older, neighboring men came to our tent and asked Mother for details of the theft. Soon, more of our community members arrived, asking if we needed help searching for the horses.

"We need to chant scriptures and offer a big incense offering. This is what a local tantric specialist advised last time this happened," suggested Mother.

Our visitors helped us make the incense materials and chanted scriptures while offering the incense. Meanwhile, some women helped Mother fry bread, boil tea, boil mutton, and cook noodles with onion and mutton for the helpers. At about two PM, the helpers sipped tea as they ate the meat, noodles, fried bread, and yogurt.

During lunch, an elder said, "Thieves can't steal the livestock they want because of our deities' protection. Even if they do steal, nothing good will come to them. Years ago, thieves had stolen some of our yaks, and many unpleasant things happened to the thieves as they were driving the yaks to their homes. Several yaks charged the thieves, stood on their hind legs, and bellowed strangely, displaying our mountain deity's anger."

I absolutely believed this and was amazed.

After lunch, two of my maternal uncles went to Bla brang Monastery (Labulengsi) to talk to some of their friends there to see if they had any suggestions. Other visitors also left.

My family offered more *bsang* and invited two tantric specialists to chant scriptures.

Father returned the next day and said he had consulted our great *bla ma*, who advised, "Don't spend much effort searching for the horses. My divination says the horses may come back home on their own."

Having talked to their contacts at Bla brang, my uncles returned and reported, "The thieves are from 'Bo ra Village in A mchog. Once men from 'Bo ra steal your property, it isn't cheap to recover what they took. They do not return what they have stolen without substantial payment."

I asked Father, "Why don't we catch the thieves if we know who they are?"



"We never know who the real thief is. The thief gives information to someone that we contact. That go-between never discloses who the thief is. He also may not know, but we can negotiate payment through the go-between."

When the locals learned more about my family's missing horses, many came to offer help. We thought we could do little except beseech the deities for help. Meanwhile, Father went to A mchog and learned that the thieves were demanding 3,000 RMB per horse, an amount very near the cash value of the horses. Father loved the horses and was prepared to pay, but our relatives disagreed.

Time passed, and my family accepted our loss. We decided to relinquish our anger and sense of loss.

Very unexpectedly, about ten days later, our horses were back in their enclosure with pieces of broken white rope around their neck.

Mother cried out, "Our *bla ma* watches over us!"

### Story Three: Herding, Romance, and a Letter<sup>21</sup>

One summer, when I was about thirteen years old [~2004], Brother-in-law and I were herding sheep. When summer came, all the local families moved to the enormous summer pasture and lived in black yak-hair tents. Some of the surrounding mountains resemble gigantic pillars holding up the sky.

Rdza rgan Mountain is important to us. We often herd sheep on that mountain in summer.

One day, Brother-in-law and I drove our flock of about 1,000 sheep to the mountain. At the same time, other families also drove their flocks of sheep and yak herds. The livestock seemed as countless as stars in the sky. As we all herded our animals toward the mountain, it began raining like the sky had been ripped open. We all held umbrellas while following our livestock. Brother-in-law held a black one that we both sheltered under.

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<sup>3</sup> A revised version of *Lcags so lhun 'grub* (2017:46-53).

At about ten AM, I drove the sheep to the right side of the mountain, near the *lab tse*.<sup>22</sup> A thick fog covered the mountains, and the muddy tracks were full of water. As I walked along, sloshing sounds and the sensation of squishing mud were my constant companions. Nevertheless, I was feeling fine.

I was thirteen, and sometimes Brother-in-law shouted at me to walk faster to mind the sheep. He wore a brown hat, which he pulled down to shield his face from the wind when he lit a cigarette. The smoke from his cigarette slowly wandered into the sky in tiny plumes. He often blew smoke rings and sent twin plumes of smoke out through his nostrils.

We drove the sheep to the foot of the mountains and then walked in front of them with Brother-in-law shouting to frighten wolves that were surely lurking hungrily inside the thick fog. Meanwhile, he sang love songs to any young woman in earshot.

He entertained me by describing his romantic adventures before his marriage:

I had a relationship with a Muslim girl who worked in a restaurant in our Town Center. My parents loved me, and to make me happy, they allowed me to often go to the Town Center, where I typically ate in restaurants. In one, I met a Muslim girl with big eyes as bright as the stars. She was tall and slender. Although she was not a beauty, her gentleness, and the joy she took in life made her very attractive. She had worked in that restaurant for a few years and could speak some Tibetan. We had many conversations when I was in the Town Center. Once, with a hopeful smile, I asked her how she felt about me. After we became more intimate, love echoed in our hearts, and our relationship became like a blend of water and milk. We met every night in a single room near the restaurant.

We understood our relationship would not be permanent because of our different backgrounds. This realization grew more

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<sup>22</sup> *Lab tse* are heaps of stones atop mountain peaks. Wooden poles that may be carved and painted to resemble arrows and spears with attached prayer flags may be inserted among the stones so that the poles stand upright.

painful, day by day. Finally, we said goodbye to each other tearfully, and then she left and returned to her home in Ka cu.

In this way, we reached the mountaintop without being conscious of the time. Interesting, intimate conversation minimizes time. The thick fog surrounded us, and we couldn't see some of our sheep. Sometimes, Brother-in-law shouted at the sheep. He said, "We once drove the sheep over the mountain behind our territory to a place with lush grass that belongs to the Kan Iho government. The government has no livestock because no one cares for that place. We often fearfully herd sheep there where the grass is plentiful. Some of us scout ahead when we drive the livestock to that place. If it is safe, we take our livestock over the mountain."

This time was just like that. Brother-in-law told me to stay on the left side of the sheep and be ready to flee if strangers came. "Today is especially dangerous. We can't see much because of the fog. We must be extra careful," he cautioned.

Other herd-mates' sheep rushed past us. I relaxed and napped. I dreamed that a man came and took some of our sheep. I was so frightened that I woke up abruptly, just as Brother-in-law shouted for me to come so we could eat together. I ran to him. When our sheep reached the bottom of the valley, we ate.

Brother-in-law reported, "Everything is fine. We no longer need to worry about the masters of the grassland. They will never come after lunchtime."

We sheltered behind a small hill, away from the cold wind as it rained and rained. When the rain stopped, soupy fog reached the middle of the mountain. It was like being on an airplane. Brother-in-law soon snored like an angry yak. I no longer felt sleepy. Bored, I took a blade of grass and pricked his face like a mosquito. I quietly chuckled as he swatted at this vexation.

Meanwhile, our herd-mates had vanished into the distance. I was anxious to go home, sit near the fire, and warm up. I woke Brother-in-law, who told me to drive the sheep to the right side. He went below me and drove the sheep up the mountain.

Suddenly, two horsemen appeared. Brother-in-law shouted for me to drive the sheep back to our territory quickly. I knew something was wrong and fearfully ran after the sheep as fast as I could. The two horsemen were getting closer. One man in his twenties had long curly hair that silently shook from side to side. He held a rifle. The other man was around forty and shouted at us to stop. We ignored him until he shot into the sheep five or six times.

One of our sheep rolled down the mountain. I was so exhausted and afraid that I thought my heart would stop beating. Anyway, Brother-in-law and I were fast and escaped, although we lost that one sheep.

Eventually, the two men loaded the dead sheep onto one horse and, riding into the distance, vanished into the thick fog. We headed home, both happy and sad. We had escaped but had lost a sheep. We were certain Father would scold us.

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The following year when I was about fourteen, we were in our summer camp in the mountains. Long, thick fog embraced the middle of the towering mountains, hiding the green grass. It was dawn. Every bird was awake and chirping. I got up and was soon ready to drive the yaks to our tent. It was time to milk the female yaks. The fog lifted, revealing countless livestock. Thousands of flowers gracefully displayed themselves.

I rounded up the yaks and herded them back near my family's tent. By this time, some fellow herders had made a fire behind a tent to make an offering to mountain deities. The sound of the men and boys chanting resembled the buzzing of bees.

Meanwhile, the girls and women were milking the yaks into wooden pails.

I added fuel to the fire inside the tent to prepare for breakfast. During the half-hour my family had breakfast together, Father told me to drive the sheep into such-and-such pasture because he had to go to the Town Center to make some purchases. He added, "It will be hard for you to tend the flock. It is your first day to be responsible for our entire flock all by yourself. Be careful of wolves and thunder when you are atop the mountains."

I grabbed an umbrella and drove our flock of sheep to the distant mountains. Some other young men were also driving their flocks of sheep. As Sko b+hes herded a flock in my direction, I realized he wanted to herd with me. He had told me a few days earlier about falling in love with a pretty girl and had expressed the hope that I would write a letter to her on his behalf, so we went together. Other flocks were also climbing up the side of the mountains.

When my flock reached the mountaintop, the sheep scattered across the landscape, and I thought, "My home place is the most beautiful place in the whole world."

At midday, Sko b+hes came over. I was eager to talk to him. He asked how the herding was going, sat by me, put out some food, and exclaimed, "What good weather today! Eat! I brought some delicious food today because I knew you would be here."

He took off his bright robe and acted as though he was exhausted. After eating a little, he asked, "Do you remember Klu mo? I now have a chance to finish telling you my love story, and then we need to discuss writing a letter to her immediately."

"Yes! You mentioned her earlier," I replied.

He sighed and told me this story:

Oh, right! Last summer, I fell in love with her. You surely know that. From the day I fell in love with her, I visited her every night after dinner. I told her about my feelings. The first night I met her, she shouted at me to go away and said, "You are so troublesome. Why did you come here?"

I didn't give up and visited her for more than ten nights, telling her I wanted to love her. By then, she was talking more to me.

Two months later, she was alone in her family's winter house. I knew no one would bother us there, so I got on my motorcycle and drove near her home. Dismounting, I stealthily crept to the side of her house. It was about ten-thirty in the evening. Eventually, I tiptoed inside over to her bed. I woke her up and told her very gently about my suffering and lonely life and how scared

I was that she would reject me. I thought it was my last chance to tell her of my real love. It was my final hope.

She didn't believe me. I had nothing more to say, or maybe those words have not been invented yet. I turned on my flashlight, took my knife, and plunged it deep into my left hand. She cried and held my hand.

"This colorful blood shows my real love for you. It is my last hope," I protested.

Weeping, she replied, "I totally accept you."

I wiped away her tears and comforted her.

She continued, "Before, I didn't believe you because I have heard many sweet speeches. Most are just sugary words. I didn't care about you, but I trust you completely after you stabbed yourself. You said you loved me a month ago, but I didn't believe that. I'm sorry, Sko b+hes. Tomorrow I will belong to you. I love you and will wait for you always. I have no other man. Only you are in my mind."

She said all this tearfully and hugged me tightly. When I first embraced her, I wondered if it was a dream. She had been in my mind constantly for a long time. I hugged her again and kissed her. Then we slept together and talked a lot about our feelings.

Time passed as quickly as a splendid horse gallops across the grassland. Our bed was warmer than before, and though I didn't want to leave her, I had to. We hugged and kissed again, and then I left.

Many birds had awakened at daybreak and flew near me as I rode the motorcycle home. My feeling was as nice as the sky was wide.

Sadly, her family and mine are at odds. I am an only son, and she is an only child. Both of our families refuse to accept our relationship. Her father hates me and beats me whenever he finds me with her. He has told me never to visit her again, but our love is as deep as the ocean. It's impossible to destroy true love.

I'm at a loss as to how we might be together. Her parents love her and are very protective. I miss her so much. Sometimes I

can't sleep at night because I think about our relationship. I constantly think about how to pass the time if I can't see her.

On the twelfth day of the first lunar month, I got a chance to meet her for the first time in three months. Her parents had gone to a prayer festival at Reb gong Monastery. I went to see her at night. When I reached her home, she was waiting for me and said not one word. She embraced me tearfully. I stayed with her for four days.

We were suffering on the last day but were also happy. As I left, she said, "Don't fret about me. I'll wait for you tomorrow. I'll talk to my parents again. If they don't accept you, I don't want to continue to live in this world."

Her eyes were full of tears.

As I drove home on my motorcycle, I was a little afraid of my parents because I had not been home for several days. However, my parents said nothing because I am their only son. When I make mistakes, no one scolds me.

She phoned me a day later and said, "I talked to my parents, and they don't agree that we can be together. Our only choice is to run away."

We agreed on a place and time to meet and then go far away.

Three days later, after chanting in my family's shrine room at dusk, I set out to meet her on my motorcycle. I told no one where I was going. We met as agreed. It was about nine at night when we started for Bla brang County. We rested on the way in a large grassland near Bsang khog. She leaned against my shoulder and said, "I have forsaken my family members for our love. It's unforgivable. I choose you for my whole life. I love you."

My feeling was the same. "I understand. For you, I am also leaving everything. I willingly give up everything for you, my dear!" I replied.

We started again and headed to Bsang khog Town, which we reached that evening. We bought new clothes in a shop by the

street and checked into a hotel. Afterward, we went out again and had a good dinner.

Two days later, in the early morning, we started for Mgo log, which we reached about three hours later. I found a job because we didn't have enough money to live in that strange place. The job was herding thousands of sheep and hundreds of yaks for a wealthy family. We lived in a single room near the family. We worked hard for them and were both very busy every day.

Some days later, I heard my family members were searching for us. We stayed for another month, and then I phoned my uncle and asked him to decide on our wedding date since our relatives said we could be together if we returned soon.

Trusting our families, we left Mgo log, but they tricked us. When we returned to our home place, Klu mo's father beat her and prepared to beat me. It's been very hard for us to meet since that time.

I think this should finish. I want to do something about her father. Please write a letter to Klu mo about my feelings. We don't have enough time for you to write it today, but please finish the letter by tomorrow. I'll meet you here again.

"I will try my best to write a good letter, my dear friend," I promised, and at six that evening, we prepared to drive our flocks home.

#### SKAL LDAN RGYA MTSHO'I DANG SA

Bsod nams bkra shis said, "The land we lived on had once belonged to the Rkang tsha<sup>23</sup> people, many of whom died from an illness.<sup>24</sup> After the survivors moved away, the land was offered to our *bla ma*, Shar skyabs mgon skal ldan rgya mtsho. Years later, Sgro rong bo ancestors

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<sup>23</sup> Rkang tsha is a township in Zhong hwa Salar Autonomous County, Tsho shar (Haidong) City.

<sup>24</sup> In 2017, no one in my home community could provide details about this disease.



herded the *bla ma's mdzo mo*. Time passed, and the land was given to our ancestors."

In 2017, we called our land *Skal ldan rgya msho'i dang sa* 'the great place of *Skal ldan rgyal mtsho'*. Our land is considered some of the best in Mdo ba Town.

My community is in the southwest of Mdo ba Town. I could reach my tribe's border area from the Town Center in about twenty minutes by horse. However, riding a horse to my family's winter house required about two hours. Ninety percent of residents in my community moved four times a year. In 2015, my family moved from the winter pasture to the summer pasture late in the fifth month. Two months later, we moved to the autumn pastures and grazed there for about forty-five days before moving our tent to *Spang sngo gdang* to keep our livestock away from the winter pasture until the mid-eleventh month. *Spang sngo gdang* is three *rgyang grags*<sup>25</sup> from the autumn pasture in the east. We moved back to our winter pasture in the twelfth lunar month. We lived for about five months in our winter house and in tents at other times.

Great Aunt lived in our winter house during the summer. At that time, her main daily activities were to place *mchod pa* 'water offerings' on our shrine shelf in the early morning, prostrate 1,000 times, and chant several scriptures she had memorized.

## PASTURES

Our summer pasture was about five kilometers southwest of our winter house, a thirty-minute journey by horseback and about ten minutes by motorcycle. My subgroup consisted of forty-seven households, including my family. In 2010, we divided our summer pasture into two sections: the broad adjacent valleys of *Rdza lung gong ma* 'Upper Boulder Valley' and *Rdza lung zhol ma* 'Lower Boulder Valley'. Occasionally, we camped in the two valleys separately. Each group that had come here for summer pasturing had around twenty families.

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<sup>25</sup> One *rgyang grags* equals one kilometer.

Our summer pasture was at a higher elevation than the lands of other subgroups in the Sgro rong bo Community. This location was important for the whole community because A mye rdza rgan (Rdza rgan Mountain Deity) is here. On the fifteenth day of every sixth lunar month, we rebuilt the *lab tse* and offered *bsang*. Locals frequently burned incense offerings there when they faced difficulties.

The autumn pasture was situated about ten kilometers north of our winter house. It was one of our best pastures because there were no high mountains there. It was also near the Town Center, which made purchasing fruits, vegetables, and other items convenient. This pasture was fenced and divided into seven parts for the Sga ru subgroup. There were at least five households per section. It resembled a chessboard when I looked down at the area from a high vantage point.

In 1985, the winter pasture was divided among families, some of whom formed groups and herded together until about 2010. Most families in Mdo ba had very limited land and overgrazed. Consequently, pasture degradation was a problem.

## EDUCATION

In 2017, there were three primary schools in Mdo ba. Mdo ba Boarding Primary School was situated in Mdo ba Town Center and featured three buildings. One had four stories and classrooms, while the other two buildings had three stories. One building was for teachers' offices, and the other had dormitory rooms for teachers and students. In the first term of 2017, there were 780 students, thirty-five teachers, and ten cooks. All the cooks were local Tibetans, and all the students were Tibetan. Sixty percent of students were from homes near the school, while the remainder were from pastoral families and lived in dormitory rooms. The students were spread across six grades.

Rgya 'du Primary School was fifteen kilometers from the Town Center. In 2017, it had four teachers and about fifty students across three grades. The buildings were all one story and in two rows. One row was the teachers' and students' living quarters and teachers'

offices; the other was classrooms. About fifteen students boarded at the school, and one local cook worked there.

The third, Sgro rong bo Primary School, located about ten kilometers from the Mdo ba Town Center, consisted of three rows of buildings; a three-story building for classrooms and teachers' offices' and the other two single-story buildings served as the teachers' and students' living quarters and provided a kitchen. In 2017, about twenty-five of the school's sixty students regularly boarded at the school. The students were between six and twelve years old and distributed across three grades. There were five teachers and two local female cooks. I graduated from this school in 2005.

In mid-August 2005, I enrolled in the Dge 'dun chos 'phel<sup>26</sup> slob 'bring 'Dge 'dun chos 'phel Middle School' in Zho 'ong (Shuangpeng),<sup>27</sup> located thirty-three kilometers from the county town. This school had a primary and a middle school, 700 students, and forty teachers. Eighty percent of the students were from Zho 'ong, and twenty percent were from Mdo ba, Mgar rtse (Gashenzi), Klu chu (Liji),<sup>28</sup> Bla brang (Labuleng), and even Si khron Province. Ninety percent of the teachers were Tibetan. The others were Chinese. All the middle school students and ten percent of the primary school students lived in dormitory rooms.

After four years, I took the high school entrance exam and scored high enough to enroll in Rma lho Number Two Nationalities Middle School.<sup>29</sup> Three of the school's six important buildings had three stories, and two had two floors. A four-story building that faced the Dgu chu (Longwu he)<sup>30</sup> had classrooms and teachers' offices. The smallest of the three-story buildings had laboratory rooms and a computer room. A two-story cafeteria was in front of the students'

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<sup>26</sup> Dge 'dun chos 'phel (1903-1951), born to a farming family in Reb gong, was an influential Tibetan of the twentieth century. See Lopez (2006) for more.

<sup>27</sup> <https://goo.gl/JygM6z>, accessed March 2017.

<sup>28</sup> Klu chu is a community in Mgar rtse Township, Thun rin City.

<sup>29</sup> This school had both middle school and high school classes.

<sup>30</sup> The Dgu chu River originated in Dpyi sa Township, Rtse khog County and ran from south to north in Thun rin County Town.

dormitory building near a building that housed the headmasters' offices and financial accounting office. There were around 400 students and forty teachers. Forty percent of the teachers were Chinese, and fifty-seven percent were Tibetan. There were also two or three foreign teachers who taught the English-major students. Other than the Tibetan and English language classes, all subjects were taught in Chinese. This was a challenge for Tibetan students like me, who had studied in the Tibetan language in our previous schools.

Fortunately, being placed in the English major class provided an excellent opportunity to learn English with native English speakers. Another advantage was that students in that class were not required to pay tuition. The English majors had a good study atmosphere because the school had chosen students who scored highest on the high school entrance exam to major in English. Twenty-nine students were in my class (eighteen girls and eleven boys). In addition to students from Reb gong County (especially from villages near the county town), two were from Gcan tsha (Jianzha) County, six were from Rtse khog (Zeku) County, and four were from Rma lho (Henan) Mongolian Autonomous County. Twenty-one students were Tibetan; the others were Mongolian and Monguor (Tu), as listed on their ID cards. All the students in my class spoke mutually comprehensible Tibetan.

Most teachers taught what would be on the school final exam and the college entrance exam. After graduating in 2012, I enrolled in an associate degree program (Clinical Medicine) at a branch of Ningxia Medical University located in Xi'an City, Shaanxi Province. I completed this course of study in 2016.

# PART ONE

## SONG CATEGORIES AND MY LIFE WITH SONG

Part One focuses on songs and singing in my life, describing how I learned to sing, when and where I learned songs, who taught me, and the types of songs practiced in my home area. The descriptions of my songs and associated customs are based on the local area and may not typify other regions of the Tibetosphere.

## GLU 'SONGS'

### INTRODUCTION

*Glu* praise landscape, teachers, *bla ma*, good leaders, and auspicious animals such as horses, tigers, wild yaks, and dragons. Orally transmitted from generation to generation, the songs were generally not accompanied by musical instruments. However, individual older singers described or demonstrated singing a stanza and then playing the flute for about forty seconds.

Most *glu* started with a melody such as *o ye*, which declared, "I am singing *glu*, please listen to me!" The performers commonly sang *o ye* before each stanza. Generally, there were three, four-lined stanzas per *glu*. Each line featured six, seven, or eight words. Singers did not necessarily sing the middle stanza when they had small, informal gatherings. For example, during Lo sar, many friends, relatives, and siblings gathered to celebrate. Those who sang might not have sung the middle stanza. A singer might have completed their song in a few minutes and given other singers a chance to sing. Variety was considered to be good. It was deemed boring if one singer sang for a long time. However, three stanzas were always sung in some circumstances, for example, in front of *bla ma*, elders, and on the first day of Lo sar 'Tibetan New Year'. Three is considered an auspicious number; thus, singing three complete stanzas was auspicious and showed respect to those sung to.

Importantly, singing any type of *glu* among those in mourning was taboo. Moreover, locals commonly did not sing *glu* near monasteries or those practicing religious activities, such as *bla ma*, monks, nuns, and tantric practitioners. The singers' behavior when

singing *glu* was situational. On exceptional occasions, such as during a ritual recognizing a new reincarnation *bla ma*, performers might have held a *kha btags*<sup>31</sup> suggesting respect and worship and signifying that their song was a gift. Also, occasionally, religious practitioners visited the village to relax, especially in summer. Locals then held parties for them and sang *glu* while gently swaying back and forth in time with the *glu* they were singing, holding a *kha btags*. They also performed in other ways that I describe later.

### *BSTOD GLU* 'PRAISE SONGS'

The contents of *bstod glu* include good health and longevity wishes for *bla ma* and leaders; happiness to elders; the wish that the family would multiply and become wealthier; the hope that the whole community would prosper; veneration of Buddha and mountains, water, and family deities; and praise of *bla ma*, monks, tantric practitioners, laypeople, horses, yaks, sheep, ornaments, the Six Sentient Beings,<sup>32</sup> the earth, and the sky. Such songs were appropriate for parents, teachers, *bla ma*, and relatives.

*Bstod glu* were performed at almost every *glu* gathering, including weddings, song competitions, New Year festivals, and horserace gatherings. Most singers could sing *bstod glu*. People ten to seventy years old usually sang these songs. Male singers generally outnumbered female singers partly because, at this time, few women rode motorcycles or drove cars.<sup>33</sup> Furthermore, local women accepted the prevalent idea that they should be quiet and timid and not often

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<sup>31</sup> Strip of ceremonial, cloth generally white in color, offered to religious personages, elders, friends, government leaders, and others as a show of respect.

<sup>32</sup> Six Classes of beings (*lha* 'deities', *lha ma yin* 'demi-gods', *mi* 'humans', *dud 'gro* 'quadrupeds', *yi dwags* 'spirits', 'beings condemned to suffer torments of hunger and thirst in the ghost world', and *dmyal ba* 'Hell-beings').

<sup>33</sup> This has changed. In 2018, most women less than thirty-years-old rode motorcycles.

attend singing parties. Frequent attendance generated malicious gossip, further curtailing female performance at song gatherings.

### *GLU SHAGS* 'HUMOROUS SONGS'

*Glu shags* were songs that featured joking and teasing content to entertain and make everyone laugh. Singers also might have asked and answered questions to demonstrate cleverness. Generally, there was competition between groups from each of the two sides. At the end of a singer's song, both sides clapped. Singers were judged on the quality of their voice, how well their lyrics fit the circumstances, and how appropriately their melodies matched the lyrics. Sometimes, jokes were made using nicknames; for example, a short singer might have been called a rabbit or a mouse. It was also common to jokingly criticize an opponent by saying such things as:

*Khyo'i glu sgrig ma red* 'You are making up songs'

*'Glu gcig la 'di 'dra 'gor don ci* 'How could you reply to our song after such long pauses'?

*Khyos glu rko bzhin yod dam* 'Why are you taking so long to reply'?<sup>34</sup>

*Glu med na glu sgo 'byed don ci* 'You shouldn't have started to sing if you didn't have enough songs'.

Most often, each group praised the songs sung by its own singers. The groups were termed *ya sri* 'male' and *ma sri* 'female'. If there were only a few female singers, male singers might have participated in the *ma sri*.

The song topics included livestock, land, lakes, clothing, people, families, *tsho ba* 'subgroups', wild animals (tigers, deer, lions, wolves, wild donkeys), dragons, clouds, and the moon. It was taboo to sing any sexual content at song competitions or weddings.

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<sup>34</sup> A more literal translation is "Are you digging songs from the frozen ground?" emphasizing the slowness of the singer's response in the same way that digging something out of the frozen ground is slow and difficult.



I heard *glu shags* performed several times at weddings. In 2012, a relative's daughter married and moved to her groom's home on the fifth day of the first lunar month. Around twenty of the bride's male relatives traditionally escorted her to the groom's home. On this occasion, eighteen of us escorted the bride to Rgya 'du Community soon after midday. The escorts were aged fifteen to thirty-seven and included ten singers. We rode eighteen motorcycles. The bride's younger brother took her on his motorcycle. It took around forty minutes to reach the groom's home, where over one hundred people had gathered.

The groom's people warmly welcomed us when we arrived. We were seated and served dumplings, potato noodles with beef, milk tea, mutton, liquor, drinks (Pepsi, Red Bull, Coca-Cola, Sprite, sea buckthorn juice,<sup>35</sup> green fruit tea, red fruit tea), wild red yams (*Potentilla anserina* L) with sugar and melted butter, and fried bread.

After about twenty minutes, Mkha 'gro (b. 1983) from the bride's side began singing *glu*. In response, about five minutes later, a female singer around thirty years old from the groom's side sang. Singers from both sides alternated until five in the afternoon. Of the many *glu shags* they sang, I remember this one:

#### Song Text as Performed

nga kha'i gong ma'i kha nas 'bud dus su  
lug tsher mo zhig gi 'gram khe rnyed la  
bo'u zhig la rig nas 'chug 'gro gi  
nga mi dgo bo'u 'di khyod la ster ra  
bo'u khra ring zhig gi bsam pas khyos bzung

glu bar mo da thengs gnang ba zhig go

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<sup>35</sup> The sea buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*), native to Asia and Europe, is valued for soil and wildlife conservation and produces tart berries with a high nutrient value ( <https://bit.ly/2ZpGcsC>, accessed 24 August 2019).

nga kha'i zhol ma'i kha nas 'bud dus su  
khyi rgya lu zhig gi rnga ma rnyed la  
wa zhig la rig nas 'chug 'gro gi  
nga mi dgo wa 'di khyod la ster ra  
wa dmar yag cig gi bsam pas khyos bzung

ང་ཁའི་ཤོང་མའི་ཁ་ནས་འབྱུང་དུས་སྟུ།  
ལུག་ཆེར་མོ་ཞིག་གི་འགྲམ་ཁེ་རྟེན་ལ།  
བོ་ལུ་ཞིག་ལ་རིག་ནས་འཆུག་འགྲོ་གི།  
ང་མི་དགོ་བོ་ལུ་འདི་ཁྱོད་ལ་སྟེར་ར།  
བོ་ལུ་ཁ་རིང་ཞིག་གི་བསམ་པས་ཁྱོས་བཟུང་།

སྟུ་བར་མོ་ད་ཐེངས་གནང་བ་ཞིག།

ང་ཁའི་ཞོལ་མའི་ཁ་ནས་འབྱུང་དུས་སྟུ།  
ཁྱི་རྒྱ་ལུ་ཞིག་གི་ར་མ་རྟེན་ལ།  
ཕྱ་ཞིག་ལ་རིག་ནས་འཆུག་འགྲོ་གི།  
ང་མི་དགོ་ཕྱ་འདི་ཁྱོད་ལ་སྟེར་ར།  
ཕྱ་དམར་ཡག་ཅིག་གི་བསམ་པས་ཁྱོས་བཟུང་།

#### Literary Poetic Text

kha'i dang po'i kha nas yong dus su  
lug tsher mo zhig gi 'gram khe rnyed thal  
bo'u zhig la rig nas 'chug nyen yod gi  
nga mi dgo bo'u 'di khyod la byin nas  
bo'u khra ring zhig gi bsam pas bzung ya

glu bar mor da thengs gnang ba ster rogs  
kha'i gsum pa'i kha nas yong dus su  
khyi rgya lu zhig gi rnga ma rnyed thal  
wa zhig la rig nas 'chug nyen yod gi

nga mi dgos wa 'di khyod la byin nas  
wa dmar yag cig gi bsam pas bzung ya

ཁའི་དང་པོའི་ཁ་ནས་ཡོང་དུས་སྟུ།  
ལྷག་ཆེར་མོ་ཞིག་གི་འགམ་ཁ་རྟེན་ཐལ།  
པོ་ལུ་ཞིག་ལ་རིག་ནས་འཆུག་ཉེན་ཡོད་གི།  
ང་མི་དགོ་པོ་ལུ་འདི་ཁྱོད་ལ་བྱིན་ནས།  
པོ་ལུ་ཁ་རིང་ཞིག་གི་བསམ་པས་བརྩུང་ཡ།

ལྷ་བར་མོར་ད་བེངས་གནང་བ་ལྟེར་རོགས།

ཁའི་གསུམ་པའི་ཁ་ནས་ཡོང་དུས་སྟུ།  
ཁྱི་རྒྱ་ལུ་ཞིག་གི་ར་མ་རྟེན་ཐལ།  
ཕ་ཞིག་ལ་རིག་ནས་འཆུག་ཉེན་ཡོད་གི།  
ང་མི་དགོ་ཕ་ལུ་འདི་ཁྱོད་ལ་བྱིན་ནས།  
ཕ་དམར་ཡག་ཅིག་གི་བསམ་པས་བརྩུང་ཡ།

### Translation

When I reached the first mountain pass,  
I found a sheep cheekbone,  
It looked like a pistol,  
I don't need it, so I give it to you,  
Wear it like a real pistol.

Forgive me for skipping the middle stanza.

When I reached the third mountain pass,  
I found a lap dog's tail,  
It looked like a fox skin,  
I don't need it, so I give it to you,  
Wear it like a fox skin hat.

*Bcol glu* 'ENTRUSTING/ENJOINING SONGS'

*Bcol glu* are sung only at weddings to entrust the bride to the groom's family and, when a man marries and moves into the bride's home, to entrust the groom to the bride's family. The content generally features the words or metaphors mentioned under *glu shags* (parents, horses, cuckoos, dragons, land, and mountains). *Bcol glu* were commonly sung by the bride's or groom's siblings and close relatives, and sometimes by an escort.

I have heard only a few *bcol glu*. They are rarely sung, but most singers know at least one. For example, when my younger sister, Tshe ring sgrol ma (b. 1993), married at nineteen, my brother, as one of Tshe ring sgrol ma's escorts, sang two *bcol glu* at the groom's home.

Generally, there were no age restrictions on singers of *glu*. However, *bcol glu* were usually sung by twenty-five to fifty-year-old singers because they were more experienced in singing and better able to consider the circumstances and respond to this in song. There was great concern about auspiciousness. Songs and speeches were performed very politely by both sides. Part Three gives examples of *bcol glu*.

*Skryo glu* 'SAD SONGS'

*Skryo glu* were rarely sung because the contents expressed sorrow for missing parents, *bla ma*, friends, teachers, relatives, beloved ones, children, horses, dogs, and so on. When they were sung, locals talked about it later. The singer was often drunk and did not sing with close friends and relatives. I have heard only one such song. It was sung by a local man when I was about six years old. We received four guests at around eight o'clock one summer night. My family lived in a black yak-hair tent at that time. They were neighbors and had come to drink. Father pulled out a bottle of liquor from our fuel box and said, "I've been saving this for you for a long time!"

After about an hour, they sang various songs when they were a bit intoxicated. However, they did not sing courtship songs because

Father and Great Aunt were there. It is taboo to sing or talk about courtship when close relatives of both genders, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, monks, nuns, laywomen, and laymen, are present. Among the many songs they sang, Sha bo (b. ~1976) sang one that I did not understand. Mother later explained, "It's a *skyo glu* about missing his mother who died when he was a boy. She was a good woman."

I never again heard the term *skyo glu* from locals.

#### *RA STON GYI GLU* 'TENT CELEBRATING SONGS'

A great singer was expected to have an extensive repertoire of songs. The *ra ston gyi glu* songs celebrate putting up a new yak-hair tent that a newly married couple might have pitched. Locals commonly married at fifteen to twenty, and their parents gathered items such as pots, plates, spoons, carpets, sheep wool covers, yakskin bags, containers, and buckets for their lives together. They also divided their livestock and other property, such as cash, clothing, and ornaments.

A family generally held a new tent celebration for a couple after their wedding ceremony. For example, a son married and stayed at home with his wife. Five years later, another sibling (either male or female) married and lived at home. The parents then divided the family and made a new yak-hair tent for the older brother and his wife. The new tent was pitched on an auspicious day, and the celebration would last two or three days. Many locals would come and enjoy themselves, singing and teasing each other.

Occasionally, *ra ston gyi glu* were sung to congratulate and extend good wishes; for example, that the family would have many livestock, that the parents would be healthy and happy, that siblings would become wealthy, and more broadly, a wish that the community youth would unite and the elders stay in excellent health. Other songs, such as *bstod glu* and *glu shags* might also have been sung.

*NE'U STON GYI GLU* 'SONGS FOR THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN'

Traditionally, locals did not celebrate birthdays annually or even did not know their birthdays. Instead, everyone became a year older on the first lunar month's first day.

The first haircut celebration for three-year-old children was held on the third and fifth days of the first lunar month to congratulate parents. This celebration was simpler and smaller in scale than weddings. On the morning of the haircut celebration day, the child's parents would invite a respected man in good health with healthy children to give the child their first haircut. The man was generally a relative or a leader of their subgroup. After the man finished cutting *ne'u skra* 'baby hair' with sheep shears, he would smear a small piece of butter on the baby's forehead, symbolizing food and the wish that the baby would become rich and bring good fortune to their family. He then gave a short speech, for example:

## Text as Performed

ya da bu chung tshe ring lo brgya  
 ngas khyo'i mgo mar zhig bsku ya  
 ngas khyo'i lus la l+wa zhig skon ya  
 khyo'i bsam pa'i don 'grub ba  
 khyod lo brgya bsdad nas  
 kha las rlung rta dar ra  
 kha rje dbang thang rgyas ya  
 a rgyas

ཡ། ད་བུ་ཆུང་ཚེ་རིང་ལོ་བརྟེན།  
 ངས་ཀྱི་མགོ་མར་མཉམ་པ་ལ།  
 ངས་ཀྱི་ལུས་ལ་ལྷ་ཞིག་སྒྲིལ་ཡ།  
 ཁྱིའི་བསམ་པའི་དོན་འགྲུབ་བ།  
 ཁྱོད་ལོ་བརྟེན་བསྐྱེད་ནས།  
 ཁ་ལས་རྒྱུ་རྟ་དར་ར།  
 ཁ་རྩེ་དབང་ཐང་རྟུ་རྟུ་ཡ།  
 ཨ་རྟུ་ཡ།

Literary Poetic Text

bu chung tshe ring lo brgya  
ngas khyo'i mgor mar zhig bsku  
ngas khyo'i lus la l+wa zhig bskon  
khyo'i bsam pa'i don 'grub  
khyod lo brgya la 'dug  
kha las rlung rta dar  
kha rje dbang thang rgyas

བུ་ཚུང་ཚེ་རིང་ལོ་བརྟུ།  
ངས་སྟེའི་མགོར་མར་ཞིག་བསྐྱ།  
ངས་སྟེའི་ལུས་ལ་ལྷ་ཞིག་སྟོན།  
སྟེའི་བསམ་པའི་དོན་འབྲུག།  
སྟེའི་ལོ་བརྟུ་ལ་འདུག།  
ཁ་ལས་རྒྱང་རྟ་དར།  
ཁ་རྩེ་དབང་ཐང་རྟུག།

Translation

Lovely long-life son!  
I smear butter on your head,  
I put clothes on you,  
You will be successful,  
You will live for one hundred years,  
You will be famous,  
You will have a high position.

I heard this from my sister-in-law's father (Mgon po skyabs, b. 1957) at my brother's daughter's (Gnam rgyal sgrol ma, b. 2006) haircut celebration.

After the haircut, songs praising family members, livestock, family lineage, and *ne'u ston gyi glu* were sung, and food was served, including *rtsam pa*, milk, yogurt with wild yams, and mutton.

When I was a little boy, most first haircut celebrations for three-year-old children were held for boys, who were understood to remain in the family and eventually assume responsibility for the family. Girls generally married and moved into other homes. In 2020, the situation was different with such celebrations for both sexes. Parents generally raised only one to three children, and the family's improved economic circumstances made having celebrations more viable. Furthermore, attendees brought gifts such as clothes, cash, and tea bricks, which were valued. Celebrations were also an opportunity to display social connections to burnish the family's social standing. Consequently, there were also celebrations for girls.

#### *GYA STON GYI GLU* 'SONGS FOR EIGHTY-YEAR-OLDS'

If an elder reached the age of eighty, it was celebrated. Locals came to greet the eighty-year-old and to congratulate and honor the children for having such a long-living parent. It was then that *gya ston gyi glu* were sung. This celebration also encouraged younger people to take good care of their elders.

My home community members treated elders respectfully, believing they were a family's good fortune. The saying *mi shes na rgan par dris, mi rig na sgang la bud* 'When puzzled, ask elders for help; if you can't see far into the distance, climb higher hills' indicates the value of elders. Younger generations were raised in this sort of environment.

In 2016, a neighbor, Sgrol ma (b. 1936), turned eighty, and a huge celebration was held on the fifth day of the first lunar month. Many people from Klu chu, Mgar rtse communities in Reb gong County, Bsang khog and Rgan gya townships in Bsang chu (Xiahe) County, and all our home community members were invited. Guests came with gifts such as Tibetan-style shirts, pieces of cloth, twenty to 500 RMB in cash, apples, loaves of bread, peanuts, and red jujubes. Many guests sang. Sgrol ma's family gave each guest one small ceramic bowl (some bowls were decorated with a blue dragon, and the Eight



Auspicious Symbols decorated others) with peanuts to express their appreciation.

Guests mostly sang *gya ston gyi glu* and *bstod glu*, which consisted of good wishes for health and longevity, good examples for youths, and the hope that valuable traditional thoughts and customs would be maintained. *Bstod glu* were multifunctional and had a wide range of content to be sung at many gatherings. Additionally, among singers, the most commonly known songs were *bstod glu*.

### LA GZHAS 'LOVE SONGS'

#### INTRODUCTION

*La gzhas* melodies and lyrics expressed romance and were often sung as call and response between women and men. Historically, parents chose marriage partners for their children. Although few children openly complained about their parents' decisions, feelings reflecting disagreement, love, separation, and secrets were expressed in *la gzhas*.<sup>36</sup> These songs described how someone loved someone else, how they fell in love, why their relationship experienced trouble, how they separated, and how they suffered from missing each other.

*La gzhas* were usually sung by those aged fifteen to their late forties. People in their fifties and older generally stayed home, chanted scriptures, prostrated, and engaged in other religious activities. Although sung mostly in mountains where young people herded far from their tents and houses, *la gzhas* were also sung on Zog ba.<sup>37</sup>

Most *la gzhas* had two stanzas with four lines per stanza. Each line generally featured seven to nine words. The first stanza was a metaphor, such as a cuckoo, nightingale, golden fish, water, horses, lands, and white conch-shell resembling human characteristics. The

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<sup>36</sup> See Skal bzang nor bu (2015) for more on A mdo Tibetan love songs.

<sup>37</sup> Zog ba refers to the Spang sngo gdang pasture situated about two kilometers east of the autumn pasture. Early winter and spring were times for herding in Zog ba. Two to five households herded together, with each household sending one or two representatives, who were commonly young people.

second stanza references sweethearts, villages, tents, parents, siblings, land, monasteries, etc.

I performed several types of *la gzhas*, including *rtse 'go'i skor*, *rogs mthun pa'i skor*, *rogs rtsod pa'i skor*, *rogs dran pa'i skor*, and *bde mo 'jog pa'i skor*.

I began herding yaks with my herd-mates when I was eight years old. Most of my fellow herders were older than me and could already sing many *la gzhas*. The elders teased other younger boys and me with questions such as, "Have you had sex with a girl? Do you know how to attract a girl? Can you sing *la gzhas* to girls?"

When this happened, I nervously lowered my head, which encouraged more teasing. Sometimes the older women also made such jokes. For example, a woman in her thirties told me, "Sing a *la gzhas* to the girls you are herding with, or I'll take off your pants and pour out your *chur ba 'cheese*.'"<sup>38</sup>

I was terrified and never herded livestock with that woman again.

One summer, I decided to learn some *la gzhas* and sing to girls to be a real man like my older herd-mates. I asked Klu mo mtsho to teach me *la gzhas*. She was a neighbor's daughter and took good care of me. I herded yaks with her daily, and she taught me the *la gzhas* she knew. After about three days, I could sing several *la gzhas*.

Every evening while Mother was milking yaks, I had to keep the calves near their mothers. While doing this, I murmured the *la gzhas* lyrics that I had learned that day, and by the time we were about to move to our autumn pasture, I had learned around eighty. I did not sing *la gzhas* to girls until I was ten years old. I worried I would have to sleep with the girls if I sang to them. When I was ten, I started herding yaks far from our winter home and singing *la gzhas* to girls.

In 2001, I herded yaks with four other locals. Three were females aged fifteen to twenty-five, and one was a man about twenty-eight years old. We pitched two cloth tents around our livestock enclosure, about fifteen kilometers from our winter house. We herded yaks together in the daytime and stayed in two groups at night. We

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<sup>38</sup> As used here, *chur ba* refers to smegma.

played several games (e.g., hiding sheep dung,<sup>39</sup> tiger and mice,<sup>40</sup> sheep and wolf<sup>41</sup>) and often sang *la gzhas*. They encouraged me, so I began to sing. I first sang *la gzhas* with Lcags mo, four years older than me. I received compliments like, "You've got a voice as good as your father's. Sing more *la gzhas*!"

I was pleased and sang as many *la gzhas* as I could. I never refused to sing, but I could not respond well to many *la gzhas* at that time.

A *la gzhas* singer had to practice many *la gzhas* and know how to use them on the right occasion. I learned many *la gzhas* from my opponents. When they sang, I listened intently. I could memorize some songs very quickly.

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<sup>39</sup> Two to five people played this game. An equal number of twenty to thirty sheep pellets was assigned to each player. Then someone in the group hid a certain number of pellets in their palm. Only this person knew the number of pellets. Others then guessed the number. Making a wrong guess meant you had to give a certain number of pellets to the player who had hidden the pellets. For example, if three pellets were hidden, and you guessed ten, you had to give seven pellets to the one who had hidden the pellets. Guessing the correct number meant you were awarded all the hidden pellets.

<sup>40</sup> This game was played by at least two people, who represented a tiger and mouse. The tiger closed its eyes while the mouse hid somewhere near the tiger. After about two minutes, the tiger started searching for the mouse without opening their eyes. Once the tiger caught the mouse, they asked, "*Sgyo 'khyog yin, sgyo ril yin*" (Literary Tibetan: *Sgyo skam yin nam, sgyo ril yin*) 'Are you following me or not?'" If the mouse denied it, it was savaged by the tiger. The tiger would continue to hold the mouse until the mouse replied, "Yes, I am a *sgyo 'khyog*. I obey you." *Sgyo 'khyog* 'dry, empty yakskin bag' describes a person or an animal with no energy and power to fight others, so they must obey others. This contrasts with *sgyo ril* 'small yakskin bag full of something (rice, barley, etc.)', a term used to describe a person or an animal energetically opposing others.

<sup>41</sup> At least three people were needed to play this game. They represented one or two wolves, one herder, and a sheep. If more than twenty people played, there might have been three to four wolves, two herders, and around fifteen sheep. The herders pretended to sleep while the wolves attacked the sheep. Then the herders would chase the wolves. If a herder's long sleeve touched a wolf, it meant the wolf had been killed. If a wolf touched any of the sheep, it meant that this sheep had been killed, and it had become a wolf.

GATHERING AND SINGING *LA GZHAS*

I participated in many gatherings, enjoying *la gzhas* and learning many when others sang. Even in 2017, I could still sing some *la gzhas*.

In 2004, I became a grade three student in our village boarding primary school. My family had migrated from our winter pasture to the summer pasture, which took me eight hours on foot to reach. We had no motorcycle until 2007. The trip took about five hours if Father took me behind him on our horse to school. I was generally only at home during winter and summer vacations.

One night, I went to Skäl bzang's home, two kilometers from our school. He was two years younger than me. His family members warmly welcomed me. Skäl bzang's sister (Tshe ring sgrol ma, b. 1993) said, "Some *la gzhas* singers are gathering at Lha do's home tonight to sing. They will sing many *la gzhas*. Do you want to join them?"

Lha do was a neighbor around forty years old. I was enthusiastic about going but wanted to know Skäl bzang's reaction. He was unsure because he was afraid to ask his grandmother for permission.

After supper, his grandmother went to bed on the *hu tse* she shared with Skäl bzang's older brother when he was home. He had a girlfriend in Sgro tshang Village and rarely slept at home. Skäl bzang and I went to where he slept in a small room that adjoined their bigger house. The two buildings were made from adobe and wood poles and featured wood-framed windows. We stayed in Skäl bzang's room until his grandmother was asleep, and then we walked about 500 meters to Lha do's home.

They had already started singing when we arrived, but we had missed only two songs. About thirty people - ten females and twenty males - had gathered. Ninety percent were from their kinship group, and the others were from Rgya 'du Community. I later learned the outsiders were Lha do's friends.

Most men sat on the *hu tse*, while children and women sat on the dirt floor by the stove. Others stood near the door. Elders were in their thirties, and some teenagers like me were also there. 'Bum pa (b.

1988), who had long, disheveled hair, sang *la gzhas* while standing and moving rhythmically back and forth. The audience enjoyed his *la gzhas* melodies and lyrics.<sup>42</sup>

Lha do's wife, Mkha 'gro (b. 1979), refilled everyone's teacup during the singing.

When 'Bum pa finished singing, Sgro lha sang *la gzhas*. The audience commented on the lyrics and melodies, how many songs they knew, who responded properly, how well the lyrics fit the melodies, and whose voice was more euphonic.

Locals are sensitive about their reputations. For example, when Sgro lha, the daughter of one of my maternal relatives, married and moved to her groom's home in Zhong hwa Salar Autonomous County in 2013, my relative's family invited the best singers from our home community to escort their daughter in the hope they would defeat the singers from the groom's side on the wedding day.

I worried that Sgro lha might fail in a contest with singers from another community. The girls around Sgro lha whispered *la gzhas* to her, hoping she would sing better. She knew many *la gzhas* and sang confidently. Occasionally, some beads of sweat appeared on 'Bum pa's nose from nervousness, and he soon excused himself on the grounds that he had a cold. We later suspected that the real reason was he had no more *la gzhas* to sing.

Lha do handed a white scarf to Sgro lha and suggested another way to continue. She was to choose another opponent to sing by giving the scarf to that person. She was embarrassed to choose and said, "I will blindly throw the scarf. Who gets it must sing."

Some people escaped in fear of being chosen. Sgro lha threw the scarf, and it fell on my shoulder. Those around me encouraged me to sing. I was the only person from the Sga ru subgroup there, and they had never heard me sing. I gladly sang a *la gzhas*, which surprised some because most students from my home community could sing

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<sup>42</sup> 'Bum pa (b. 1988) later became a well-known *la gzhas* singer. I heard many of his songs on CDs and VCDs manufactured in the county town. In 2010, I listened to his CD titled *Mdo ba tA ni dgyes 'dzoms 'Mdo ba tA ni Gathering*'.

very few folk songs. After I sang, they suggested I choose a girl to reply to, so I threw the scarf back to Sgro lha because I really liked her *la gzhas*.

Sgro lha and I sang antiphonally. After several rounds, Lha do's friends prepared to leave. It was then about three in the morning. Mounting their motorcycles, they drove off, so Skal bzang and I also left and slept in his bed.

Here are the three songs that I sang at this gathering:

The great horses resemble a line of precious jewelry,  
Their saddles are like flourishes of dark gold,  
I can't ride them because they are far away in the north,  
I can't forget them because they are a part of my heart.

My lover is as beautiful as a full moon,  
Her lovely body is as straight as bamboo,  
I can't meet her because she is living with her cruel husband,  
I can't forget our love because it is part of my heart.

When I went into the mountains to hunt,  
It was snowing heavily, so I built a shelter of snow,  
The frightening wind kept me inside the snow shelter,  
My life was endangered,  
Even so, I couldn't give up the eight-point-antlered deer.

When I was leaving home for my girlfriend,  
My parents stopped me on my left,  
My wife stopped me on my right,  
My life was endangered,  
Even so, I couldn't give up my girlfriend.

At the lake of Mtsho sngon po,<sup>43</sup>  
The natural six-finned golden fish,  
Swam up to the lake's surface,  
An unforgettable memory.

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<sup>43</sup> Qinghai Lake, the largest saline lake in China, is situated one hundred kilometers north of Zi ling City.

At the large village of tA ni,<sup>44</sup>  
My lovely girlfriend,  
Chatted full of smiles,  
An unforgettable memory.

#### A CASSETTE TAPE-PLAYER RADIO

It was 1996, when I was five years old that I first saw a cassette tape-player radio. It belonged to Gcod pa and was probably my home community's first cassette tape-player radio. Gcod pa's home was about 500 meters from our winter house. I went to his home almost daily to see his cassette tape-player radio. He allowed me to touch it if I collected *dpa tog*<sup>45</sup> for him. I was not allowed to play it. I could only closely observe how he operated it and imagine how I would eventually use a cassette tape-player radio like his. He never played music or other programs but listened to the news at a specific time. The speakers spoke a dialect similar to mine, so I could also understand some broadcasts. I later heard that an older man had bought that cassette tape-player radio because one of his sons had left China and had not returned home for years. The only way for him to hear news from the country where his son lived was over the radio.

At that time, the human speech emanating from a cassette tape-player radio seemed like a ghost's sound to locals. Consequently, many refused to buy one. My father felt the same saying, "The sound from that strange box would upset our family deity, and it then won't protect us."

I totally believed what he said and did not expect he would buy one for us. Still, I was curious about the human voices I could hear but not see. I desperately wanted to open it to look at the small human beings I imagined were inside, but I didn't get an opportunity.

I was afraid to ask Father to buy a cassette tape-player radio for our family, so I went to my playmates' homes to enjoy folk songs. In

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<sup>44</sup> Located about twenty kilometers from the Mdo ba Town Center.

<sup>45</sup> White flowers that are dried, ignited, and placed on or near the skin as a traditional medical remedy. Some elders smoke it.

about 2001, some families bought cassette tape-player radios that could tune in to stations that broadcast Tibetan folk songs during Lo sar. I was very impressed by those families who could play folk songs and enjoy their Lo sar. Only the family head operated the cassette tape-player radio. Elders generally didn't allow us to operate the radios because they were concerned that the children might lose their favorite A mdo dialect channel in twisting the channel adapter.

Over the following years, the number of cassette tape-player radios in the community multiplied. One of our neighbors, Rdo rje tshe ring, was outgoing and usually bought new products before other families. I went to his home often to enjoy folk songs and folktales. I no longer played pretend wedding ceremonies or with wooden birds that Father carved for me with his knife. Instead, I collected square-shaped stones from riverbanks, lined them up in my imaginary seat, and fantasized that they were cassette tape-player radios. I sang several songs I had learned from herd-mates when pretending to be a singer on the cassette tape-player radio. I can't recall how many times Rdo rje tshe ring joked, "Come to my home and marry my daughter, and I'll buy a new, bigger cassette tape-player radio for you!"

One autumn day in 2003, after finishing school early, I stuffed my tattered books into my fabric shoulder bag and headed home. I was excited to go home that afternoon because I thought Father would be returning, having been away somewhere near Zi ling City, where he had gone to drink medicinal spring waters for twenty days to treat his stomachache. He had also promised my sister to buy a cassette tape-player radio and some cassette tapes as a reward to encourage her to learn his skills of herding sheep.

Most households around the school had already moved to Zog ba. I walked through the empty autumn pasture, aware of the possibility of hungry wolves and abandoned dogs. I also felt ghosts could be nearby. I started running home from the school gate, frequently checking behind me as I ran.

Mother used to say, "Don't come home alone after school, or wolves will attack you. Stay at our relatives' home."



I was more afraid of ghosts than wolves. However, that afternoon, I couldn't stop wanting to go home. Arriving at the top of a hill a few kilometers from my school, I could see my family tent. I was panting heavily, so I rested there briefly. Although there were only a few households in our autumn pasture, my family tent was still there. I relaxed before starting to run again.

My shadow was in front of me. I didn't like that, so I ran to try to catch up with it. After about forty minutes, I got home and found Mother and Younger Sister tethering our yaks and horses. I was afraid of Mother because I hadn't stayed at our relatives' home, but I should not have worried. She warmly greeted, "My dear son! I missed you so much! How did you come home? Did you walk? How brave you are! Have you suffered from too little food at school?"

I replied that I hadn't been hungry at school and quickly asked, "Has Father returned?"

"Not yet, but I heard he has arrived in Mdo ba Town Center. He'll be here soon. Come eat! I've cooked beef," she announced.

I hurried to our tent, where one of my elder sisters was sitting by the stove and eating. Surprised by my sudden appearance, she asked, 'Lhu b+ha, when did you arrive? Come and eat some of this.'

"I just got here. Where are Brother and Sister?" I asked.

"They left for our pasture with our flock of sheep," she replied.

Despite the fresh, delicious meat, I didn't eat much because I wanted to climb the small hill behind our tent to check if Father was coming. I put my school bag on the *hu tse* and headed to the hill. The sun went behind the mountains, and the scene around us grew quiet. Cupping my eyes with my little hand, I searched for Father until the sky darkened. I couldn't see far. Mother called me to come and eat dinner. I returned and asked Mother to help me do '*ril mo*'<sup>46</sup> 'sheep dung divination' to see if Father was coming. Mother handed me three

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<sup>46</sup> *Ril mo* is used by children to make predictions. A matchstick is inserted into a pellet of sheep dung. The other end of the match is stabbed into the ground. The mid-part of the match is lit. It burns until the sheep pellet falls. If the pellet falls in your direction, it portends good fortune. Bad luck is indicated if it falls in the opposite direction.

sheep dung pellets from the fuel box and a box of matches, cautioning, "Don't waste my matches! I need them to light a fire in the morning."

My divination suggested that Father would arrive home very soon. I impatiently went out of the tent but soon returned when Mother yelled for me to stay calm while she made wheat-flour noodles cooked in beef soup.

After about twenty minutes, we heard a horse snorting. Mother recognized it as Father's horse, so we rushed outside. I yelled, "Father! Father! Is that you?"

Mother turned on a flashlight, and we saw Father dismounting near our yak enclosure. We rushed over and carried Father's saddlebags into the tent. They were bulging with items he had purchased. Father wore a new shirt with many pockets. After untying his heavy robe, he sat by the adobe stove, and I sat on his lap as usual.

Sister asked, "What did you buy for us? Did you buy a cassette tape-player radio?"

Smiling, Father said, "The boss of the shop died, so I couldn't buy one."

Sister believed this and expressed sorrow for the boss. Mother laughed and said, "Bring the saddlebags to me and let's see what's inside."

I ran to the bags and, using all my strength, pulled one over to Mother. At the same time, Sister dragged the other saddlebag to Mother. Excitedly, Mother took out a boxed cassette tape-player radio. I jumped around in great excitement. Mother handed the box to Father, who unpacked it. Inside was a blue and white colored radio tape-player, five tapes with *rdung len* sung by Gdu b+he,<sup>47</sup> a comic sketch by Sman bla skyabs,<sup>48</sup> two audiotapes with *rogs mthun*<sup>49</sup> called *nyi ma tshe ring*

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<sup>47</sup> Gdu b+he (1968-2016) from Rma chu, Gansu Province was considered one of the best *rdung len* singers.

<sup>48</sup> Sman bla skyabs (b. 1963) is a well-known comic born in Mang ra (Guinan) County, Mtsho lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon Province (<https://goo.gl/tHXETu>, accessed 22 June 2017).

<sup>49</sup> *Rogs mthun* tell stories of love between men and women through song and are usually accompanied by the guitar. They are considered "modern."

*dang zla bzang sgrol ma*,<sup>50</sup> and *rgan gya'i skar ma dang sman 'tshong tshe skyid*,<sup>51</sup> and four alkaline batteries. After inserting the batteries into the machine, Father pressed a button to open the tape slot, inserted the cassette tape, and pressed one of the five buttons. I was amazed at all the operational processes. That night by carefully watching Father, I learned the procedures to manipulate the cassette tape-player radio.

We enjoyed Gdu b+he's *rdung len*. There were about twenty-five songs on the *rdung len* tape. I had no idea about the lyrics because I was unfamiliar with the *rdung len* melody and its guitar components at that time. I was accustomed to singing *glu* and *la gzhas* with no instrumental arrangements. Neighbors descended upon our home, attracted by the cassette tape-player radio and eager to listen to the new tapes Father had bought. Later, locals started purchasing tapes of *rdung len*, *rogs mthun*, and *rnam thar* 'biography'. Fewer people then listened to A mdo dialect radio broadcasts of *glu* and *la gzhas*. Several households placed their cassette tape-player radio on a wall in their sheep pens to frighten away wolves. Father, for example, bought a second-hand radio from a community member, put it on a wall in our sheep pen, and claimed, "Certain channels have programs that are broadcast all night. This will keep the wolves away so I can sleep without concern."

Whenever he went to our Town Center, Father bought new cassette tapes of *rdung len*, *rogs mthun*, and sometimes *la gzhas*. My elder sisters loved to listen to the tapes of *rdung len* every day, particularly when we were herding in Zog ba. Around 2013, we had about 300 tapes in a wooden box in our storage room.

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<sup>50</sup> <https://goo.gl/DXq9qD>, accessed 22 June 2017.

<sup>51</sup> <https://goo.gl/ZazNFk>, accessed 22 June 2017.

# PART TWO

## SINGERS AND SONGS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

## THE SINGERS

I interviewed and recorded three men considered good singers in my local community.

### BSOD NAMS BKRA SHIS (1938-2018)

Bsod nams bkra shis<sup>52</sup> was born in Bsang khog Township, Bsang chu County, Kan lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Gansu (Kan su'u) Province. However, he was raised in Mdo ba and had four (biological) siblings. His parents gave him to his adoptive father when he was very young.

Bsod nams bkra shis was my family's neighbor nearly all his life. It took about ten minutes for me to walk to his home. The relationship between our families was as close as that between members of the same family. His wife (Zon thar skyid, 1943-2015) was my father's mother's sister.

He had one daughter (Tshe ring skyid, b. 1975) and, wanting a son, adopted a boy (Tshe ring don 'grub, b. 1978) from a niece who had seven sons. Bsod nams bkra shis lived with his adopted son, who had a son and a daughter. The latter had a daughter and two sons. The older son became a father, which made Bsod nams bkra shis a great-grandfather.

On 13 February 2016, I rode a motorcycle to his home at about one PM. I arrived unannounced and found Bsod nams bkra shis with three of his grandchildren. He sat in a chair by the *mchod khri* 'shelf for images of deities and prominent religious personalities', chanting



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<sup>52</sup> Photo by Tshe ring dong 'grub (b. 1993) during Bstan pa's (Bsod nams bkra shis' relative) wedding in Bsang khog Township in 2014.

and sipping a cup of tea. With the camera in hand, I sat beside him in another chair. His granddaughter poured a cup of tea for me.

Bsod noms bkra shis and I chatted for a few minutes while his grandsons were fiddling with their smartphones on the *hu tse*. They paid little attention to us.

After about ten minutes, I showed one of the grandsons how to operate the video camera I had brought. Then I began asking Bsod noms bkra shis what he thought about the difference between his life and that of the younger generation, how he had learned to sing and play the flute, and so on. Below I give a summary of what he told me:

I'm old now. Nobody wants to talk to old people like me because of the attraction of new things such as cell phones, cars, and motorcycles. We old people seem to have no tongue because we know nothing about these things. Old people like to chat about whose horse is the best and whose horse saddle or bridle is the most beautiful. Young people like you are different. You chat about whose cell phone is the most expensive and most fashionable, whose motorcycle is the fastest, who has a car and who doesn't, what brand people bought, and so on. Young people don't like to talk to old people. Even when we have a meal together, there is a gap between our interests. Young people stare at the television and finger or talk on their cell phones.

Nevertheless, I have little criticism of the younger generations. Their lives are just different from when I was a child. We had little thought about technology because we were busy staying warm and finding enough food. Only during Lo sar could we taste several varieties of foods. Excitedly, we would wait, counting on our fingers every day for the first lunar month's first day. Every family prepared well for Lo sar. Only during Lo sar did we wear new robes and offer several types of foods to each other. In general, life was simple and full of limitations.

You can never imagine this sort of life. Some of the poorest families only had *rtsam pa*, even during Lo sar. Anyhow, we gratefully enjoyed Lo sar. We lived in yak-hair tents and gathered, chatted, laughed, sang, and sometimes, about ten of us shared one bottle of liquor.

To my surprise, young people have recently been saying Lo sar is just a busy, meaningless time. They don't like to be busy with Lo sar because life now is much easier than before; we have rich food all year, and our needs are met. Now, it is like Lo sar every day, so they are bored with the real Lo sar.

For youth, what a seventy-year-old man has to say is like bubbles on the surface of a pool. Who wants to listen to us? Nobody. A saying goes, *Chi kha gтам ma mang, nyal kha chu ma mang*. 'Don't criticize younger generations when you get old, don't drink too much water before you go to bed', so I had better be quiet and chant *ma Ni*.

Now, about *glu*: when I was thirteen, my stepfather took me to a wedding. I think it was Rta b+ha and Bsod nams sgrol ma's wedding. It was an autumn day with many singers from both the bride's and groom's sides. Stepfather was a great singer and sang many songs as part of the groom's side. While I don't remember their lyrics, older people often mentioned that day when recalling Stepfather's songs years later. They considered him one of the best singers when he was young. Older people from our community told me, "You are the son of a great singer, so you will certainly become a good singer, too."

They frequently encouraged young people, but I am sure Stepfather was a much better singer than I ever was.

I first learned how to sing by listening to Stepfather perform at weddings and other gatherings. When we herded sheep in the mountains in spring and autumn, Stepfather would take me with him. He and his herd-mates practiced singing almost every day. I learned many songs from this experience.

I started herding sheep when I was a teenager. It was not easy at that time. You never saw a fenced area. When I was driving a flock of sheep to the mountains, I had to worry about wolves and bandits attacking during both the day and night. For this reason, herders kept their guns, swords, and horses nearby. If attackers appeared, we chased them as quickly as we could.

When herding in the mountains, I made noises every few minutes to keep the wolves away. I also sang. I didn't care what melody I sang or the quality of my singing. I just sang to make noise.

Sometimes I herded with men much older than me, such as Bsang bdag's father, a handsome, good singer from our community. We herded sheep for about two months one summer, and he taught me how to sing and remember lyrics. Eventually, I could sing various songs, most of which I no longer remember.

I participated in many singing competitions and learned *bsdod glu* 'praise songs', *glu shags* 'humorous songs', *bcol glu* 'entrusting songs', and songs to educate others. I also learned how to play the flute.

When I was in my forties, I no longer had much passion for singing. Now, even if I want to sing, I can't remember the melodies and lyrics very clearly.

When my daughter was eighteen, I went to Lha sa on a pilgrimage with her and my wife. I bought a flute in front of the Po ta la. There are two kinds of flutes – the *bod gling* 'Tibetan flute' and the *rgya gling* 'Chinese flute'. You can clearly distinguish them by their sound. Those who know how to play the flute also know the differences in finger holes. Tibetan flute finger holes are in a line and equally spaced. The sound of the Tibetan flute is very pleasant and gentle when Tibetan melodies are played. The Chinese flute's finger holes are not equally spaced and usually has two more holes than Tibetan flutes. It is unsuitable for Tibetan melodies.

Other flutes include the *rkang gling* 'leg-flute' and *ding ru'i gling bu* 'vulture wing bone flute'. The leg-flute is made from a human femur. Ordinary people don't use it. Only certain Tibetan religious specialists use it when chanting scriptures or summoning evil spirits. The vulture wing bone flute is thinner than other flutes and is harder to play. Its sound is not as gentle as the heavier flutes.

Though I never had a flute teacher, I played the flute very well as an adult. I played it thousands of times when I was alone and near my flock, day and night. I would make sounds and then move my fingers to create a specific melody. In this way, I learned many different tunes. I considered my flute and umbrella my companions and took them with me from place to place as I was herding.

Playing the flute in the spring is like saving a thousand hibernating animals. Playing the flute in winter is like murdering thousands of



hibernating animals. This means that if the flute is played very gently, hibernating animals in that space between death and sleep are eager to wake up and listen. If it's winter and the animals come out of hibernation, they will surely die. When I understood this, I would drive my flock of sheep to the mountains in spring and play the flute as gently as possible on mountaintops while thinking, "I am saving hundreds of animals."<sup>53</sup>

Old age is killing me. I can hardly play my favorite flute melodies, such as *Rta nag sgrog 'gros* 'A Black Horse Hobbling Along', *Bya nag gshog rdeb* 'Flying Black Bird', and *'Bru mo'i gzho dbyangs* 'Milking Melody'. When I played these melodies, those around me enjoyed them so much that they shed tears.

At the end of our conversation, I filmed Bsod noms bkra shis while he was singing a *bstod glu* (Song Five).

CHOS LO (b. 1940)

Chos lo<sup>54</sup> was born in Ldong nge. My home community members called him Rgya gdang chos lo, adding his tribe's name before "Chos lo." He was energetic and, in early 2017, was still fully involved in herding, making clothing, and daily religious activity. His home was in the northeast of Mdo ba Town, about thirty kilometers from my home. I could reach his home in about forty minutes from my place by motorcycle.

He had a brother (Dka' lo, b. 1958) and a sister (Rta b+ha, b. 1953). Locals claimed that Rta b+ha sang very well, but I never heard her sing.

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<sup>53</sup> Bsod noms bkra shis describes how gentle flute sounds are helpful. For example, a marmot hibernating in a deep burrow in spring and unable to come out of hibernation from not eating for a prolonged period might be awakened by gentle flute music and thus have a better chance to survive.

<sup>54</sup> Mkhar byams rgya took this photo in Chos lo's home in the winter of 2017.



Chos lo's wife (Bkra lo, ~1945-2016) was from Bsang khog Township, Bsang chu County.

Chos lo's daughter (Bkra shis sgrol ma, b. ~1977) and her husband (Skal bzang skyabs, b. ~1976) had two sons and two daughters. The younger son, Chos grags rgya mtsho (b. ~2001), was a monk at Bla brang Monastery. The older son, 'Jam dbyangs bkra shis (b. 1993), was a student in Lha sa. The two daughters, 'Brug mo mtsho (b. 1997) and Sgrol ma skyid (b. 1995), had married and moved to their husbands' homes.

Local community elders commented that Chos lo was the most popular singer in Mdo ba when he was younger. At that time, he was invited to sing at parties and gatherings that featured singing. He also avidly participated in singing competitions. At seventy-six in 2016, he still sang at gatherings when invited.

At about six in the evening on 13 February 2016, I rode a motorcycle from my home to the home of Lha rgod skyabs, who was a student at Mtsho sngon Nationalities University. During the New Year holiday, he was staying in Mdo ba Town Center with his parents. I asked him to help me interview Chos lo because they were from the same community, and he was familiar with their family members.

Lha rgod skyabs phoned Gdugs dkar (introduced below) and asked him to go to Chos lo's home with us. This way, I could interview both in one sitting. An hour later, at about seven, we got on Lha rgod skyabs' motorcycle and headed to Chos lo's home. Arriving about twenty minutes later, they were finishing tethering their yaks and horses. The family welcomed us and invited us to come inside their home. They had three rooms: a storeroom; a place for sleeping, cooking, and eating; and a shrine. We were escorted into their shrine room.

Chos lo's daughter made a fire in the stove in the shrine room and boiled milk tea. Gdugs dkar, Lha rgod skyabs, and I sat on the *hu tse* while Chos lo sat in a wooden chair next to the *mchod khri*. A short time later, I offered two *kha btags* and, as it was the sixth day of Lo sar, I also gave Lo sar gifts: two tins of *glang dmar* 'Red Bull'; two apples; two round, small *rgya gor* 'Chinese bread'; and fifty RMB each to Chos

lo and Gdugs dkar. I introduced myself and explained why I was interested in recording their songs.

Lha rgod skyabs chatted with the two singers and gave them more information about my project. Bkra shis sgrol ma served milk tea as Chos lo asked questions about what I wanted to know. I stated my questions and, positioning my camera on the *hu tse*, turned it on. Below, I summarize what Chos lo said:

It is a great pleasure to sing to someone like you because you are interested in our songs and collecting them. I became very interested in singing because of my parents' influence. Both sang well and taught me a few songs when I was very young. Once I learned a song, I was eager to sing it, so I looked for a singer to compete with. When my community members praised me, saying, "You've got an excellent voice!" I was further inspired to sing. Afterward, I sang at weddings and gatherings but didn't know many songs then. I wanted to learn more songs, so I participated in gatherings, learning songs from others. I could remember songs easily when I concentrated on someone singing. Sometimes others taught me songs. If I learned a song in the evening and reviewed it again the next morning before breakfast, I could remember the whole song.

Years later, I was imprisoned. During this time, I made many friends from various Tibetan areas, such as the Mtsho sngon po area, Stag tshang lha mo, Mgo log, and other places. We had to work during the day but learned songs in the evenings. As the saying goes, *Sa cha re la dpe re, lung pa re na chu re* 'Different customs in different communities, different rivers in different valleys'. Local songs are also quite different, i.e., different areas have different songs. I learned many songs, especially when I sang with men from Mtsho sngon po. Sometimes I couldn't defeat them in competitions we held among ourselves, so I concentrated on learning their songs.

When we were moved to Bsang chu County, a prison leader allowed us to gather and sing after work. Around a hundred prisoners would gather and sing in turn.

We sang, one by one, for a half-day, and the two best singers continued singing until the end of the event while others listened and gave

encouragement. I had never heard many of those songs. I didn't ask about their origins. From the dialects used in the lyrics and the melodies, I guessed they were from around Mtsho sngon po.

Some singers sang songs such as *Srid pa'i ba chung bsha' glu* "Formation of the World" with disputed content, for example, *Srid pa lug cig gi grol pa'i dbyibs ltar chags pa* 'The first continent formed in a sheep's stomach shape'. In contrast, another singer argued, *Srid pa a yig gi dbyibs ltar chags pa* 'The first continent formed was shaped like a yig'<sup>55</sup> with

མ many examples using wonderful metaphors. A good singer could sing such songs for four whole days.

Such gatherings and singing were significant to me. I not only learned many songs, but I also better understood what an outstanding singer was. A singer should know many types of songs, and a good singer also must learn courage. Singing in front of hundreds of others is challenging. I encountered many inexperienced singers. A good singer can be identified the first time they sing. If someone is inexperienced, they are nervous.

It is very important for a singer to sing whenever he has a chance, particularly if asked to sing. There is no need to be nervous. Even if your voice is not that good, you can try your best to make the audience laugh. As the saying goes, "Skad can zhig gis khrom pa skyid la skur, skan med zhig gis khrom pa 'ur la skur 'A good singer pleases the audience with a song, a funny singer makes the audience laugh'." Both are important when we enjoy ourselves.

I was not a good singer compared to some others, but I have struggled to learn and sing for most of my life. Sadly, I have forgotten the songs I once knew, except for the songs we often sing locally.

I remember *stod glu* 'praise songs', *glu shags* 'humorous songs', *bcol glu* 'entrusting/enjoining songs', *dris glu* 'question songs', *gya ston gyi glu* 'songs for eighty-year-olds', *ne'u ston gyi glu* 'songs for three-year-old children', and *skyo glu* 'sad songs'.

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<sup>55</sup> The last letter of the Tibetan alphabet; alternatively, *a chen*.

I don't remember Dpa ris *lug glu* 'sheep songs'<sup>56</sup> because they are heard only in Dpa ris, or *srid pa'i ba chung bsha glu* 'song of slaughtering a small ox', *jag glu ring mo* 'robbers' songs', and others.

I lived in Bsang khog for a few years when I was released from prison. Local tribes often invited me to compete with the best singers in their tribe. Sometimes, those singers sang from outside the song form. For example, they added lyrics from *sgrig* 'extracts from fables' while singing *glu*. Nevertheless, I sang back and pretended to like their songs. I was never shy to admit fault if I had no more songs to sing. Regardless of what they sang to me, I was never frustrated with others.

I was spoiled. Rather than helping my family work, I often attended weddings and gatherings wherever they were held and sang there. Sometimes, while herding, I practiced singing again and again.

Songs not only keep me happy but also help me communicate with others in a better way. If someone knows how to enjoy songs, I try to teach them when herding, but few persist in learning songs.

Chos los sang eight songs: two *bstod glu* (songs One and Two), three *glu shags* (songs Seven, Eight, and Eleven), one *bcol glu* (Song Thirteen), one *ra ston gyi glu* (Song Fifteen), and one *skyo glu* (Song Seventeen).

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<sup>56</sup> The "Tianzhu" in Tianzhu Tibetan Autonomous County (Wuwei City, Gansu Province) is often rendered "Dpa' ris." See Stobs stag lha (2013:12-15) for a review of and commentary on literature related to Dpa' ris.

GDUGS DKAR (b. 1978)



Gdugs dkar<sup>57</sup> was from the Ldong nge Tribe. His family included his father (Btsun ne), his wife (Lha mo), a son ('Phags pa skyabs), and a daughter (Tshe 'bum skyid). In 2015, their family moved from a herding area to the Town Center so that in 2016, both children could attend elementary school there.

Gdugs dkar was a young singer and one of Chos lo's best students. He participated in many song competitions, gatherings, and weddings. I recorded him singing ten different songs in Chos lo's home: two *bstod glu* (songs Three and Four), three *glu shags* (songs Six, Nine, and Ten), one *bcod glu* (Song Twelve), one *gya ston gyi glu* (Song Fourteen), one *ne'u ston gyi glu* (Song Sixteen), and two *bkra shis* 'ending songs' (songs Eighteen and Nineteen).

LHUN 'GRUB (b. 1991)



<sup>57</sup> Lha rgod skyabs gave me this photo, which was taken in ~2013.



I<sup>58</sup> mostly learned and practiced singing *la gzhas*, so I am better at singing those than other songs such as *glu shags* and *skyo glu*.

I sang and recorded twelve *la gzhas* I learned from herders for this section. On 5 and 6 June 2016, I recorded myself with my iPad mini in an apartment in Xi'an City. I sang three *rtse 'go'i skor* 'beginning songs' (songs Twenty, Twenty-one, and Twenty-two), four *rogs mthun pa'i skor* 'falling in love songs' (songs Twenty-three, Twenty-four, Twenty-five, and Twenty-six), two *rogs rtsod pa'i skor* 'conflict songs' (songs Twenty-seven and Twenty-eight), two *rogs dran pa'i skor* 'missing songs' (songs Twenty-nine and Thirty), and one *bde mo 'jog pa'i skor* 'saying goodbye' (Song Thirty-one).

#### THE SONGS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

When a singer sings, lyrics need appropriate melodies as much as a bird needs wings. Usually, people do not count how many distinctive melodies they can sing. So, for example, I don't know how many song melodies I practiced in my home community. When the lyrics and melody fit each other, everyone is pleased. Good singers vary their melodies to suit the lyrics. I witnessed many people burst into tears when a good singer sang. Awareness of distinct song melodies is essential for a singer, particularly the basic variations of *glu skad* 'glu melody' and *len skad* 'la gzhas melody'. *Glu skad* and *len skad* are general terms for the *glu* and *la gzhas* melodies we practice.

Figure 1 lists the names of the thirty-one songs presented in this section, based on the distinctive terms for the type of lyrics and the duration of each song.

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<sup>58</sup> In 2016, Tshe ring sgrol ma took this photo during Lo sar in my home.

Figure 1. Song details.

Category	Name	Time <sup>59</sup>	Singer
<i>bstod glu</i> 'praise songs'	Song 1	3.00	Chos lo
	Song 2	2.38	Chos lo
	Song 3	3.47	Gdugs dkar
	Song 4	4.29	Gdugs dkar
	Song 5	3.11	Bsod nams bkra shis
<i>glu shags</i> 'humorous songs'	Song 6	2.28	Gdugs dkar
	Song 7	2.04	Chos lo
	Song 8	1.28	Chos lo
	Song 9	3.19	Gdugs dkar
	Song 10	1.58	Gdugs dkar
	Song 11	1.02	Chos lo
<i>bcol glu</i> 'entrusting/ enjoining songs'	Song 12	2.26	Gdugs dkar
	Song 13	2.46	Chos lo
<i>gya ston gyi glu</i> 'songs for eighty-year-olds'	Song 14	2.03	Gdugs dkar
<i>ra ston gyi glu</i> 'tent celebrating songs'	Song 15	3.20	Chos lo
<i>ne'u ston gyi glu</i> 'songs for three-year-old children'	Song 16	3.08	Gdugs dkar

<sup>59</sup> In minutes.

<i>skyo glu</i> 'sad songs'	Song 17	4.28	Chos lo
<i>bkra shis</i> 'ending songs'	Song 18	2.24	Gdugs dkar
	Song 19	2.19	Gdugs dkar
<i>rtse 'go'i skor</i> 'beginning songs'	Song 20	1.03	Lhun 'grub
	Song 21	1.16	Lhun 'grub
	Song 22	1.31	Lhun 'grub
<i>rogs mthun pa'i skor</i> 'falling in love songs'	Song 23	1.24	Lhun 'grub
	Song 24	1.21	Lhun 'grub
	Song 25	1.47	Lhun 'grub
	Song 26	2.47	Lhun 'grub
<i>rogs rtsod pa'i skor</i> 'conflict songs'	Song 27	1.05	Lhun 'grub
	Song 28	1.12	Lhun 'grub
<i>rogs dran pa'i skor</i> 'missing my lover songs'	Song 29	1.47	Lhun 'grub
	Song 30	1.14	Lhun 'grub
<i>bde mo 'jog pa'i skor</i> 'ending songs'	Song 31	2.09	Lhun 'grub

### Song One

In the blue sky with the white cloud house,  
The sun, moon, and stars are gathered,  
The dragon feels wonderful,  
I wish it would rain often.

In the square-shaped temple with golden roofs,  
*Bla ma*, students, and scriptures are gathered,  
Monks feel wonderful,

I wish the scriptures would be chanted forever.

In the square-shaped yak-hair tent with a Tara flag,  
Parents, uncles, and sons are gathered,  
Sisters-in-law feel wonderful,  
I wish milk would be available forever.

### Song Two

The swan landed on the castle of Lha sa,  
It is the name of a bird if you call it a swan,  
It is the name of clothes if you call them yellow,  
*Bla ma* are the ones who wear yellow clothes.

The raven landed on the castle of China,  
It is the name of a bird if you call it raven,  
It is the name of clothes if you call it black,  
Leaders are the ones who wear black clothes.

The magpie landed on a tent rope,  
It is the name of a bird if you call it magpie,  
It is the name of an ornament if you call it round coins,  
Tibetan women are the ones who wear round coins.

### Song Three

Buddha was born in India,  
He subdued the enemies of Buddhism,  
He turned the wheel of the Dharma,  
Happiness rose from that time,  
How wonderful it would be if Buddhism becomes widespread.

Manjugosha appeared in China,  
He subdued the founders of harmful thoughts,  
He taught the paths of enlightenment,  
Happiness rose from that time,  
How peaceful it would be if Buddhism becomes widespread.

Padmasambhava came to Tibet,  
Subdued ghosts and ogresses,  
Taught a song of Dharma teaching,  
Happiness rose from that time,  
How wonderful it would be if Buddhism becomes widespread.

Song Four

The first row filled with golden thrones,  
Shakyamuni sits on a golden throne,  
Thousands of monks surround him,  
This is the realm of lotuses,  
I wish to be born there.

The middle row is filled with a conch-shell throne,  
Padmasambhava sits there,  
Thousands of tantric practitioners surround him,  
This is the realm of the mantra masters,  
I wish to be born there.  
The last row is filled with a turquoise throne,  
Tara sits on it,  
Thousands of dakinis surround her,  
This is the realm of turquoise,  
I wish to be born there.

Song Five

There are three good pieces of advice for men,  
First, no morning drink,  
Second, don't say inauspicious words to fellows,  
Third, don't start fights with insiders.

There are three good pieces of advice for monks,  
First, don't wear hats awkwardly,  
Second, don't fold robes untidily,  
Third, don't count prayer beads improperly.

There are three good pieces of advice for girls,  
First, don't bring rumors back to your mother's home,  
Second, don't gossip with neighbors,  
Third, don't eat secretly.

Song Six

I, the horse, came from far away this morning,  
I came through both big and small lands,  
To see if Stod dkar is big,  
To see if there are many horses.

I, the white *mdzo*, came from far away this morning,  
I came from between both wide and narrow lands,  
To see if Stod sbang dkar is big,  
To see if there are many boxes of tea.

I, the singer, came from far away this morning,  
I came through both big and small gatherings,  
To see if this is a big gathering,  
To see if there are many singers.

Song Seven

When I was coming from my home this morning,  
I was told a hundred times not to shoot,  
I promised a thousand times that I wouldn't shoot,  
I was told to win if I shot,  
I said that I wouldn't return home if I lost.

When I was coming from my home this morning,  
I was told a hundred times not to race horses,  
I promised a thousand times that I wouldn't race,  
I was told to win if I raced,  
I said I wouldn't return home if I lost.

When I was coming from my home this morning,  
I was told a hundred times not to sing,  
I promised a thousand times that I wouldn't sing,  
I was told to win if I sang,  
I said that I wouldn't return if I lost.

Song Eight

The *bla ma* on the throne is lucky,  
Who can go to Lha sa easily,  
With excellent knowledge of the Dharma,  
It is hard to go without high achievement in meditation.

The leader on the throne is lucky,  
Who can go to the Chinese emperor easily,  
With great eloquence,  
It is hard to go without proof of a high position.

The singer at the gathering is very lucky,  
Who can go to big gatherings,  
With a beautiful voice,  
It is hard to be there without songs and jokes.

Song Nine

I chanted *ma Ni* while I was going to Lha sa,  
I met a *bla ma* of Lha sa on the way,  
He asked if I knew any chanting,  
I replied that I knew *ma Ni*,  
He said that it was enough if I knew *ma Ni*,  
It is good to chant for the next life.

I sewed clothing while going to town,  
I met the king of tailors,  
He asked if I knew anything about tailoring,  
I said that I only knew *khra tsem*,<sup>60</sup>  
He said that it was enough if I knew *khra tsem*,

---

<sup>60</sup> Basic sewing skills.

It is good for sewing tattered clothes.

I sang entertaining songs while I was going to gatherings,  
I met the singer of big gatherings,  
He asked me if I knew anything about secular songs,  
I replied that I only knew entertaining songs,  
He said that it was enough if I knew entertaining songs,  
It is good while sipping liquor.

Song Ten

The flying eagle with a white beak,  
Where is the end of the blue sky?  
I ask the singer because I don't know.

The red trotting fox,  
Where do the roads intersect?  
I ask the singer because I don't know.

The digging mole with rolling claw nails,  
Where is the liver of the earth?  
I ask the singer because I don't know.

Song Eleven

The flying eagle with a white beak,  
The end of the blue sky is in the north.

The trotting red fox,  
The intersection of the roads is in the center.

The digging mole with rolling claw nails,  
The liver of the earth is in *glu*.

Song Twelve

A horse experiences both sadness and happiness,  
It feels happy when it's on grassy mountains,  
It feels sad when thieves steal it,  
Don't whip them, please, masters!



This is the great hope of horse owners.

A girl experiences both happiness and sadness,  
She is happy when she lives with her parents,  
She is sad when she leaves for the groom's home,  
Don't scold her, please, Mother-in-law!  
This is the great hope of the daughter's mother.

Song Thirteen

The stolen horse,  
Must be often ridden,  
But I promise not to whip it,  
Be reassured by this.

When we drive a yak-bull for business,  
It is necessary to pack things on it,  
But I promise not to throw stones at the yak-bull,  
Be reassured by this.

When a girl marries,  
It is common to teach her how to do housework,  
But I promise not to scold her,  
Be reassured by this.

Song Fourteen

High in the sky,  
The maned dragon grew old,  
It is lucky even though it is old,  
Green-spotted dragons surround it.

In the big black yak-hair tent,  
The eighty-year-old man grew old,  
He is lucky even though he is old,  
Many younger generations surround him.

Song Fifteen

In the sacred rocky valley,  
Monks and *bla ma* built a monastery,  
Bright sunshine reached it,  
Many students surround the monastery,  
I wish the *bla ma* inside the monastery would live longer.

In the middle sacred rocky valley,  
The emperor of China built a castle,  
The bright sun shines on it,  
A thousand soldiers surround the castle,  
I wish the emperor inside the castle would live longer.

In the lower sacred rocky valley,  
Parents and brothers pitched a tent,  
Bright sun shines on it,  
Flocks of sheep surround the tent,  
I wish parents inside the tent would live longer.

Song Sixteen

The excellent horse was one year old when I owned it,  
It was two years old when it got a mane,  
It was three years old when it got a bridle,  
Today is the day to ride it on the road,  
I hope its dreams come true.

The white *mdzo* was one year old when it was born,  
It was two years old when it got little horns,  
It was three years old when it got a pack on its back,  
Today is the day to drive it for trade,  
I hope its dreams come true.

The baby boy was one year old when he was born,<sup>61</sup>  
He was two years old when he got his teeth,  
He was three years old when he had his first haircut,  
Today, he grows up to be a man,  
I hope he livea to be a hundred.

Song Seventeen

There are millions of stars in the sky,  
Every one of them is at this gathering,  
But the Big Dipper vanished,  
I asked the sun and moon,  
They said, "It's in Uttarkuru,"<sup>62</sup>  
I don't know if this is true,  
This is just what I was told.

There are millions of plants on Earth,  
Every one of them is at this gathering,  
But I couldn't find the harvest grain,  
I asked the owner of the field,  
He said, "It's in a square box."  
I don't know if this is true,  
These are questionable words.

There are millions of members in the big family,  
Every one of them is at this gathering,  
But I could not find my parents there,  
I asked the root *bla ma*,  
He said, "They are in the Buddhist Pure Land."  
I don't know if this is true,  
These are questionable words.

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<sup>61</sup> A child is considered to be one year old at birth and becomes a year older on the first day of the first month of the lunar new year. Consequently, a baby born on the last day of a lunar year is considered two years old the next day.

<sup>62</sup> The ultimate abode of blessed souls.

Song Eighteen

Uncles<sup>63</sup> from the bride's side are like the blue sky!  
The groom resembles a young dragon,  
Tie a sash like white clouds,  
The dragon is ready to go through the white clouds.

Uncles are like the mountains!  
The groom resembles a wild yak,  
Tie a sash like the white grass *ram dkar*,<sup>64</sup>  
The wild yak is ready to go through the mountains.

Uncles are like the Yellow River!  
The groom resembles a golden fish,  
Tie a sash like white ice,  
The fish is ready to go through the river.

Song Nineteen

At the deities' upper palace,  
At the residence of Brahma,  
The prosperity of longevity of the deities,  
I wish this family to have such prosperity.

At the subterranean water deities' palace,  
Where the King of Water Deities lives,  
The wish-fulfilling *dgos 'dod*,<sup>65</sup>  
I wish this family to have such treasures.

In the area of Gling in the east,  
In the palace of King Ge sar,  
The prosperity of fearlessness,

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<sup>63</sup> Here, "uncles" refers to the bride's maternal uncles.

<sup>64</sup> A plant that grows high on mountains.

<sup>65</sup> Locals believed that the *dgos 'dod* would fulfill wishes. For example, Mother said, "If you tapped a golden bowl with a pair of golden chopsticks, it granted whatever you wished for."

I wish this family to have such prosperity.

Song Twenty

Sing the beginning of the song! Sing the beginning of the song!  
Sing the beginning of the song to the rocky hills,  
Sing to each part of the rocky hills equally,  
Sing to delight the happy vultures.

Sing the beginning of the song! Sing the beginning of the song!  
Sing the beginning of the song to the wide community,  
Sing to each community equally,  
Sing to make my darling happy.

Song Twenty-one

You cute bird, cuckoo!  
Come through the forest,  
My branch is indeed weak,  
But I ensure you will not fall from the tree.  
My lovely young girl,  
Come through the communities,  
It's true that the community will gossip,  
But people are never defeated by gossip.

Song Twenty-two

Go to the horserace! Go to the horserace!  
Go to the horserace in Ba yan,  
There are ups and downs in the terrain of Ba yan,  
He will be a real rider if he can race there.

Go to sing! Go to sing!  
Go to sing at big gatherings,  
That's the place for singing and laughing,  
The winner is the real champion.

Song Twenty-three

When I was hunting,  
I crossed mountain after mountain,  
I crossed valleys on the way back,  
It was a pleasure if I could get a deer,  
It was a great sorrow if I could not.

Looking for girls,  
I risked wild dogs in the community,  
I eluded many rumors on the way back,  
It was a pleasure if I met a girl,  
It was a sorrow if I could not.

Song Twenty-four

While hunting in the mountains,  
Heavy snow fell on me, resembling a snow tent,  
Strong wind shut the snow tent,  
Though I nearly died there,  
I didn't give up the deer with eight-pronged antlers.

When I was going to meet my darling,  
My parents stopped me in front,  
My wife scolded behind me,  
Though there was nothing I could do,  
I didn't give up, my darling.

Song Twenty-five

In the temple of Jo khang<sup>66</sup> in Lha sa,  
There are big and small Prajnaparamita<sup>67</sup> scriptures,  
I won't read the big Prajnaparamita scripture,

---

<sup>66</sup> Located in Lha sa, many Tibetans consider this to be an extremely important and sacred temple.

<sup>67</sup> Prajñāpāramitā 'Perfection of Wisdom' refers to a body of sutras that are the oldest of the major forms of Mahayana Buddhism. The content of this wisdom is the realization of the illusory nature of this world and transcendental realms (<https://goo.gl/Gv3iWW>, accessed 14 July 2017).

The small volume scripture with a colorful cover,  
I'm eager to read it.

In the large community of the north,  
I have two close friends,  
I don't mean the one who talks to me nicely,  
But the one who loves me in her heart,  
I'm eager to be with her.

Song Twenty-six

The flower in the high meadow,  
It smells good when it is immature,  
It looks good when it blossoms,  
This memorable flower,  
I'll miss it when it vanishes.

My cute lover from the large tribe,  
You were beautiful when I first saw you,  
We fell in love after we met,  
You, memorable darling,  
I will miss you if we separate.

Song Twenty-seven

Between you, the new and old willows,  
Can I, a tiny willow, grow?  
It's not an impossible situation,  
I'm also a type of plant like you.

Between you, the man and the woman,  
Can I sing love songs?  
It is not an impossible situation,  
I am also a man like others.

Song Twenty-eight

Between us, new and old willows,  
You, the tiny willow, can't grow,  
If you grow anyway,

I will cut you off from the root.  
Between us, man and woman,  
Others can't sing love songs,  
If you sing anyway,  
I will no longer sing love songs.

Song Twenty-nine

The fine horses resemble a line of precious jewelry,  
Saddles resemble flourishes of dark gold,  
Though I was unable to ride them because they were too far away in  
the north,  
I cannot forget them because they are part of my heart.

My lover is as beautiful as a full moon,  
Her beautiful body is as straight as bamboo,  
Though I can't meet her because she lives with her cruel husband,  
I can't forget our love because it is part of my heart.

Song Thirty

When fog wraps the high mountaintops,  
I uncontrollably miss the wild female yak,  
It is not missing without reason,  
It is suffering when I see similar wild yaks nearby.

When others sing in the community,  
I yearn for my lover,  
I do not miss her inherently,  
It is suffering when I see someone who looks like her.

Song Thirty-one

The river can't stay and must go,  
Stones in the river can't go and must stay,  
I, the river, must run a long way,  
So I say goodbye to the river stones.



I am the man who can't stay and must go,  
You are my darling who can't go and must stay,  
I must go a long way,  
So I say goodbye to my darling.

# PART THREE

## THE SONGS' TIBETAN TEXTS AS PERFORMED AND LITERARY POETIC TEXTS



SONG ONE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>དགའ་ཨ་ཕོན་སྤྱིན་དཀར་ཁང་བཟང་ན།  
<sup>2</sup>འདྲིའི་ནང་ན་ཉི་ཟླ་སྐར་གསུམ་འཛོམས།  
<sup>3</sup>འབྲུག་པོ་ཆུང་སེམས་ཅ་སྤྱིད་ལ་འཁོར།  
<sup>4</sup>ཆར་ཟེལ་མ་རྒྱན་ཆད་མེད་པར་ཤོག།

<sup>5</sup>དགོན་གྲུ་བཞི་གསེར་གྱི་རྒྱ་ཕྱིབས་ཅན།  
<sup>6</sup>འདྲིའི་ནང་ན་སྤྲ་དབུ་ཚེས་གསུམ་འཛོམས།  
<sup>7</sup>བན་སེར་མའི་སེམས་ཅ་སྤྱིད་ལ་འཁོར།  
<sup>8</sup>ཆོས་ཀྱན་རིག་རྒྱན་ཆད་མེད་པར་ཤོག།

<sup>9</sup>སྤྲ་གྲུ་བཞི་སྤྱོལ་མའི་སྤོ་དར་ཅན།  
<sup>10</sup>འདྲིའི་ནང་ན་པ་ཁུ་བྲུ་གསུམ་འཛོམས།  
<sup>11</sup>མ་སྤྲ་མའི་སེམས་ཅ་སྤྱིད་ལ་འཁོར།  
<sup>12</sup>དཀར་འོ་མ་རྒྱན་ཆད་མེད་པར་ཤོག།

<sup>1</sup>dgung a sngon sprin dkar khang bzang na  
<sup>2</sup>'di'i nang na nyi zla skar gsum 'dzoms  
<sup>3</sup>'brug pho chung sems rtsa skyid la 'khor  
<sup>4</sup>char zil ma rgyun chad med par shog

<sup>5</sup>dgong gru bzhi gser gyi rgya phibs can  
<sup>6</sup>'di'i nang na bla dbu chos gsum 'dzoms  
<sup>7</sup>'ban ser mo'i sems rtsa skyid la 'khor  
<sup>8</sup>chos kun rig rgyun chad med par shog

<sup>9</sup>sbra gru bzhi sgrol ma'i sgo dar can  
<sup>10</sup>'di'i nang na pha khu bu gsum 'dzoms  
<sup>11</sup>ma sru mo'i sems rtsa skyid la 'khor  
<sup>12</sup>dkar 'o ma rgyun chad med par shog

SONG TWO: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

2 ལྷོད་དབུས་གཙང་མཁར་ཁ་དང་བ་ཅིག་བབས་གཟིག

3 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

4 ཁྲིས་དང་བ་གཞོས་ར་བྱ་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་ཡ།

5 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

6 འུ་གཞོས་ད་སེར་འོ་གཞོས་ར་གོས་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་ལོ

7 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

8 འུ་གཞོས་གོས་སེར་འོ་མནའ་ས་ལོ་སྐྱ་མ་ཅིག་ཡིན་ལོ

9 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

10 འུ་གཞོས་མ་རྒྱ་ནག་མཁར་ཁ་ལོ་ལོ་ཅིག་བབས།

11 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

12 ཁྲ་ཁྲིས་ལོ་ལོ་གཞོས་ར་བྱ་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་ཡ།

13 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཡ།

14 ཁྲ་འདྲི་ནག་ལོ་གཞོས་ར་གོས་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་ལོ

15 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

16 འུ་གཞོས་གོས་ནག་ལོ་གོན་ལོ་དཔོན་ལོ་ཅིག་ཡིན་ལོ

17 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

18 འུ་གཞོས་བོད་རྒྱ་རྒྱལ་ཆོན་མགོར་རྒྱ་ཀ་ཅིག་བབས་གཟིག

19 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

20 ཁྲ་རྒྱ་ཀ་གཞོས་ར་བྱ་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་ཡ།

21 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

22 ཁྲ་འདྲི་ཁྲ་མོ་གཞོས་ར་དུང་མིང་ཅིག་ཡིན་དགོ

23 ཁྲ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐྱ་བ་ལོ་ལོ་དལ་མོ་ཅིག་ཉོན་ཡ།

24 དུང་རྒྱ་ར་མོ་འདྲིགས་ལོ་དུང་མོ་ཅིག་ཡིན་ཡ།

1'o ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
2'stod dbus gtsang mkhar kha ngang ba cig babs gzig  
3'o ye ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
4'khyos ngang ba gzos ra bya ming cig yin ya  
5'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
6'u gzos da ser ro gzos ra gos ming cig yin go  
7'o ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
8'u gzos gos ser po mnabs no bla ma cig yin go

9'o ye ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
10'u gzos ma rgya nag mkhar kha pho rog cig babs  
11'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
12'o khyos pho rog gzos ra bya ming cig yin ya  
13'o ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig ya  
14'o 'di'i nag po gzos ra gos ming cig yin go  
15'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
16'u gzos gos nag po gon no dpon po cig yin go

17'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
18'u gzos bod sku rgyal chon mgor skya ka cig babs gzig  
19'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
20'o skya ka gzes ra bya ming cig yin ya  
21'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
22'o 'di khra mo gzos ra dung ming cig yin dgo  
23'o ye ye ye ye glu ba lo lo lo dal mo cig nyon ya  
24'dung sgor mo 'dogs no bu mo cig yin ya

## SONG TWO: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1ལྷོད་དབུས་གཙང་མཁར་ཁར་ངང་བ་བབས།

2ཁྱེས་ངང་བ་ཟེར་ན་བྱ་མིང་ཡིན།

3འདི་མེར་པོ་ཟེར་ན་གོས་མིང་ཡིན།

4གོས་མེར་པོ་མནའས་མཁན་སྒྲ་མ་ཡིན།

5སྒྲ་ལྷོ་ནག་མཁར་ཁར་པོ་རྒྱ་བབས།

6ཁྱེས་པོ་རྒྱ་ཟེར་ན་བྱ་མིང་ཡིན།

7འདི་ནག་པོ་ཟེར་ན་གོས་མིང་ཡིན།

8གོས་ནག་པོ་ལྷོན་མཁན་དཔོན་པོ་ཡིན།

<sup>9</sup>བོད་སྐད་ཀྱི་ཆོས་མཁོར་སྐྱ་ཀ་བབས།

<sup>10</sup>ཁྱོད་སྐྱ་ཀ་ཟེར་ན་བྱ་མིང་ཡིན།

<sup>11</sup>འདི་ཁྱོད་ཟེར་ན་དུང་མིང་ཡིན།

<sup>12</sup>འདི་དུང་སྐད་མོ་འདྲགས་མཁན་བོད་མོ་ཡིན།

<sup>1</sup>stod dbus gtsang mkhar khar ngang ba babs

<sup>2</sup>khyos ngang ba zer na bya ming yin

<sup>3</sup>'di ser po zer na gos ming yin

<sup>4</sup>gos ser po mnabs mkhan bla ma yin

<sup>5</sup>smad rgya nag mkhar khar pho rog babs

<sup>6</sup>khyos pho rog zer na bya ming yin

<sup>7</sup>'di nag po zer na gos ming yin

<sup>8</sup>gos nag po gyon mkhan dpon po yin

<sup>9</sup>bod sku rgyal chon mgor skya ka babs

<sup>10</sup>khyos skya ka zer na bya ming yin

<sup>11</sup>'di khra mo zer na dung ming yin

<sup>12</sup>'di dung sgor mo 'dogs mkhan bod mo yin

### SONG THREE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>འ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་སྐྱ་ཞིག་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལེན་འདྲེས།

<sup>2</sup>འ་གཞི་འི་ཐོན་ཀྱ་གར་ཡུལ་ནས་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་སངས་རྒྱས་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཐོན་གཞིག

<sup>3</sup>འ་འདིས་དགའ་མི་སྟེགས་སྟོན་པ་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་དམ་ལ་ཡེ་བདགས་གཞིག

<sup>4</sup>འ་གཞི་འི་འདིས་དམ་པའི་ཆོས་ཀྱི་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་ཆོས་འཁོར་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྟོར་གཞིག

<sup>5</sup>འ་ཆོ་འདི་སྐྱད་གི་ཉི་མ་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་གན་ནས་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཤར་གཞིག

<sup>6</sup>འ་ཆོས་བསྐྱར་པ་དར་ན་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་སྐྱད་ཆོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྟེས་ར།

<sup>7</sup>འ་གཞི་འི་ཐོན་ཀྱ་གར་ཡུལ་ནས་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་འཇམ་དབྱངས་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཐོན་གཞིག

<sup>8</sup>འ་འདིས་སྟོང་ན་པའི་ལྷ་བ་ལ་ཡེ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་དམ་ལ་ཡེ་བདགས་གཞིག

<sup>9</sup>འ་འདིས་ལམ་བྱང་རྒྱུ་འཇམ་པའི་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་ཆོས་ཤིག་ཡེ་ཡེ་གསུང་གཞིག

<sup>10</sup>འ་གཞི་འི་འདི་འི་སྐྱད་ཀྱི་སྐྱེ་པ་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་གན་ནས་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཆོས་གཞིག

<sup>11</sup>འ་ཆོ་འི་ཆོས་བསྐྱར་པ་དར་ན་ཡེ་ལོ་ལང་ལོ་འ་འ་འ་འ་འ་ལོ་ཁོ་ཁོ་འ་ད་སྐྱད་ཆོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྟེས་ར།





SONG THREE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>སྒྲིབ་རྒྱ་གར་ཡུལ་ལ་སངས་རྒྱས་བྱོན།  
<sup>2</sup>དགྲ་མི་སྟེགས་སྟོན་པ་དམ་ལ་བཏགས།  
<sup>3</sup>འདི་དམ་པའི་ཆོས་ཀྱི་ཆོས་འཁོར་སྟོར།  
<sup>4</sup>འདི་སྟོང་ཀྱི་ཉི་མ་གན་ནས་ཤར།  
<sup>5</sup>ཆོས་བསྟན་པ་དར་ན་སྟོང་རེ་ལྟོས།

<sup>6</sup>སྒྲིབ་རྒྱ་གར་ཡུལ་ལ་འཇམ་དབྱངས་བྱོན།  
<sup>7</sup>སྟོང་ན་པའི་ལྷ་བ་དམ་ལ་བཏགས།  
<sup>8</sup>ལམ་བྱང་རྒྱལ་རིམ་པའི་ཆོས་ཤིག་གསུང་།  
<sup>9</sup>འདི་སྟོང་ཀྱི་ལྷ་བ་གན་ནས་ཆོས།  
<sup>10</sup>ཆོས་བསྟན་པ་དར་ན་སྟོང་རེ་ལྟོས།

<sup>11</sup>འོད་སྟེ་རྒྱ་གར་ཡུལ་ལ་ཨོ་རྒྱུན་བྱོན།  
<sup>12</sup>འདི་འདྲེ་སྟོན་ཐམས་ཅད་དམ་ལ་བཏགས།  
<sup>13</sup>ཆོས་ལུང་རིགས་ཟབ་མའི་མཁུར་ཞིག་གསུང་།  
<sup>14</sup>འདི་སྟོང་ཀྱི་སྐར་ཆོགས་གན་ནས་ཤར།  
<sup>15</sup>ཆོས་བསྟན་པ་དར་ན་སྟོང་རེ་ལྟོས།

<sup>1</sup>sngon rgya gar yul la sangs rgyas byon  
<sup>2</sup>dgra mi stegs ston pa dam la btags  
<sup>3</sup>di dam pa'i chos kyi chos 'khor skor  
<sup>4</sup>di skyid kyi nyi ma gan nas shar  
<sup>5</sup>chos bstan pa dar na skyid re ltos

<sup>6</sup>smad rgya nag yul la 'jam dbyangs byon  
<sup>7</sup>blo ngan pa'i lta ba dam la btags  
<sup>8</sup>lam byang chub rim pa'i chos shig gsung  
<sup>9</sup>di skyid kyi zla ba gan nas tshes  
<sup>10</sup>chos bstan pa dar na skyid re ltos



13 འདི་འདྲི་ལྷོ་ནས་གཞོན་པུན་སྒྲོལ་འོ་མ་འོ་འདྲི་བཞུགས་ལུ་གི་འོ་ལ་ལ་འ་ལ་མོ་འོ་ལ་འ་ལུ་ལ་འོ་ངས་ལེན་  
ཡ།

14 འདི་མ་མཐའ་འཕྲོ་འོ་གཞོན་སྒྲོང་ར་འ་ལུ་འ་ལུ་བརྒྱས་འོ་འདྲི་སྒྲོར་འོ་གཞིག་འི་ལ་ལ་འ་ལ་མོ་འོ་ལ་འ་ལུ་ལ་འོ་  
ངས་ལེན་ཡ།

15 འདི་གནས་གཡུ་ལོ་གཞོན་བཞོད་པའི་འེ་ཞིང་འི་ཁམས་འོ་ངས་ཅིག་རེད་གོ་འོ་ལ་ལ་འ་ལ་མོ་འོ་ལ་འ་ལུ་ལ་འོ་  
ངས་ལེན་ཡ།

16 འེ་ཞིང་གན་ནས་གཞོན་སྒྲི་གི་འོ་སྒྲོན་འོ་ལ་མ་འོ་ཞིག་འདེབས་གོ་འོ་ལ་ལ་འ་ལ་མོ་འོ་ལ་འ་ལུ་ལ་འོ་ངས་ལེན་ཡ།

17 འ་གཞིས་སྒྲུ་ཤེས་ནི་འོ་གཞོན་མིན་འདྲ་བརྟེན་འབྲེལ་འོ་ཅིག་ཡིན་ཡ།

1'o 'o 'o la la 'o 'o la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

2'u gzas 'di gral mgo 'o 'o gzo rigs we gser ye ye khri 'o gcig brgyab go  
'o 'o 'o 'o la la 'a 'a la mo 'o la la 'o 'o ngas len go

3'u gzas 'di'i steng nas ye ye gzo shakya thub 'u 'u pa 'o 'di bzhugs 'u 'u  
go 'o 'o la la 'a 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len go

4'o 'di ban ser mo 'o gzo stong ra 'a 'u lnga brgyas 'o 'di bskor 'o 'o go 'o  
'o la la 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len go

5'o 'di gnas pad ma 'a 'u gzo can gi 'u zhing 'u 'u bkod 'o gcig red go 'o  
'o 'o la la 'a 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

6'o zhing gan nas 'u gzo skye gi 'u smon 'o lam 'o zhing 'debs 'u go 'o 'o  
la la 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

7'o 'di gral rked 'u gzo rigs we 'e dung khri 'o gcig brgyab gzig 'o 'o la la  
'a 'a la mo 'o 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len go

8'o 'di'i steng nas 'e gzo slob dpon pad+ma 'o 'di bzhugs gi 'o 'o la la 'a  
la mo la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len go

9'o 'di sngags phur thogs gzo stong ra 'a lnga 'a 'u brgyas 'o 'di bskor  
gzig 'o 'o la la 'o la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

10'di zangs mdog 'u gzo dpal ri'i zhing 'u bkod 'o cig re 'e go 'o 'o la la 'a  
la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len go

11'o zhing gan nas 'u gzo skye gi 'u smon lam zhing 'debs go 'o 'o la la 'a  
la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

12'o 'di gral rnga gzo rigs we g.yu 'u khri 'o cig brgyab gzig 'o 'o la la 'a  
'a mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

13'o 'di'i steng nas gzo rje btsun sgrol 'o ma 'o 'di bzhugs 'u gi 'o 'o la la  
'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

14'o 'di ma mkha' 'gro 'o gzo stong ra 'a lnga 'a 'u brgyas 'o 'di skor 'o  
gzig 'i 'i la la 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya

- <sup>15</sup>o 'di gnas g.yu lo gzo bkod pa'i 'e zhing 'i khams 'o ngas cig red go 'e  
'e la la 'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya  
<sup>16</sup>o zhing gan nas gzo skye gi 'i smon 'o lam 'o zhig 'debs go 'o 'o la la  
'a la mo 'o la 'a 'u la 'o ngas len ya  
<sup>17</sup>a gzes glu shes ni 'i gzo min 'dra brten 'brel 'o cig yin ya

SONG FOUR: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

- <sup>1</sup>འདི་གལ་མགོ་བསྐྱར་ནས་གསེར་བྱི་བརྒྱབ།  
<sup>2</sup>འདི་འཁྱེད་ནས་ཕྱུ་ཐུབ་པ་བཞུགས།  
<sup>3</sup>བན་མེར་མོ་སྟོང་དང་ལྔ་བརྒྱས་བསྐྱར།  
<sup>4</sup>གནས་པསྒྲ་ཅན་གྱི་ཞིང་བཀོད་རེད།  
<sup>5</sup>ཞིང་གན་ནས་སྟེ་བའི་སྟོན་ལམ་འདེབས།  
  
<sup>6</sup>འདི་གལ་ཤེད་བསྐྱར་ནས་དྲུ་བྱི་བརྒྱབ།  
འདི་འཁྱེད་ནས་སྟོབ་དཔོན་པསྒྲ་བཞུགས།  
<sup>8</sup>ཐུགས་ཕུར་ཐོགས་སྟོང་དང་ལྔ་བརྒྱས་བསྐྱར།  
<sup>9</sup>གནས་ཟངས་མདོག་དཔལ་རིའི་ཞིང་བཀོད་རེད།  
<sup>10</sup>ཞིང་གན་ནས་སྟེ་བའི་སྟོན་ལམ་འདེབས།  
  
<sup>11</sup>འདི་གལ་རྩ་བསྐྱར་ནས་གཡུ་བྱི་བརྒྱབ།  
<sup>12</sup>འདི་འཁྱེད་ནས་རྩ་བཅུན་སྟོན་ལམ་བཞུགས།  
<sup>13</sup>མ་མཐའ་འགོ་སྟོང་དང་ལྔ་བརྒྱས་བསྐྱར།  
<sup>14</sup>གནས་གཡུ་ལོ་བཀོད་པའི་ཞིང་ཁམས་རེད།  
<sup>15</sup>ཞིང་གན་ནས་སྟེ་བའི་སྟོན་ལམ་འདེབས།

- <sup>1</sup>di gral mgo bskor nas gser khri brgyab  
<sup>2</sup>di steng nas sh+'akya thub pa bzhugs  
<sup>3</sup>ban ser mo stong dang lnga brgyas bskor  
<sup>4</sup>gnas pad+ma can gyi zhing bkod red  
<sup>5</sup>zhing gan nas skye ba'i smon lam 'debs





Song Five: Literary Poetic Text

<sup>1</sup>སྟག་ཤར་ཞིག་ལ་ཁ་ཏ་ཆོག་གསུམ་ཡོད།  
<sup>2</sup>སྟོས་ཐོ་རངས་གསལ་ཆང་མ་འབྱུང་ཁ་ཏ་གཅིག་།  
<sup>3</sup>སྟོས་རང་རྒྱུད་གཏམ་ངན་མ་བཤད་ཁ་ཏ་གཉིས་།  
<sup>4</sup>སྟོས་ཕུ་རུ་ནང་གྲོད་མ་བྲེད་ཁ་ཏ་གསུམ་།

<sup>5</sup>བན་སེར་མོ་ཞིག་ལ་ཁ་ཏ་ཆོག་གསུམ་ཡོད།  
<sup>6</sup>སྟོས་ཞུ་མོ་ཟུར་གོན་མ་བྲེད་ཁ་ཏ་གཅིག་།  
<sup>7</sup>སྟོས་ཤམ་ཐབས་སུམ་ལྷེབ་མ་བྲེད་ཁ་ཏ་གཉིས་།  
<sup>8</sup>སྟོས་ཐེབ་བ་དུམ་གཅོད་མ་བྲེད་ཁ་ཏ་གསུམ་།

<sup>9</sup>སྟན་བུ་མོ་ཞིག་ལ་ཁ་ཏ་ཆོག་གསུམ་ཡོད།  
<sup>10</sup>སྟོས་རང་ཁ་ལུམ་ལ་མ་འབྱུང་ཁ་ཏ་གཅིག་།  
<sup>11</sup>སྟོས་བྱིམ་མཆོས་ཁ་མགོ་མ་དཀྲུགས་ཁ་ཏ་གཉིས་།  
<sup>12</sup>སྟོས་རུམ་ཐོས་རྒྱན་ཐོས་མ་བྲེད་ཁ་ཏ་གསུམ་།

<sup>1</sup>stag shar zhig la kha ta tshig gsum yod  
<sup>2</sup>khyos tho rengs gsal chang ma 'thung kha ta gcig  
<sup>3</sup>khyos rang rgyud gtam ngan ma bshad kha ta gnyis  
<sup>4</sup>khyos phu nu nang gyod ma byed kha ta gsum

<sup>5</sup>ban ser mo zhig la kha ta tshig gsum yod  
<sup>6</sup>khyos zhwa mo zur gon ma byed kha ta gcig  
<sup>7</sup>khyos sham thabs sum lteb ma byed kha ta gnyis  
<sup>8</sup>khyos phreng ba dum gcod ma byed kha ta gsum

<sup>9</sup>sman bu mo zhig la kha ta tshig gsum yod  
<sup>10</sup>khyos rang kha yul la ma 'khyer kha ta gcig  
<sup>11</sup>khyos khyim mtshes kha 'go ma dkrugs kha ta gnyis  
<sup>12</sup>khyos rum zos rkun zos ma byed kha ta gsum





<sup>12</sup>stod da khrom pa 'a 'u che 'o nga lta gi 'i 'i yong nas 'e 'e

<sup>13</sup>nang da glu ba 'u 'u mang 'o nga nyul gi yong nas

SONG SIX: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་འདྲ་མཉམ་ཡོད་ཐག་རིང་།

<sup>2</sup>ཐང་མི་ཆེ་མི་ཆུང་མཚམས་ནས་ཡོད་།

<sup>3</sup>སྟོད་ཟངས་དཀར་ཨ་ཆེ་ལྟ་རུ་ཡོད་།

<sup>4</sup>ནང་རྟོག་ཐོགས་ཨ་མང་ཉལ་བར་ཡོད་།

<sup>5</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་ཁྱུང་དཀར་ཡོད་ཐག་རིང་།

<sup>6</sup>ཁྱུ་མི་ཆེ་མི་ཆུང་མཚམས་ནས་ཡོད་།

<sup>7</sup>སྟོད་ཟངས་དཀར་ཨ་ཆེ་ལྟ་རུ་ཡོད་།

<sup>8</sup>ང་ལ་ན་ཆེན་ཨ་མང་ཉལ་བར་ཡོད་།

<sup>9</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་སྐྱ་བ་ཡོད་ཐག་རིང་།

<sup>10</sup>ཁྱུ་མི་ཆེ་མི་ཆུང་གྲལ་ནས་ཡོད་།

<sup>11</sup>ནང་ཁྱུ་བ་ཨ་ཆེ་ལྟ་རུ་ཡོད་།

<sup>12</sup>ནང་སྐྱ་བ་ཨ་མང་ཉལ་བར་ཡོད་།

<sup>1</sup>nga da nangs 'do rigs yong thag ring

<sup>2</sup>thang mi che mi chung mtshams nas yong

<sup>3</sup>stod zangs dkar e che lta ru yong

<sup>4</sup>nang rngog thogs e mang nyul bar yong

<sup>5</sup>nga da nangs khyung dkar yong thag ring

<sup>6</sup>rgya mi che mi chung mtshams nas yong

<sup>7</sup>stod zangs dkar e che lta ru yong

<sup>8</sup>ja lan chen e mang nyul bar yong

<sup>9</sup>nga da nangs glu ba yong thag ring

<sup>10</sup>khrom mi che mi chung gral nas yong

<sup>11</sup>nang khrom pa e che lta ru yong

<sup>12</sup>nang glu ba e mang nyul bar yong

SONG SEVEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1 འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་ཡེ་ལེན་དགོ།  
2 འོ་ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་ཡོང་རེ་གི་ཡ།  
3 ང་མད་འ་མ་འཕེན་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་བརྒྱ་རེ་བཤད་གི།  
4 འོ་མད་འ་མི་འཕེན་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་སྤྲོད་རེ་སྤྲོད་ཡོད།  
5 ཁྱོས་མད་འ་འཕེན་ན་ཁ་དབང་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མ་སྤྲོད་ཟེར་གི།  
6 ངས་བྱིན་བཏང་ན་བྱིར་ར་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མི་ཡོང་གཞེས་ཡོད།

7 འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་ཡེ་ལེན་གོ།  
8 འོ་ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་ཡོང་རེ་གི་ཡ།  
9 ཁྱོད་རྟ་མ་རྒྱལ་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་བརྒྱ་རེ་བྱེད་གི།  
10 འོ་རྟ་མི་རྒྱལ་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་སྤྲོད་རེ་སྤྲོད་ཡོད།  
11 འོ་རྟ་རྒྱལ་ན་ཁ་དབང་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མ་སྤྲོད་ཟེར་གི།  
12 ངས་བྱིན་བཏང་ན་བྱིར་ར་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མི་ཡོང་གཞེས་ཡོད།

13 འོ་ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་ཡོང་རེ་གི་དགོ།  
14 ཁྱོས་སྤྱ་མ་ལེན་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་བརྒྱ་རེ་བཤད་གི།  
15 ངས་སྤྱ་མི་ལེན་གཞེས་ནས་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་སྤྲོད་རེ་སྤྲོད་ཡོད།  
16 ཁྱོས་སྤྱ་ལེན་ན་ཁ་དབང་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མ་སྤྲོད་ཟེར་གི།  
17 ངས་བྱིན་བཏང་ན་བྱིར་ར་འ་འགྲོ་བ་སྤྱན་ཁོ་མི་ཡོང་གཞེས་ཡོད།

1'o ye ye ya re ya re 'gro ba spun kho ya re len dgo  
2'o nga da nangs yul nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho yong res gi ya  
3'nga mda' ma 'phen gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho brgya re bshad gi  
4'o mda' mi 'phen gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho stong re gleng yod  
5khyos mda' 'phen na kha dbang 'a 'gro ba spun kho ma ster zer gi  
6'ngas byin btang na phyir ra 'a 'gro ba spun kho mi yong gzes yod

7'o 'o ya re ya re 'a 'gro ba spun kho ya re len go  
8'o nga da nangs yul nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho yong re gi ya  
9khyod rta ma rgyug gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho brgya re byed gi  
10'o rta mi rgyug gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho stong re gleng yod

- <sup>11</sup>o rta rgyugs na kha dbang 'a 'gro ba spun kho ma ster zer gi  
<sup>12</sup>ngas byin btang na phyir ra 'a 'gro ba spun kho mi yong gzes yod  
<sup>13</sup>o da nangs yul nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho yong re gi dgo  
<sup>14</sup>khyos glu ma len gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho brgya re bshad gi  
<sup>15</sup>ngas glu mi len gzes nas 'a 'gro ba spun kho stong re gleng yod  
<sup>16</sup>khyos glu len na kha dbang 'a 'gro ba spun kho ma ster zer gi  
<sup>17</sup>ngas byin btang na phyir ra 'a 'gro ba spun kho mi yong gzes yod

SONG SEVEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་ཡོང་དུས་སྟེ།  
<sup>2</sup>མདའ་མ་ལེན་ཟེར་ནས་བརྒྱ་བཤད་ཐལ།  
<sup>3</sup>མདའ་མི་ལེན་ཟེར་ནས་སྟོང་གླེང་ཡོད།  
<sup>4</sup>མདའ་ལེན་ན་ཁ་དབང་མ་སྟེར་ཟེར།  
<sup>5</sup>བྱིན་བཏང་ན་ཕྱིར་ལ་མི་ཡོང་བཤད།

<sup>6</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་ཡོང་དུས་སྟེ།  
<sup>7</sup>རྟ་མ་རྒྱལ་ཟེར་ནས་བརྒྱ་བཤད་ཐལ།  
<sup>8</sup>རྟ་མི་རྒྱལ་ཟེར་ནས་སྟོང་གླེང་ཡོད།  
<sup>9</sup>རྒྱལ་བཏང་ན་ཁ་དབང་མ་སྟེར་ཟེར།  
<sup>10</sup>བྱིན་བཏང་ན་ཕྱིར་ལ་མི་ཡོང་བཤད།

<sup>11</sup>ང་ད་ནངས་ཡུལ་ནས་ཡོང་དུས་སྟེ།  
<sup>12</sup>སྟུ་མ་ལེན་ཟེར་ནས་བརྒྱ་བཤད་ཐལ།  
<sup>13</sup>སྟུ་མི་ལེན་ཟེར་ནས་སྟོང་གླེང་ཡོད།  
<sup>14</sup>སྟངས་བཏང་ན་ཁ་དབང་མ་སྟེར་ཟེར།  
<sup>15</sup>བྱིན་བཏང་ན་ཕྱིར་ལ་མི་ཡོང་བཤད།

- <sup>1</sup>nga da nangs yul nas yong dus su  
<sup>2</sup>mda' ma 'phen zer nas brgya bshad thal  
<sup>3</sup>mda' mi 'phen zer nas stong gleng yod  
<sup>4</sup>mda' 'phen na kha dbang ma ster zer  
<sup>5</sup>byin btang na phyir la mi yong bshad



<sup>4</sup>chos kun rig yod las 'a 'gro ba spun kho phebs rkyang red dra  
<sup>5</sup>khyod sgom rtogs pa med na 'a 'gro ba spun kho phebs rgyu dka' ya

<sup>6</sup>khyod gdan thog dpon po 'a 'gro ba spun kho las can red ya  
<sup>7</sup>khyod rgya gong ma'i mdun na 'a 'gro ba spun kho 'gro rkyang red go  
<sup>8</sup>khyod gtam kha lce yod las 'a 'gro ba spun kho 'gro rkyang red dra  
<sup>9</sup>khyod thob tha dpa' med na 'a 'gro ba spun kho 'gro rgyu dka' ya

<sup>10</sup>khyod khrom thog glu ba 'a 'gro ba spun kho las can red ya  
<sup>11</sup>khrom chen po'i dkyil ya 'a 'gro spun kho 'gro rkyang red go  
<sup>12</sup>khyod skad ngag sgo yod las 'a 'gro ba spun kho 'gro rkyang red dra  
<sup>13</sup>glu srid pa med na 'a 'gro ba spun kho 'gro rgyu dka' ya

SONG EIGHT: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>བྱོད་ཁྱི་ཐོག་བླ་མ་ལས་ཅན་རེད།  
<sup>2</sup>དབུས་སེང་པོའི་ཡུལ་ལ་འགྲོ་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>3</sup>ཆེས་ཀྱང་རིག་ཡོད་པས་མེབས་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>4</sup>སྤྱི་མཉམ་པ་མེད་ན་མེབས་རྒྱུ་དགལ།

<sup>5</sup>བྱོད་གདན་ཐོག་དཔོན་པོ་ལས་ཅན་རེད།  
<sup>6</sup>རྒྱ་ལོང་མའི་མདུན་ལ་འགྲོ་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>7</sup>གཏམ་ཁ་ལྷེ་ཡོད་པས་མེབས་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>8</sup>ཐོབ་དབང་ཐང་མེད་ན་འགྲོ་རྒྱུ་དགལ།

<sup>9</sup>བྱོད་ཁྱི་ཐོག་བླ་མ་ལས་ཅན་རེད།  
<sup>10</sup>ཁྱི་ཐོག་ཐོའི་གྲལ་ལ་འགྲོ་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>11</sup>སྒྲིང་པ་སྤྱོད་པས་མེབས་རྒྱུ་རེད།  
<sup>12</sup>སྤྱི་མཉམ་པ་མེད་ན་མེབས་རྒྱུ་དགལ།

<sup>1</sup>khyod khri thog bla ma las can red  
<sup>2</sup>dbus ser po'i yul la 'gro rkyang red  
<sup>3</sup>chos kun rig yod pas phebs rkyang red  
<sup>4</sup>sgom rtogs pa med na phebs rgyu dka'

<sup>5</sup>kyod gdan thog dpon po las can red  
<sup>6</sup>rgya gong ma'i mdun la 'gro rkyang red  
<sup>7</sup>gtam kha lce yod pas phebs rkyang red  
<sup>8</sup>thob dbang thang med na 'gro rgyu dka'

<sup>9</sup>kyod khrom chen glu ba las can red  
<sup>10</sup>khrom chen po'i gral la 'gro rkyang red  
<sup>11</sup>skad ngag sgo yag pas phebs rkyang red  
<sup>12</sup>glu srid pa med na phebs rgyu dka'

SONG NINE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འོ་ངས་ཡེ་རེ་མེན་གྱི།  
<sup>2</sup>ངས་ཆོས་དྭ་མ་ཅི་ཡེ་ཡེ་བརྟོན་འོ་ནས་འོ་ང་དབྱས་ཡེ་སོང་ང་།  
<sup>3</sup>ང་སྟོང་དྭ་དབྱས་ཆང་འི་འི་འི་འི་སྤྱུགས་འོ་ནས་འོ་ཅི་ཤེས་གསུང་གི་འི་འི།  
<sup>4</sup>ང་སྤྱུགས་མདྲ་ཀླུ་རིག་འི་འི་འི་སྤྱུགས་འོ་ནས་འོ་ཅི་ཤེས་གསུང་གི་འི་འི།  
<sup>5</sup>ངས་ཁ་གཞོ་མ་ཅི་འོ་འོ་འོ་མེན་ནས་འོ་མི་ཤེས་གཞེས་ཡེ།  
<sup>6</sup>འོ་དུ་གཞོ་ཤེས་ན་འ་འ་འ་དུ་གི་འོ་ང་ཆོག་གི་ཟེར་གི།  
<sup>7</sup>ང་ཆོག་ཞོ་སྤྱུ་མ་འ་འ་ས་ཡེ་འོ་ང་དེས་ཏུ་གསུང་གི་འི།

<sup>8</sup>འོ་ངས་བཞོ་དྭ་བཅོམ་པོ་ཡས་ནས་འོ་ང་གོང་ང་སོང་གོ།  
<sup>9</sup>འོ་འོ་བཞོ་དྭ་གོང་ཅེ་འི་འི་རྒྱལ་པོ་འོ་ང་ལམ་ནས་ཐུག་ཐུ།  
<sup>10</sup>འོ་ང་བཞོ་དྭ་བཅོམ་པོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་སྤྱུགས་ནས་འོ་ང་ཅི་ཤེས་ཟེར་གི།  
<sup>11</sup>འི་ངས་དྭ་སྤྱུ་བཅོམ་མེན་ནས་འོ་ངས་མི་ཤེས་འོ་འོ་གཞེས་ཡེ།  
<sup>12</sup>འ་འ་འ་དུ་དྭ་ཤེས་ན་འ་འ་འ་དུ་གི་འོ་ང་ཆོག་གི་ཟེར་གི།  
<sup>13</sup>འི་འི་ང་དྭ་དྭ་བཅོམ་པོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ས་འ་འ་ཡེ་འོ་ང་དེས་ཏུ་ཟེར་གི།

<sup>14</sup>ངས་སྤྱུ་དྭ་ཁ་མཆར་འོ་འོ་སྤངས་ནས་འོ་སྤོམ་ལ་སོང་ང་།  
<sup>15</sup>ང་སོ་སྤོམ་ཆེན་སྤྱུ་བ་འོ་ང་ལམ་ནས་འོ་འོ་ཐུག་ཐུ།  
<sup>16</sup>འོ་སྤྱུ་གཞོ་སྤྱུ་དྭ་པའི་སྤྱུགས་ནས་འོ་སྤྱུ་ཅི་ཤེས་ཟེར་གི།  
<sup>17</sup>འི་འི་སྤྱུ་དྭ་ཁ་མཆར་འི་འི་མེན་ནས་འོ་ངས་མི་ཤེས་གཞེས་ཡེ།

18 ང་དུག་ཐོ་ཤེས་ན་ལ་ལ་དུག་ལོ་ང་ཚོག་མ་ཟེར་གི་འི་ལི།

19 ང་ཆང་གཐོ་སྒྱུ་སྒྱུར་འཁུང་ན་ལོ་ང་དེས་སྒྱ་ཟེར་གི།

1'o 'o ye ye ye ya re 'o ngas ya re len go

2ngas chos da ma Ni ye ye ye bton 'o 'o nas 'o nga dbus ya song nga

3nga stod da dbus tshang 'i 'i 'i 'i bla ma 'o nga lam nas thug tha 'a 'a

4nga khyos mdo kun rig 'i 'i 'i phyogs 'o 'o nas 'o ci shes gsung gi 'i 'i

5ngas kha gzo ma Ni 'e 'e 'e 'e min nas 'o mi shes gzes ra

6'o du gzo shes na 'a 'a 'a du gi 'o nga chog gi zer gi

7nga tshe gzo phyi ma 'a 'a sa ya 'o nga des hra gsung gi 'i

8'o ngas bzo da btsem po yas nas 'o nga grong nga song go

9'o 'o bzo da gong tse'i 'i rgyal bo 'o nga lam nas thug tha

10'o nga bzo da btsem po'i 'o 'o 'o phyogs nas 'o nga ci shes zer gi

11'i ngas da khya btsem min nas 'o ngas mi shes 'e 'e gzes ya

12'a 'a nga du da shes na 'a 'a 'a du gi 'o nga chog gi zer gi

13'i 'i nga dra da btsem po 'o 'o 'o 'o sa 'a 'a ya 'o nga des hra zer gi

14ngas glu da kha mtshar 'e 'e blangs nas 'o khrom la song nga

15nga so khrom chen glu ba 'o nga lam nas 'e 'e thug tha

16'o glu gzo srid pa'i phyogs nas 'o khyos ci shes zer gi

17'i 'i glu da kha mtshar 'i 'i min nas 'o ngas mi shes gzes ya

18nga du gzo shes na 'a 'a du gi 'o nga chog wa zer gi 'i 'i

19nga chang gzo skya skyur 'thung na 'o nga des hra zer gi

#### SONG NINE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1 ཚེས་མ་ཅི་བཏོན་ནས་དབྱས་ལ་སོང་ནས།

2 ལྷོད་དབྱས་གཙང་ལྷ་མར་ལམ་ནས་ཐུག་ཐལ།

3 མདོ་ཀླན་རིག་ཕྱོགས་ནས་ཅི་ཤེས་གསུང་གི།

4 ལ་མ་ཅི་མ་གཏོགས་མི་ཤེས་བཤད་ན།

5 དེ་ཤེས་ན་དེ་ཡིས་ཚོག་གི་གསུང་ཐལ།

6 ཚེ་ཕྱི་མའི་ཕྱོགས་ལ་དེས་བཟང་གསུང་གི།

7 བཟོ་བཅོམ་པོ་བྱས་ནས་ལོང་ལ་སོང་ནས།

8 བཟོ་གོང་ཅོ་རྒྱལ་བོར་ལམ་ནས་ཐུག་ཐལ།

9 བཟོ་བཅོམ་པོ་འི་ཕྱོགས་ནས་ཅི་ཤེས་གསུང་གི།

<sup>10</sup>ངས་ཁྱ་བཅོམ་མ་གཏོགས་མི་ཤེས་བཤད་ན།

<sup>11</sup>དེ་ཤེས་ན་དེ་ཡིས་ཆོག་གི་བཤད་ཐལ།

<sup>12</sup>བཟོ་བཅོམ་པོའི་ཕྱགས་ལ་དེས་བཟང་ཟེར་གི།

<sup>13</sup>སྤྱ་ཁ་མཚར་སྒྲངས་ནས་བློམ་ལ་སོང་ནས།

<sup>14</sup>འདི་བློམ་ཆེན་སྤྱ་བ་ལམ་ནས་ཐུག་ཐལ།

<sup>15</sup>སྤྱ་སྲིད་པོའི་ཕྱགས་ནས་ཅི་ཤེས་ཟེར་གི།

<sup>16</sup>སྤྱ་ཁ་མཚར་མ་གཏོགས་མི་ཤེས་བཤད་ན།

<sup>17</sup>དེ་ཤེས་ན་དེ་ཡིས་ཆོག་གི་བཤད་ཐལ།

<sup>18</sup>ཆང་སྦྱར་སྦྱར་བུང་ན་དེས་བཟང་ཟེར་གི།

<sup>1</sup>chos ma ni bton nas dbus la song nas

<sup>2</sup>stod dbus gtsang bla mar lam nas thug thal

<sup>3</sup>mdo kun 'grig phyogs nas ci shes gsung gi

<sup>4</sup>kha ma Ni ma gtogs mi shes bshad na

<sup>5</sup>de shes na de yis chog gi gsung thal

<sup>6</sup>tshe phyi ma'i phyogs lsa des bzang gsung gi

<sup>7</sup>bzo btsem po byas nas grong la song nas

<sup>8</sup>bzo gong tse rgyal bor lam nas thug thal

<sup>9</sup>bzo btsem po'i phyogs nas ci shes gsung gi

<sup>10</sup>ngas khra btsem ma gtogs mi shes bshad na

<sup>11</sup>de shes na de yis chog gi bshad thal

<sup>12</sup>bzo btsem po'i phyogs la des bzang zer gi

<sup>13</sup>glu kha mtshar blangs nas khrom la song nas

<sup>14</sup>'di khrom chen glu ba lam nas thug thal

<sup>15</sup>glu srid pa'i phyogs nas ci shes zer gi

<sup>16</sup>glu kha mtshar ma gtogs mi shes bshad na

<sup>17</sup>de shes na de yis chog gi bshad thal

<sup>18</sup>chang skyar skyur btung na des bzang zer gi





4འདི་འདྲར་མཁན་ལྷོ་དམར་ཡག་མ།

5ལམ་སྐྱོམ་འཛེན་མདོ་གང་ན་ཡོད།

6ངས་མ་ཤེས་སྐྱུ་བ་བྲིས་ནི་ཡིན།

7ས་རྒྱུ་མཁན་བྱི་ལོང་སྟེར་འབྲེལ་མ།

8ས་ནག་པོའི་མཆིན་པ་གང་ན་ཡོད།

9ངས་མ་ཤེས་སྐྱུ་བ་བྲིས་ནི་ཡིན།

1khyod 'phur mkhan glag mo kha dkar ma

2dgong sngon po'i srubs ka gang na yod

3ngas ma shes glu ba dris ni yin

4'di 'dur mkhan wa mo dmar yag ma

5lam skya mo'i 'dres mdo gang na yod

6ngas ma shes glu ba dris ni yin

7sa rko mkhan byi long sder 'khyil ma

8sa nag po'i mchin pa gang na yod

9ngas ma shes glu ba dris ni yin

#### SONG ELEVEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1འེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་རེ་ཡ་རེ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་ཡ་རེ་ལེན་དགོ།

2འོ་ད་འདྲར་མཁན་སྐྱག་མོ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་ཁ་སྐར་མ་རེ།

3འུ་གཞེས་དགའ་སྟོན་པོའི་སྐྱབས་ཀ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་སྟོན་ན་ཡོད་གི།

4འོ་ད་འདྲར་མཁན་ལྷོ་མོ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་རྩ་ནག་མ་ཡ།

5ལམ་སྐྱོམ་འཛེན་མམ་མདོ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་དབུས་ན་ཡོད་གི།

6འོ་ད་ས་རྒྱུ་མཁན་བྱི་ལོང་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་ལག་དཀར་མ་རེ།

7འོ་ས་ནག་པོའི་མཆིན་པ་འ་འགོ་བ་སྐྱུན་ཁོ་སྐྱུ་ན་ཡོད་གི།





7འདི་སྒྱིད་དུས་པ་མའི་གམ་ན་ཡོད།  
8འདི་སྒྱིད་དུས་གནས་ཡུལ་མཆོམས་ན་ཡོད།  
9ཆོག་ཁ་ལོག་མ་རྒྱག་ཨ་ཅེ་ཆོ།  
10བྲིན་མ་ལོས་བཙལ་བའི་རེ་བ་ཡིན།

1rta 'do ba skyid dus sdug dus gnyis  
2'di skyid dus zangs dkar klad na yod  
3'di sdug dus 'khyam pa'i lag na yod  
4lcags phra mos ma brab rta bdag tsho  
5dgongs zhib mos bcrol ba'i re ba yin

6sman bu mo skyid dus sdug dus gnyis  
7'di skyid dus pha ma'i gam na yod  
8'di sdug dus gnas yul mtshams na yod  
9tshig kha log ma rgyag a ne tsho  
10drin ma los bcrol ba'i re ba yin

SONG THIRTEEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1ཨ་སྒྱུན་ཁོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རྟ་འདོ་བ་རྒྱུ་ལ་ཡང་འབྱེད་དུས་གི་ཡ།  
2འོ་འདིས་ས་བྱང་ལམ་ཡང་གཙོད་དགོ་དཔེ་ནི་གཞོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་དགོ།  
3འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རྩལ་ཤ་མོས་མི་འབྲབ་ཁས་ལེན་གཞིག་འི་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡ།  
4འོ་རྟོད་རྟ་བདག་འདི་འི་སེམས་ཁ་བདེ་མོ་གཞོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱས་དགོ།

5འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་མཛོ་བྱང་དཀར་ཆོང་ང་འདེད་དུས་གཞོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་གི་རེ།  
6འོ་འདིས་ཁལ་སྐྱམ་དོ་གཞོ་བྱར་ནོ་དཔེ་ནི་གཞིག་འུ་འུ་འུ་རེད་དགོ།  
7འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རྩལ་ཤ་མོས་མི་རྒྱག་བྱོད་ཁས་ལེན་གཞིག་འི་འི་འི་འི་ཡེས་ཡ།  
8བྱོད་མཛོ་བདག་འདི་སེམས་ཁ་བདེ་མོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱས་དགོ།

9འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་མ་བྱུ་མོ་གནས་ལ་ཡང་སྒྱུལ་དུས་འོ་འོ་འོ་གི་ཡ།  
10འོ་འདི་གཡུག་ལས་དཀར་གཙོབ་ནོ་དཔེ་ནི་གཞོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་དགོ།  
11འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ཆོག་ཁ་ལོག་མི་རྒྱག་བྱོད་ཁས་ལེན་གཞིག་འི་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡ།









4 དེའི་སྐར་མཐའ་ཡང་སྟེ་རིག་ཏུ་དག་པའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་  
5 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ད་སྐར་ནང་བླ་མའི་ཡང་སྟེ་ཆེ་བའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་

6 ལུ་བསོད་ནམས་དཀར་ལྷ་ལུང་བར་མ་བསོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ན་དགོ།  
7 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་མ་རྒྱལ་ལོས་ཡང་མཁར་པའིག་བསོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་བསྐྱར་ཡ།  
8 འདིའི་མཁར་ཐོག་ཡང་སྤྱིད་ལ་ཉི་མ་བསོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ན་དགོ།  
9 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ད་མཁར་མཁར་དམག་མི་ཡང་སྤྱང་གི་བསོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བསྐྱར་ཡ།  
10 འོ་ད་མཁར་ནང་བསོའི་རྒྱལ་ལོས་སྤྱོ་ཆེ་བསོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བརྟན་དགོ།

[illegible]

1'a spun kho 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'di'i brag dkar lha lung 'o gong ma  
bso 'o 'o 'o 'o na re

2'u bso'i da ban ra bla mas sgar gzig bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o btab go

3'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'di'i sgar thog skyid la yang nyi ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o shar ya

4'di'i sgar mtha' yang lha rigs stong gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o skor dgo

5'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o da sgar nang bla ma'i yang sku tshe bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o  
brtan ya

6'u bso da brag dkar lha lung bar ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o na dgo  
7'o 'o 'o 'o 'o ma rgya nag rgyal pos yang mkhar gzig bso 'o 'o 'o 'o skor ya  
8'di'i mkhar thog yang skyid la nyi ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o shar dgo  
9'o 'o+i 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o da mkhar mtha' dmag mi yang stong gi bso 'o 'o 'o  
'o skor ya  
10'o da mkhar nang bso'i rgyal bo'i sku tshe bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o  
brtan dgo

- 11'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o da brag dkar lha lung yang zhol ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o na re  
12da spun 'dra pa mas sbra gzig gzo 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o pub go  
13'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'di'i sbra thog skyid la yang nyi ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o shar  
ya  
14'o 'di'i sbra mtha' gzo g.yang mo lug gi cig 'i 'i 'i 'i 'o skor dgo  
15'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o da ra nang ha ma'i yang sku tshe gzig 'i 'i 'i 'i 'i brtan ya

SONG FIFTEEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

- 1འདི་བྲག་དཀར་ལྷ་ལུང་གོང་མ་ནས།  
2འདི་བཅ་དང་བྲ་མས་དགོན་ཞིག་བཏབ།  
3འདི་འུ་སྐར་ཐོག་སྤྲིད་ལ་ཉི་མ་ཤར།  
4འདི་འུ་སྐར་མཐའ་ལྷ་རིགས་སྤྲོད་གིས་བསྐྱོར།  
5འདི་སྐར་ནང་བྲ་མའི་སྐྱ་ཆེ་བརྟན།  
  
6འདི་བྲག་དཀར་ལྷ་ལུང་བར་མ་ནས།  
7སྤང་རྒྱ་ནག་རྒྱལ་བོས་མཁར་ཞིག་བསྐྱོར།  
8འདི་འུ་མཁར་ཐོག་སྤྲིད་ལ་ཉི་མ་ཤར།  
9འདི་འུ་མཁར་མཐའ་དམག་མི་སྤྲོད་གིས་བསྐྱོར།  
10འདི་མཁར་ནང་རྒྱལ་བོའི་སྐྱ་ཆེ་བརྟན།  
  
11འདི་བྲག་དཀར་ལྷ་ལུང་ཞོལ་མ་ནས།  
12འདི་སྤྲོད་དང་པ་མས་སྤྲ་ཞིག་ཕུབ།  
13འདི་འུ་སྐར་ཐོག་སྤྲིད་ལ་ཉི་མ་ཤར།  
14འདི་འུ་སྐར་མཐའ་གཡང་མོ་ལུག་གིས་བསྐྱོར།  
15འདི་སྐར་ནང་པ་མའི་སྐྱ་ཆེ་བརྟན།

- 1'di brag dkar lha lung gong ma nas  
2'di ban dang bla mas dgon zhig btab  
3'di'i sgar thog skyid la nyi ma shar  
4'di'i sgar mtha' lha rigs stong gis bskor  
5'di sgar nang bla ma'i sku tshe brtan

6'di brag dkar lha lung bar ma nas  
7smad rgya nag rgyal bos mkhar zhig bskor  
8'di'i mkhar thog skyid la nyi ma shar  
9'di'i mkhar mtha' dmag mi stong gis skor  
10'di mkhar nang rgyal bo'i sku tshe brtan

11'di brag dkar lha lung zhol ma nas  
12'di spun dang pha mas sbra zhig phug  
13'di'i sbra thog skyid la nyi ma shar  
14'di'i sbra mtha' g.yang mo lug gis bskor  
15'di sbra nang pha ma'i sku tshe brtan

SONG SIXTEEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

འཇམ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འོ་རྩ་ལ་རེ་ལེན་དགོ་ལ།  
2རྟ་དྲ་འདོ་བ་ཡོད་ལེས་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཅིག་རེད་དྲེ་ལ།  
3འདི་མགོ་དུ་འབུམ་ཐོག་ག་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཉིས་རེད་འོ་ལ།  
4འདི་མགོ་སྒྲིབ་ད་ཟེལ་མ་འཛོག་སྒྲིབ་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གསུམ་རེད་དྲེ།  
5འོ་འོ་ས་གཞི་བྱང་ལམ་གཅོད་ནི་འོ་འདི་དེ་རིང་རེད་ལ།  
6འོ་འོ་རྟ་གཞིག་འདོ་བ་བསམ་པས་འོ་འདི་དོན་འབྱུང་ཤོག་ཤོ་འོ་ལ།

7མཛོ་བྱང་དཀར་ཡོད་ལེས་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཅིག་རེད་དགོ།  
8འོ་འདི་མགོ་དུ་བེལ་རྩིས་ལ་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཉིས་རེད།  
9འོ་འདི་ཁལ་གཞིག་སྒྲིབ་དྲོ་བཀལ་ལ་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གསུམ་རེད་ཤོ་འོ་ལ།  
10འོ་མཛོ་བས་ཆོང་ར་འདེད་ཉིན་འོ་འདི་དེ་རིང་རེད་ལ།  
11འདི་དྲ་མཛོ་གཞིས་ཀྱ་བ་འོ་འདི་རྩ་རིང་ཤོག་ཤོ།

12བྱ་བས་འོ་སྟག་དྲ་ཤར་རྩེས་ནས་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཅིག་རེད་ཤོ།  
13འདི་ལོ་ཁ་གཞིག་དྲ་སོ་འོ་སྟག་ནས་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གཉིས་རེད་ཤོ་འོ་ལ།  
14འདི་ལོ་མགོ་གཞིག་ཉེ་བྱ་ལེན་ན་འོ་འདི་ལོ་གསུམ་རེད་ཤོ།  
15འོ་འདི་བྱ་གཞིག་གཉིས་ལག་རྒྱས་ནི་འོ་འདི་དེ་རིང་རེད་དྲེ་ལ།  
16བྱ་དྲ་ཆོད་པོ་ཆོ་རིང་འོ་འདི་ལོ་བརྒྱ་ཤོག་ཤོ།

1'o ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ya re 'o ngas ya re len dgo 'o  
 2'rta da mdo ba yod les 'o 'di lo gcig red dre 'e 'e  
 3'di mgo da hu 'bum thog ga 'o 'di lo gnyis red 'e 'e dre  
 4'di mgo srab da zil ma 'jog ga 'o 'di lo gsum re dre  
 5'e 'e sa gzo byang lam gcod no 'o 'di de ring red go  
 6'o 'o rta gzig mdo ba bsam pas 'o 'di don 'grub shog go 'o 'o

7mdzo khyung dkar yod les 'o 'di lo gcig red dgo  
 8'o 'di mgo da be'u ra skyis ya 'o 'di lo gnyis red  
 9'o 'di khal gzig sum do mgal ya 'o 'di lo gsum red go 'o 'o  
 10'o mdzo bso tshong nga 'ded nyin 'o 'di de ring red go  
 11'di da mdzo gzhis k+'a ba 'o 'di rwa ring shog go

12'u bso'i stag da shar ra skyes nas 'o 'di lo gcig red go  
 13'di'i kha gzig dung so 'o 'o skyes nas 'o 'di lo gnyis red go 'o 'o  
 14'di'i mgo gzig ne'u skra len na 'o 'di lo gsum red go  
 15'o 'di bu gzig gnyom lag rgyas no 'o 'di de ring red dre 'e  
 16'bu da rgod po tshe ring 'o 'di lo brgya shog go

# SONG SIXTEEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1རྟ་འདྲེ་བཞི་དུས་ལོ་གཅིག་རེད།  
 2མཐོ་རྩུ་འབྲུམ་ཐོག་དུས་ལོ་གཉིས་རེད།  
 3སྒྲུབ་ཐོག་མ་བཞག་དུས་ལོ་གསུམ་རེད།  
 4ས་བྱང་ལམ་གཙང་ཉིན་དེ་རིང་རེད།  
 5རྟ་འདྲེ་བཞི་བསམ་དོན་འབྲུབ་པར་ཤོག།

6མཐོ་བྱང་དཀར་ལོད་དུས་ལོ་གཅིག་རེད།  
 7མཐོར་བཞུར་རྩེས་དུས་ལོ་གཉིས་རེད།  
 8རྒྱབ་དོ་ཁལ་བཀལ་དུས་ལོ་གསུམ་རེད།  
 9མཐོ་ཚང་ལ་འདྲེ་ཉིན་དེ་རིང་རེད།  
 10མཐོ་བྱང་དཀར་བསམ་དོན་འབྲུབ་དོན་ཤོག།

11 ལྷ་ཤར་རྩེས་དྲིམ་ལོག་ཅིག་ཡང་།  
12 ལོ་དྲུག་ལོ་ལྔ་ལྷ་ཤར་ལོག་ཅིག་ཡང་།  
13 མཐོན་ཅི་ལྷ་ཤར་ལོག་ལྷ་ཤར་ཡང་།  
14 དྲུག་ཅིས་ལག་རྒྱ་ལ་དེ་རྟེན་ཡང་།  
15 རྩེད་ཀློང་ལོ་ལྔ་ལོ་བཟུངས་།

<sup>1</sup>rta 'do ba yod dus lo gcig red  
<sup>2</sup>mgo hu 'bum thog dus lo gnyis red  
<sup>3</sup>srab zil ma bzhag dus lo gsum red  
<sup>4</sup>sa byang lam gcod nyin de ring red  
<sup>5</sup>rta 'do ba'i bsam don 'grub par shog

<sup>6</sup>mdzo khyung dkar yod dus lo gcig red  
<sup>7</sup>mgor be'u rwa skyes dus lo gnyis red  
<sup>8</sup>rgyab do khal bkal dus lo gsum red  
<sup>9</sup>mdzo tshong la 'ded nyin de ring red  
<sup>10</sup>mdzo khyung dkar bsam don 'grub don shog

<sup>11</sup>stag shar ra skyes dus lo gcig red  
<sup>12</sup>kha'i dung so skyes dus lo gnyis red  
<sup>13</sup>mgo'i ne'u skra len dus lo gsum red  
<sup>14</sup>bu gnyom lag rgyas pa de ring red  
<sup>15</sup>bu rgod po tshe ring lo brgya shog

## SONG SEVENTEEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

[illegible]

8 ལུ་གཞོའི་ཐང་འདི་ན་ཅི་ཏོག་གི་མ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ལུ་མ་གོ  
 9 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འདི་འོ་འོ་མ་ལུ་མ་གོ་ཡང་ཆང་གི་གཞིག་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ར་ཡ།  
 10 འོ་མི་ཆང་གཞོའོ་ཡག་སྟེ་མ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་གོ  
 11 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རས་ཞིང་བདག་རྒྱུད་པོ་ཡང་དྲིས་ནས་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ར་ཡ།  
 12 འོ་འདི་སྐམ་གྲུ་བཞིའི་ནང་ན་ཡོད་གི་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ཟེར་གོ  
 13 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འདི་བདེན་གི་ཟེར་ར་ཡང་རྒྱ་གི་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ཟེར་ཡ།  
 14 འདི་མི་མཐོང་ཡང་ལ་ཡོག་སྐད་ཆ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་གོ

15 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འདི་ན་མགོ་ནག་ཡང་འོ་མ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ལུ་མ་ཡ།  
 16 འོ་འདི་འོ་འོ་མ་གཞོ་ལུ་མ་གོ་ཆང་གི་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ར་གོ  
 17 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ད་མི་ཆང་དྲིན་ཆེན་ཡང་ལ་མ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་ཡ།  
 18 འོ་རས་སྐམ་མགོའི་སྒྲ་མ་དྲིས་ནས་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ར་གོ  
 19 བྱང་བདེ་བ་ཅན་ན་ཡང་ཡོད་གི་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ཡོད་གི་ཟེར་ཡ།  
 20 འོ་འདི་བདེན་གི་ཡང་ཟེར་ར་རྒྱ་གི་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་ཟེར་གོ  
 21 འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འདི་མི་མཐོང་ལ་ཡོག་ཡང་སྐད་ཆ་གཞོའི་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་རེད་ཡ།

1'a spun kho 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o dgung 'di na skar ma yang khri ma bso 'o 'o 'o  
 'o 'bum ya

2'di'i khri ma bso 'bum go tshang gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o ra go  
 3'o 'o 'o 'di+o mi tshang smin drug yang khra mo bso 'o 'o 'o red ya  
 4'o ngas dgung nyi zla yang gnyi ka dris nas bso 'o 'o 'o 'o ra go  
 5'o 'o 'o 'o byang sgra mi snyan na yang yod gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o zer ya  
 6'o 'di bden gi bso zer ra yang rdzun gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o zer go  
 7'o 'o 'o 'o da mi mthong la yogs yang skad cha gzig 'i 'i 'i red ya

8'u bso'i thang 'di na rtsi tog khri ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'bum go  
 9'o 'o 'o 'o 'di'i khri ma 'bum go yang tshang gi gzig 'i 'i 'i ra ya  
 10'o mi tshang bso lo yag snye ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o red dgo  
 11'o 'o 'o 'o 'o ngas zhing bdag rgad po yang dris nas bso 'o 'o 'o 'o ra ya  
 12'o 'di sgam gru bzhi'i nang na yod gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o zer go  
 13'o 'o 'o 'o 'o bden gi zer ra yang rdzun gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o zer ya

<sup>14</sup>'di mi mthong yang la yogs skad cha bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o red go

<sup>15</sup>'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o khyim 'di na mgo nag yang khri ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'bum ya

<sup>16</sup>'o 'di'i khri ma bso 'bum go tshang gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o ra go

<sup>17</sup>'o 'o 'o 'o da mi tshang drin chen yang pha ma bso 'o 'o 'o 'o red ya

<sup>18</sup>'o ngas sngas mgo'i bla ma dris nas bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o ra go

<sup>19</sup>byang bde ba can na yang yod gi gzo 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o yod gi zer ya

<sup>20</sup>'o 'di bden gi yang zer ra rdzun gi bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o zer go

<sup>21</sup>'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'di mi mthong la yogs yang skad cha bso 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o+i 'o  
red ya

SONG SEVENTEEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>དགུང་འདི་ན་སྐར་ཚྭ་ས་ཁྲི་མ་འབྲུམ།

<sup>2</sup>འདི་ཁྲི་འབྲུམ་སྐར་ཚྭ་ས་ཚང་ན་ཡང་།

<sup>3</sup>འདི་སྒྲིན་བྲུག་ཁྲི་མ་ཚང་གི།

<sup>4</sup>དགུང་ཉི་ཟླ་གཉིས་ལ་བྲིས་པ་ན།

<sup>5</sup>བྲུང་སྐྱེ་མི་སྟུན་ན་ཡོད་རབས་འགྲང་།

<sup>6</sup>འདི་བདེན་རེད་ཟེར་རམ་རྒྱན་རེད་ཟེར།

<sup>7</sup>འདི་མི་མཐོང་ལ་འོག་སྐད་ཆ་རེད།

<sup>8</sup>ཐང་འདི་ན་ཅི་དྲོག་ཁྲི་མ་འབྲུམ།

<sup>9</sup>འདི་ཁྲི་འབྲུམ་ཅི་དྲོག་ཚང་ན་ཡང་།

<sup>10</sup>འདི་ལོ་ཡག་ས་སྟེ་མ་མི་ཚང་གི།

<sup>11</sup>ངས་ཞིང་བདག་ཆད་པོར་བྲིས་པ་ན།

<sup>12</sup>སྐྱེ་བུ་བཞིའི་ནང་ན་ཡོད་རབས་འགྲང་།

<sup>13</sup>འདི་བདེན་རེད་ཟེར་རམ་རྒྱན་རེད་ཟེར།

<sup>14</sup>འདི་མི་མཐོང་ལ་འོག་སྐད་ཆ་རེད།

<sup>15</sup>བྲིས་འདི་ན་མགོ་ནག་ཁྲི་མ་འབྲུམ།

<sup>16</sup>འདི་ཁྲི་འབྲུམ་མགོ་ནག་ཚང་ན་ཡང་།

1'dgung 'di na skar tshogs khri ma 'bum  
2'di+i khri 'bum skar tshogs tshang na yang  
3'di smin drug khra mo mi tshang gi  
4'dgung nyi zla gnyis la dris na yang  
5'byang sgra mi snyan na yod rabs bshad  
6'di bden red zer ram rdzun red zer  
7'di mi mthong la 'og skad cha red

<sup>15</sup>khylim 'di na mgo nag khri ma 'bum  
<sup>16</sup>'di+i khri 'bum mgo nag tshang na yang  
<sup>17</sup>'di drin chen pha ma mi tshang gi  
<sup>18</sup>ngas sngas mgo'i bla mar dris na yang  
<sup>19</sup>zhing bde ba can na yod rabs gsung  
<sup>20</sup>'di bden red zer ram rdzun red zer  
<sup>21</sup>'di mi mthong la 'og skad cha red

[illegible]



3ནད་བསོ་འབྲུག་ཆུང་ལོ་ལོ་འདྲ་གི་ལོ་གཅིག་མག་པ་འདྲིར་གོ་ལོ།  
 4མྱིན་དཀར་རོ་འདྲ་གི་བྱ་བསོས་སྟེད་རགས་ཆོངས་དགོ།  
 5འབྲུག་དཀྱིན་བར་བརྒྱད་ལེས་ལོ་དང་འགོ་རན་རེད་དེ།

6ལོ་རྒྱ་བསོ་བྱ་ཡག་འདྲ་གི་ལོ་དུ་ཨ་ཞད་གཞོ་གོ།  
 7ནད་དུ་འབོར་འབྲུག་ལུ་འདྲ་གི་ལུ་བསོ་ལོ་མག་པ་འདྲིར་གོ་ལོ།  
 8རྩ་དུ་རམ་དཀར་འདྲ་གི་བྱ་བསོས་སྟེད་རགས་ཆོངས་གོ།  
 9འབོར་བསོ་རྒྱ་ལམ་བརྒྱད་ལེས་ལོ་དང་འགོ་རན་རེད་དེ།

10ཆུ་དུ་མ་ཆུ་འདྲ་གི་ལོ་དུ་ཨ་ཞད་བསོ་ཆོངས་གོ་ལོ།  
 11ཉ་དུ་གསེར་ལོ་འདྲ་གི་ལུ་བསོ་ལོ་མག་པ་འདྲིར་གོ་ལོ།  
 12དར་དུ་དཀར་རོ་འདྲ་གི་བྱ་བསོས་སྟེད་རགས་ཆོངས་གོ་ལོ།  
 13ཉ་བསོ་ཆུ་བར་བརྒྱད་ལེས་ལོ་དང་འགོ་རན་རེད་གོ།

1ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ya re 'o ngas ya re len dgo 'o 'o  
 2dgung gzig sngon po 'o 'o 'o 'o 'dra gi 'o da a zhang tshang go  
 3nang bso 'brug chung 'o 'o 'dra gi 'o gcig mag pa 'dir go 'o 'o  
 4sprin da dkar ro 'dra gi khyu bsos sked rags chongs dgo  
 5'brug da sprin bar brgyud les 'o nga 'gro ran red dre

6'o rdza bso khra yag 'dra gi 'o da a zhang gzo go  
 7nang da 'brong phrug 'u 'u 'dra gi 'u bso'i mag pa 'dir go 'o 'o  
 8rtswa da ram dkar 'dra gi khyu bsos sked rags chongs go  
 9'brong bso rdza lam brgyud les 'o nga 'gro ran 'e re dre

10chu da rma chu 'dra gi 'o da a zhang bso tshang go 'o 'o  
 11nya da gser lo 'dra gi 'u bso'i mag pa 'u 'dir ga 'o 'o  
 12dar da dkar ro 'dra gi khyu bsos sked rags chongs go 'o 'o  
 13nya bso chu bar brgyud les 'o nga 'gro ran red go

# SONG EIGHTEEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1དགྲུང་མྱིན་པོ་འདྲ་ཡི་ཨ་ཞད་ཆོངས་།  
 2ནད་འབྲུག་ཆུང་འདྲ་ཡི་མག་པ་འདྲིར་།  
 3མྱིན་དཀར་པོ་འདྲ་ཡི་སྟེད་རགས་ཆོངས་།

4འབྲུག་སྤྱིན་བར་བརྒྱད་ནས་འགྲོ་རན་རེད།

5རྩ་བ་ཡག་འདྲ་བའི་ཨ་ཞང་ཆང་།

6ནང་འབྲོང་ཕྱག་འདྲ་བའི་མག་པ་འདིར།

7རྩ་རམ་དཀར་འདྲ་བའི་སྒྲིང་རགས་ཆངས།

8འབྲོང་རྩ་ལམ་བརྒྱད་ནས་འགྲོ་རན་རེད།

9རྩ་མ་རྩ་འདྲ་བའི་ཨ་ཞང་ཆང་།

10ཉ་གསེར་ལོ་འདྲ་བའི་མག་པ་འདིར།

11དར་དཀར་པོ་འདྲ་བའི་སྒྲིང་རགས་ཆངས།

12ཉ་རྩ་བར་བརྒྱད་ནས་འགྲོ་རན་རེད།

1dgung sngon po 'dra yi a zhang tshang

2nang 'brug chung 'dra yi mag pa 'dir

3sprin dkar po 'dra yi sked rags chongs

4'brug sprin bar brgyud nas 'gro ran red

5rdza khra yag 'dra yi a zhang tshang

6nang 'brong phrug 'dra yi mag pa 'dir

7rtswa ram dkar 'dra yi sked rags chongs

8'brong rdza lam brgyud nas 'gro ran red

9chu rma chu 'dra yi a zhang tshang

10nya gser lo 'dra yi mag pa 'dir

11dar dkar po 'dra yi sked rags chongs

12nya chu bar brgyud nas 'gro ran red

#### SONG NINETEEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1འཛེའ་འཛེའ་འཛེའ་ཡ་རེའོངས་ཡ་རེའོན་དགོའོལ།

2འདི་བསོ་སྤྱང་ཕྱགས་འཛེའ་ལྷ་ཡི་འཛེའ་པོ་བྲང་ནས་དགོ།

3འཛེའ་ལྷ་བསོ་ཆང་བ་དཀར་པོའོའཛེའ་པོ་བཞུགས་གནས་ནས་དགོའོ།

4འདི་བས་འཆི་མེད་ལྷ་ཡི་འཕྱི་ཆེ་གཡང་འདི་གོ་ལོ།  
5བྱིམ་བས་འདི་རུ་འཛོམས་གི་འོ་ངས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་འོ་འཛོག་ཅེ།

6འདི་བས་ཉིད་ཕྱགས་ལྷ་ཡི་འོ་འདི་ཕོ་བྲང་ནས་དགོ་འོ་ལོ།  
7ལྷ་བས་གཙུག་ན་ཅིན་ཆེན་འོ་འདི་འོ་བཞུགས་གནས་ནས་གོ་འོ་ལོ།  
8འདི་བས་དགོ་འདུན་ཉོན་བུའི་འོ་ཕྱི་དཔུང་འཛོམས་འདི་གོ་འོ་ལོ།  
9འོ་བྱིམ་འདི་རུ་འཛོམས་གི་འོ་ངས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་འོ་འཛོག་ཅེ།

10ལུ་བས་འོ་ཤར་ད་ཁྱེ་གླིང་གི་ལུ་བས་འོ་ས་ཆ་ནས་གོ་འོ།  
11གླིང་ད་གིས་ར་ཉོན་འོ་འོ་བུའི་འོ་འདི་ཕོ་བྲང་ནས་གོ་འོ་ལོ།  
12འདི་ད་འཛོགས་མེད་དཔའ་བོའི་འོ་ཕྱི་གཡང་འདི་གོ།  
13འོ་ངས་བྱིམ་འདི་རུ་འཛོམས་གི་འོ་ངས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་འོ་འཛོག་ཅེ།

1'o 'o 'o 'o 'o 'o ya re 'o ngas ya re len dgo 'o 'o  
2'di bso steng phyogs 'o 'o lha yi 'o 'di pho brang nas dgo  
3'o 'o lha bso tshang ba dkar po'i 'o 'di bzhugs gnas nas dgo 'o  
4'di bso 'chi med lha yi 'o cig tshe g.yang 'di go 'o  
5khyim bso 'di ru 'dzoms gi 'o ngas bkra shis 'e 'jog re

6'di bso rting phyogs klu yi 'o 'di pho brang nas dgo 'o 'o  
7klu bso gtsug na rin chen 'o 'di'i bzhugs gnas nas go 'o 'o  
8'di bso dge 'dun nor bu'i 'o cig dpung 'joms 'di go 'o 'o  
9'o khyim 'di ru 'dzoms gi 'o ngas bkra shis 'jog re

10'u bso'i shar da khra mo gling gi 'u bso'i sa cha nas go 'o  
11gling da ge sar nor 'o 'o bu'i 'o 'di pho brang nas go 'o 'o  
12'di da 'jigs med dpa' bo'i 'o cig bu g.yang 'di go  
13'o ngas khyim 'di ru 'dzoms gi 'o ngas bkra shis 'jog re

# SONG NINETEEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1འདི་ཉིད་ཕྱགས་ལྷ་ཡི་ཕོ་བྲང་ནས།  
2ལྷ་ཆངས་བ་དཀར་པོའི་བཞུགས་གནས་ནས།  
3འདི་འཆི་མེད་ལྷ་ཡི་ཆེ་གཡང་འདི།  
4བྱིམ་འདི་རུ་འཛོམས་པའི་བཀྲ་ཤིས་འོ་འཛོག།

5 འདི་རྩིང་ཕྱོགས་ལྷ་ཡི་ཕོ་བྲང་ནས།  
 6 ལྷ་གཙུག་ན་རིན་ཆེན་བཞུགས་གནས་ནས།  
 7 འདི་དགོས་འདོད་ཙམ་བྱ་དཔུང་འཛོམས་འདི།  
 8 བྱིམ་འདི་རུ་འཛོམ་པའི་བཀ་ཤིས་འཛོག།

9 ཤར་ཁྲ་མོ་གླིང་གི་ས་ཆ་ནས།  
 10 ལྷིང་གེ་སར་ཙམ་བྱའི་ཕོ་བྲང་ནས།  
 11 འདི་འཛིགས་མེད་དཔའ་བོའི་བྱ་གཡང་འདི།  
 12 བྱིམ་འདི་རུ་འཛོམ་པའི་བཀ་ཤིས་འཛོག།

1'di steng phyogs lha yi pho brang nas  
 2'lha tshangs ba dkar po'i bzhugs gnas nas  
 3'di 'chi med lha yi tshe g.yang 'di  
 4khyim 'di ru 'dzom pa'i bkra shis 'jog

5'di rting phyogs klu yi pho brang nas  
 6klu gtsug na rin chen bzhugs gnas nas  
 7'di 'dod nor bu dpung 'joms 'di  
 8khyim 'di ru 'dzoms pa'i bkra shis 'jog

9shar khra mo gling gi sa cha nas  
 10gling ge sar nor bu'i pho brang nas  
 11'di 'jigs med dpa' bo'i bu g.yang 'di  
 12khyim 'di ru 'dzoms pa'i bkra shis 'jog

# SONG TWENTY: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1 འཇ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལྷ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལྷ།  
 2 རོགས་ཁུང་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལྷ།  
 3 འོ་ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལེན་ན་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན།  
 4 ཡོ་ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་བྲག་དམར་ཐེམ་མ་ལེན།  
 5 འོ་བྲག་དམར་རོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཡོ་གཟུར་མེད་ནི་ལེན།  
 6 རོད་ཐང་དཀར་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་བྱགས་ལ་འཁོར་ནི་ལེན།

7འོ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལོ།  
8རྩོགས་དགའ་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་རེ་དགོ་གཞས།  
9འོ་ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལེན་ན་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན།  
10ཡོ་ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་སྤྲེ་ཆེན་དཀྱིལ་ལ་ལེན་གཞས།  
11འོ་སྤྲེ་ཆེན་པོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཡོ་གཟུར་མེད་ནི་ལེན།  
12རྩོགས་ཆུང་ལོ་འི་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་བླགས་ལ་འབབ་ནི་ལེན་གཞས།

1'o la ya la wo yang yang gi ya la ya la wo  
2rogs chung lo dgo yang yang gi lo lo lo re wo  
3'o ngas rtsed mgo dgo yang yang gi len na rtsed mgo len  
4ye ngas rtsed mgo dgo yang yang gi brag dmar them ma len  
5'o brag dmar ro dgo yang yang gi yo gzur med ni len  
6rgod thang dkar dgo yang yang gi thugs la 'khor ni len

7'o la ya la dgo yang yang gi ya la ya la wo  
8rogs dga' lo dgo yang yang gi lo lo lo re dgo gzas  
9'o ngas rtsed mgo dgo yang yang gi len na rtsed mgo len  
10ye ngas rtsed mgo dgo yang yang gi sde chen dkyil ya len gzas  
11'o sde chen po dgo yang yang gi yo gzur med ni len  
12rogs chung lo'i dgo yang yang gi thugs la 'bab ni len gzas

#### SONG TWENTY: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན་ན་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན།  
2ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་བླག་དམར་ཐེམ་ལ་ལེན།  
3བླག་དམར་པོ་ཡོ་གཟུར་མེད་ནི་ལེན།  
4ཆོད་ཐང་དཀར་བླགས་ལ་འཁོར་ནི་ལེན།

5ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན་ན་ཅེད་མགོ་ལེན།  
6ངས་ཅེད་མགོ་སྤྲེ་ཆེན་གྲོང་ལ་ལེན།  
7སྤྲེ་ཆེན་པོ་ཡོ་གཟུར་མེད་ནི་ལེན།  
8རྩོགས་ཆུང་ལོ་འི་བླགས་ལ་འབབ་ནི་ལེན།

1ngas rtsed mgo len na rtsed mgo len  
2ngas rtsed mgo brag dmar them la len

3brag dmar po yo gzur med ni len  
4rgod thang dkar thugs la 'khor ni len

5ngas rtsed mgo len na rtsed mgo len  
6ngas rtsed mgo sde chen grong la len  
7sde chen po yo gzur med ni len  
8rogs chung lo'i thugs la 'bab ni len

SONG TWENTY-ONE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1འ་ལ་རེ་ལ་གཟིག་གོ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཡ་ལ་ལྷོ།  
2རོགས་ལ་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལྷ་ལོ་རེ་ལྷོ་གཟས།  
3བྱ་ལ་རེ་ཁྱེད་ལྷོ་ད་ལྷོ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་རྩེ་བོ་ལྷོ།  
4ཁྱོས་ལ་རེ་ནགས་རྩ་གཞོ་བརྒྱད་ལེ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཤོག་ར་ལྷོ།  
5ཤིང་ལ་རེ་ཡལ་ལྷ་ག་གཞོ་མོ་རོགས་ལྷ་བདེན་གི་ར་གཟས།  
6ལོ་བྱ་ལ་རེ་ལྷོ་མགས་ད་ལྷོ་ནས་རོགས་ལྷ་དཔེ་མེད་གོ།

7འ་ལ་རེ་ལ་གཟིག་གོ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཡ་ལ་ལྷོ།  
8རོགས་ལ་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལྷ་ལོ་རེ་ལྷོ་གཟས།  
9ལོ་རོགས་ལ་རེ་རྒྱུད་ལོ་ད་ལྷོ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་རྩེ་བོ་ལྷོ།  
10ཁྱོས་ལ་རེ་ལྷོ་རྩ་གཞོ་བརྒྱད་ལེ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཤོག་ར་ལྷོ།  
11ལྷོ་ལ་རེ་ལྷོ་ལ་ད་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལྷ་བདེན་གི་ར་གཟས།  
12ལོ་ལྷོ་ལ་ལྷོ་ལས་གཞོ་བྱུང་ནས་རོགས་ལྷ་དཔེ་མེད་གི་གཟས།

1'a la re la gzig go ya la da ya la rogs wa ya la wo  
2rogs la re dga' lo da lo lo rogs wa lo re wo gzas  
3bya la re khu lo da snying la rogs wa rje bo wo  
4khyos la re nags ru gzo brgyud le rogs wa shog ra wo  
5shing la re yal wa ga gnyom no rogs wa bden gi ra gzas  
6'o bya la re sdong mgos da lhung nas rogs wa dpe med go

7'a la re la gzig go ya la da ya la rogs wa ya la wo  
8rogs la re dga' lo da lo lo rogs wa lo re wo gzas  
9'o rogs la re chung lo da snying la rogs wa rje bo wo

<sup>10</sup>khyos la re sde ru gzo brgyud le rogs wa shog ra wo

<sup>11</sup>sde la re myi kha da che no rogs wa bden gi ra gzas

<sup>12</sup>'o myi la ya myi khas gzo thub ne rogs wa dpe med gi gzas

SONG TWENTY-ONE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>བྱ་ཁུ་ལོ་སྟིང་ལ་རྟེ་བོ།

<sup>2</sup>ཁྱོད་ནུ་ཁྱེ་བྱ་ཁྱེ་ལ་ཁྱེ་བོ་དང་།

<sup>3</sup>ཤིང་ཡལ་ག་གཞོན་མོ་བདེན་རུང་།

<sup>4</sup>བྱ་སྟོང་མག་ལྷུང་གི་དཔེ་མེད།

<sup>5</sup>རྟོགས་ཁྱུང་ལོ་སྟིང་ལ་རྟེ་བོ།

<sup>6</sup>ཁྱོད་ཤིང་ལྷུང་ཁྱེ་བྱ་ཁྱེ་ལ་ཁྱེ་བོ་དང་།

<sup>7</sup>ཤིང་ཡལ་ཆེན་མོ་བདེན་རུང་།

<sup>8</sup>མི་མི་ཁས་ལྷུང་གི་དཔེ་མེད།

<sup>1</sup>bya khu lo snying la rje bo

<sup>2</sup>khyod nags ri brgyud nas shog dang

<sup>3</sup>shing yal ga gnyom no bden rung

<sup>4</sup>bya sdong mgos lhung gi dpe med

<sup>5</sup>rogs chung lo snying la rje bo

<sup>6</sup>khyod sde ru brgyud nas shog dang

<sup>7</sup>sde mi kha che no bden rung

<sup>8</sup>mi mi khas thub gi dpe med

SONG TWENTY-TWO: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>འ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་གཞོན་མོ་ལ་ལ་ད་ཡལ་ལྷོ།

<sup>2</sup>རྟོགས་རེ་དག་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་ལྷུང་ལོ་རྟོགས་ལ་ལ་ན་ལྷོ།

<sup>3</sup>ལྟ་རྟོགས་བྱ་ཁྱེ་གི་ལྷོ་ན་གཞོན་བྱ་ཁྱེ་གི་ལྷོ།

<sup>4</sup>ལྟ་རེ་བྱ་ཁྱེ་གི་ལ་ལ་ན་ད་ཐང་ད་ལྷོ་རེ་རྟོགས་ལ་ལ་ན་ལྷོ།

<sup>5</sup>ལོ་ས་གཞོན་ལ་ལ་ན་ལྷུང་གི་དཔེ་མེད་ལོ་ས་ལྷོ།

<sup>6</sup>ལྟ་གཞོན་རྟོགས་བྱ་ཁྱེ་གི་ད་བྱ་ཁྱེ་གི་ལིན་ལོ་རེ་ལ་ལ་ན་ལྷོ།

7འ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་གཞོ་ཡ་ལ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་ལོ།  
 8རོགས་རེ་དག་ལ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་གཞོ་ལོ་རེ་སྒོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 9རོགས་གཞོ་ཅེ་སྒོ་ལོ་ན་ད་ཅེ་སྒོ་ལོ།  
 10རོགས་གཞོ་ཅེ་གི་སྒྲེ་ཆེན་གཞོ་གོང་ད་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 11འོ་སྒྲེ་ཆེན་པོ་ཅེ་ད་ལ་ད་ཆོད་ས་རེད།  
 12རོགས་ལ་དེ་ནས་ཅེས་ན་ད་ཅེས་ནི་ཡིན་ལོ་རོགས་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།

1'a la re ye ye la gzo ya la ya la da ya la wo  
 2rogs re dga' lo lo lo da lo re wo 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 3'o rta gzo brgyug gi 'gro na gzo brgyug gi 'gro  
 4rta re brgyug gi ba yan da thang nga 'gro 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 5'o sa gzo ba yan la thur gzo ngan sa re  
 6rta gzo de nas brgyugs na da brgyugs ni yin 'e ro kha ya na zla

7'a la re ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye 'o la gzo ya la ya la da ya la wo  
 8rogs re dga' lo lo lo gzo lo re wo 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 9rogs gzo rtse wi 'gro na da rtse wi 'gro  
 10rogs gzo rtse gi sde chen gzo grong nga 'gro 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 11'o sde chen po rtse kha da rgod sa red  
 12rogs la de nas rtse na da rtse ni yin 'e rogs kha ya na zla

# SONG TWENTY-TWO: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1རྟ་བརྒྱུག་གི་ལོ་ན་བརྒྱུག་གི་ལོ།  
 2རྟ་བརྒྱུག་གི་བ་ཡན་ཐང་ལ་ལོ།  
 3ས་བ་ཡན་ལ་ཐུང་དན་ས་རེད།  
 4རྟ་དེ་ནས་བརྒྱུགས་ན་བརྒྱུགས་ནི་ཡིན།

5རོགས་ཅེ་གི་ལོ་ན་ཅེ་གི་ལོ།  
 6རོགས་ཅེ་གི་སྒྲེ་ཆེན་གོང་ལ་ལོ།  
 7སྒྲེ་ཆེན་པོ་ཅེ་ད་ཡུལ་དགོད་ཡུལ་རེད།  
 8རོགས་དེ་ནས་ཅེས་ན་ཅེས་ནི་ཡིན།

1rta brgyug gi 'gro na brgyug gi 'gro  
 2rta brgyug gi ba yan thang la 'gro



<sup>3</sup>sa ba yan la thur ngan sa red  
<sup>4</sup>rta de nas brgyugs na brgyugs ni yin

<sup>5</sup>rogs rtse gi 'gro na rtse gi 'gro  
<sup>6</sup>rogs rtse gi sde chen grong la 'gro  
<sup>7</sup>sde chen po rtsed yul dgod yul red  
<sup>8</sup>rogs de nas rtses na rtses ni yin

SONG TWENTY-THREE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>འཇམ་ལ་གཞིག་ཡེ་ལ་ད་ཡེ་ལ་གཞི་ཡེ་ལ་ལྷོ།  
<sup>2</sup>ཡེ་གྲོང་ལ་གི་གཞི་དགའ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་ལོ་ལྷོ་གཞིས།  
<sup>3</sup>འཇམ་ལ་གཞི་དང་མ་ད་ལྷོ་བདེའ་འགྲོ་ལྷོ་རེས།  
<sup>4</sup>འཇམ་ལ་ཕར་ལ་གཞི་རི་ལུང་ད་རྩ་ལུང་ལུ།  
<sup>5</sup>ཡེ་ངས་རྩུང་ལ་གཞི་རི་ལུག་ད་ལུག་ལུག་གུབ།  
<sup>6</sup>ཡེ་ལྷོ་མོང་ན་གཞི་སྐྱུ་ཆེགས་ད་བྲགས་གི་ར།  
<sup>7</sup>ཡེ་ལྷོ་མ་བསད་གཞི་སྐྱུ་ཆེགས་ད་དཀའ་ལས་རེད།  
<sup>8</sup>ད་དུ་ལུ་རེད་གཞི་དེ་དགོང་གི་རྩེད་རོགས་གོ་གཞིས།

<sup>9</sup>འཇམ་ལ་གཞི་ཡེ་ལ་ད་ཡེ་ལ་གཞི་ཡེ་ལ་ལྷོ།  
<sup>10</sup>ཡེ་གྲོང་ལ་གི་ད་དགའ་ལོ་གཞི་ལོ་ལོ་ལྷོ་གཞིས།  
<sup>11</sup>ཡེ་ང་གཞི་དང་མ་ད་རོགས་ལྷོ་གཞི་འགྲོ་ལྷོ་རེས།  
<sup>12</sup>ཡེ་ངས་ཕར་ལ་གཞི་ལྷོ་ཆེན་ད་ཁྱི་ཁ་ལུར།  
<sup>13</sup>ཡེ་ངས་རྩུང་ལ་ད་ལྷོ་རྩུང་གཞི་ཁྱི་ཁ་ལུར།  
<sup>14</sup>ཡེ་རོགས་འགྲོགས་ན་ད་སྐྱུ་ཆེགས་གཞི་བྲགས་གི་ར།  
<sup>15</sup>ཡེ་རོགས་མ་འགྲོགས་ད་སྐྱུ་ཆེགས་གཞི་དཀའ་ལས་རེད།  
<sup>16</sup>ད་དུ་ལུ་རེད་གཞི་དེ་དགོང་གི་རྩེད་རོགས་གོ་གཞིས།

<sup>1</sup>'o la gzig ya la da ya la gzo ya la wo  
<sup>2</sup>ya grong la gi gzo dga' lo da lo lo wo gzes  
<sup>3</sup>'o nga gzo dang ma da shwa bda' 'gro wo res  
<sup>4</sup>'e ngas phar la gzo ri lung da rdza lung nyul  
<sup>5</sup>ye ngas tshur la gzo ri khug da sul khug gtub  
<sup>6</sup>ye shwa sod na gzo sku tshegs da drags gi ra

7ye shwa ma bsad gzo sku tshegs da dka' las red  
8da du 'u red gzo de dgong gi rtsed rogs go gzes

9'o la gzo ya la da ya la gzo ya la wo  
10ya grong la gi da dga' lo gzo lo lo wo gzes  
11ya nga gzo dang ma da rogs wo gzo 'gro wo dres  
12ye ngas phar la gzo sde chen da khyi kha wur  
13ye ngas tshur la da sde chung gzo myi kha wur  
14ye rogs 'grogs na da sku tshegs gzo drags gi ra  
15ye rogs ma 'grogs da sku tshegs gzo dka' las red  
16da du 'u red gzo de dgong gi rtsed rogs go gzes

SONG TWENTY-THREE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1ད་དང་མ་ཤ་བདེ་འགོ་དུས།  
2ངས་ཕར་ལ་རི་ལུང་རྩ་ལུང་ལུས།  
3ངས་ཚུར་ལ་རི་ཁྱུག་སུ་ཁྱུག་བཞེས།  
4ཤ་མོད་ན་སྐྱ་ཆེགས་དགས་མོད་ཀྱང་།  
5ཤ་མ་མོད་སྐྱ་ཆེགས་དག་ལ་ལས་རེད།

6ད་དང་མ་རོགས་ལ་འགོ་དུས་སྐྱ།  
7ངས་ཕར་ལ་སྤེ་ཆེན་བྱི་ཁ་བརྒྱད།  
8ངས་ཚུར་ལ་སྤེ་ཆུང་མི་ཁ་བརྒྱད།  
9འགོགས་ཐུབ་ན་སྐྱ་ཆེགས་དགས་མོད་ཀྱང་།  
10འགོགས་མ་ཐུབ་སྐྱ་ཆེགས་དག་ལ་ལས་རེད།

1nga dang ma shwa bda' 'gro dus  
2ngas phar la ri lung rdza lung nyul  
3ngas tshur la ri khug sul khug bltebs  
4shwa sod na sku tshegs drags mod kyang  
5sha ma sod sku tshegs dka' las red

6nga dang ma rogs la 'gro dus su  
7ngas phar la sde chen khyi kha brgyud  
8ngas tshur la sde chung mi kha brgyud

9'grog's thub na sku tshegs drags mod kyang

10'grog's ma thub sku tshegs dka' las red

SONG TWENTY-FOUR: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1འོ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལོ།

2རྒྱལ་པོ་དག་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་རྩོ་གཟས།

3འོ་ང་དང་མ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཤ་བདའ་འབྱུ་ལྷོ་རྩོ།

4གངས་དཀར་རྩོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་གྲུར་གཟིག་ཕུབ་གི་གོ་གཟས།

5ཡེ་རྒྱུང་ནག་པོས་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་གྲུར་སྒོ་གཙུག་གི་ལོ།

6ཡེ་སྒྲིག་དམར་རྩོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཉེན་ཁ་ཆེ་གི་ར་གཟས།

7འོ་འདི་ཉེན་ཁ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཅི་འདྲ་ཆེ་རུང་གོ།

8ཡེ་ངས་རྒྱ་ཆ་བརྒྱུད་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་སྒོ་སྒྲི་གཞོ་མ་ཐོངས་གཟིག

9འོ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལོ།

10རྒྱལ་པོ་དག་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་རྩོ་གཟས།

11འོ་ང་དང་མ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་རྒྱལ་པོ་ལྷོ་ལྷོ་རྩོ།

12ཡུལ་པ་མ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་བརྒྱལ་པོ་སྒོ་ཉེན་ཁ་བཀག་གཟས།

13ཡེ་བྱིན་ཆུང་མ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་བརྒྱལ་པོ་གཡམ་ཉེན་ཁ་བཀག

14ཡེ་དྲུ་ཡིན་ན་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་ཁོ་ཐག་ཆད་གི་ར་གཟས།

15འོ་ངས་རྒྱལ་པོ་དགོ་ཡང་ཡང་གི་སྒོ་སྒྲི་གཞོ་མ་ཐོངས་གཟིག

1'o la ya la wo yang yang gi ya la ya la wo

2'rogs dga' lo dgo yang yang gi lo lo lo re wo gzas

3'o nga dang ma dgo yang yang gi sha bda' 'gyo wo dris

4'gangs dkar ros dgo yang yang gi gur gzig phub gi go gzas

5'ye rlung nag pos dgo yang yang gi gur sgo gcod gi wo

6'ye srog dmar ro dgo yang yang gi nyen kha che gi ra gzas

7'o 'di nyen kha dgo yang yang gi ci 'dra che rung go

8'ye ngas rwa cha brgyad dgo yang yang gi blo wi gzo ma thongs gzig

9'o la ya la wo yang yang gi ya la ya la wo

10'rogs dga' lo dgo yang yang gi lo lo lo re wo gzas

11'o nga dang ma dgo yang yang gi rogs wa 'gyo wo dres

<sup>12</sup>yul pha ma dgo yang yang gi brgyugs we sngon nas bkag gzas  
<sup>13</sup>ye khyim chung ma dgo yang yang gi brgyug we g.yas nas bkag  
<sup>14</sup>ye du yin na dgo yang yang gi kho thag chad gi ra gzas  
<sup>15</sup>o ngas rogs chung lo dgo yang yang gi blo gi gzo ma thongs gzig

SONG TWENTY-FOUR: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>ང་དང་མ་ཤ་བདའ་འགོ་དུས།  
<sup>2</sup>གངས་དྲུག་པོས་གྲུ་ཞིག་ཕྱབ་གི།  
<sup>3</sup>རྒྱ་ནག་པོས་གྲུ་སྟོ་བཅད་ཐལ།  
<sup>4</sup>སྟོག་དམར་པོ་ཉེན་ཁ་ཆེ་རུང་།  
<sup>5</sup>རྒྱ་ཆ་བརྒྱད་ལྟོ་ནས་མ་ཐོངས།

<sup>6</sup>ང་དང་མ་རོགས་ལ་འགོ་དུས།  
<sup>7</sup>ཡུལ་པ་མས་སྟོན་ནས་བཀག་ཐལ།  
<sup>8</sup>བྱིས་ཆུང་མས་གཡས་ནས་བརྒྱད་ཐལ།  
<sup>9</sup>སེམས་བསམ་པ་ཁོ་ཐག་ཆད་འགོ།  
<sup>10</sup>དེ་ཡིན་རུང་རོགས་ལོ་མ་བརྟེན།

<sup>1</sup>nga dang ma shwa gda 'gro dus  
<sup>2</sup>gangs dkar pos gur zhig phub gi  
<sup>3</sup>rlung nag pos gur sgo bcad thal  
<sup>4</sup>srog dmar po nyen kha che rung  
<sup>5</sup>rwa cha brgyad blo nas ma thongs

<sup>6</sup>nga dang ma rogs la 'gro dus  
<sup>7</sup>yul pha mas sngon nas bkag thal  
<sup>8</sup>khyim chung mas g.yas nas gzung thal  
<sup>9</sup>sems bsam pa kho thag chad 'gro  
<sup>10</sup>de yin rung rogs lo ma brjed

SONG TWENTY-FIVE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་ཡ་ལ་ལ་ད་ལ་ལ་དགོ།  
<sup>2</sup>རོགས་རེ་དག་ལ་ལོ་ལོ་དེ་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལ་ལ་ན་ལ།

3ཡེ་ཤྲོད་བསོ་ལྷ་སའི་ཇོ་འི་ཁང་བསོ་ནང་ན་དགོ།  
 4ཆོས་ད་ཡུམ་ཆེན་ཡུམ་རྒྱུང་བསོ་གཉིས་ཡོད་གོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 5འེ་ཆོས་ད་ཡུམ་ཆེན་གཟེས་ནི་བསོ་མིན་ར་དགོ།  
 6ཆོས་ལ་ཡུམ་རྒྱུང་གཏུང་དར་བསོ་ཅན་གོ་དགོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 7འེ་ད་ལ་འདོན་རྒྱུ་ཁ་ཁོ་བསོ་ཐུག་གི་དགོ།  
 8ད་དུ་འེ་རེད་དེ་དགོང་གི་རྩེ་རོགས་གོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།

9འ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ད་ལ་ལ་དགོ།  
 10རོགས་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་དགོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 11འེ་མར་བསོ་ལྷོས་གི་བདེ་ཆེན་བསོ་གྲོང་ན་དགོ།  
 12རོགས་ལ་ཁ་མཐུན་ཞེ་མཐུན་བསོ་གཉིས་ཡོད་གོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 13འེ་རོགས་ད་ཁ་མཐུན་གཟེས་ནི་བསོ་མིན་ར་དགོ།  
 14རོགས་ད་ཞེ་མཐུན་ཞེ་འདར་བསོ་ཅན་དགོ་གོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།  
 15འེ་ད་ད་འགོག་རྒྱུ་ཁ་ཁོ་བསོ་ཐུག་གི་ཡ།  
 16ད་དུ་འེ་རེད་དེ་དགོང་གི་རྩེ་རོགས་གོ་འེ་རོགས་ཁ་ཡ་ན་ལྷ།

1'a la re ye ye ye ye la bso ya la ya la da ya la dgo  
 2rogs re dga' lo lo da lo re dgo 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 3ye stod bso lha sa'i jo+i'i khang bso nang na dgo  
 4chos da yum chen yum chung bso gnyis yod go 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 5'o chos da yum chen gzes ni bso min ra dgo  
 6chos la yum chung gdung dar bso can go dgo 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 7'o nga la 'don rgyu kham kho bso thug gi+o dgo  
 8da du 'e red de dgong gi rtse rogs go 'e rogs kha ya na zla

9'a la re ye ye ye ye la bso ya la ya la da ya la dgo  
 10rogs re dga' lo lo da lo re dgo 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 11'o mar bso ltos gi bde chen bso grong na dgo  
 12rogs la kha mthun zhe mthun bso gnyis yod go 'e rogs kha ya na zla  
 13'o rogs da kha mthun gzes ni bso min ra dgo  
 14rogs da zhe mthun zhe 'dang bso can dgo go 'e rogs kha ya na zla

<sup>15</sup>o nga da 'grog rgyu kha kho bso thug gi ya

<sup>16</sup>da du 'e red de dgong gi rtse rogs go 'e rogs kha ya na zla

SONG TWENTY-FIVE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>སྟོད་ལྷ་སའི་རྫོང་ནང་ན།

<sup>2</sup>ཆོས་ཡུམ་ཆེན་ཡུམ་རྒྱུད་གཉིས་ཡོད།

<sup>3</sup>ཆོས་ཡུམ་ཆེན་ཟེར་བ་ངས་མིན།

<sup>4</sup>ཆོས་ཡུམ་རྒྱུད་གདུང་དར་ཅན་པོ།

<sup>5</sup>ང་འདོན་སྐྱུར་ཁ་མཁོ་ཐུག་གི།

<sup>6</sup>མར་ལྷོས་ཀྱི་སྤྲེ་ཆེན་གྲོང་ན།

<sup>7</sup>རྫོགས་ཁ་མཐུན་ཞེ་མཐུན་གཉིས་ཡོད།

<sup>8</sup>རྫོགས་ཁ་མཐུན་ཟེར་བ་ངས་མིན།

<sup>9</sup>རྫོགས་ཞེ་མཐུན་ཞེ་འདར་ཅན་པོ།

<sup>10</sup>ང་འགྲོག་སྐྱུར་ཁ་མཁོ་ཐུག་གི།

<sup>1</sup>stod lha sa'i jo khang nang na

<sup>2</sup>chos yum chen yum chung gnyis yod

<sup>3</sup>chos yum chen zer ba ngas min

<sup>4</sup>chos yum chung gdung dar can po

<sup>5</sup>nga 'don rgyur kha mkho thug gi

<sup>6</sup>mar ltos kyi sde chen grong na

<sup>7</sup>rogs kha mthun zhe mthun gnyis yod

<sup>8</sup>rogs kha mthun zer ba ngas min

<sup>9</sup>rogs zhe mthun zhe 'dang can po

<sup>10</sup>nga 'grog rgyur kha mkho thug gi

SONG TWENTY-SIX: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་རེ་ཡེ་ལ་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་རྫོགས་ག་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་

<sup>2</sup>རྫོགས་ལ་རེ་དག་ལ་ལ་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ད་ཡེ་རྫོགས་ག་ལ་རེ་དགོ་ཡེ་གཟེས།

<sup>3</sup>ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྟོད་ལ་རེ་སྤར་དགར་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་གྲུང་གི་བསོ་ཡེ་རྫོགས་ག་མེ་ཏོག་གོ་

4 བྱོད་ལ་རེ་མ་གད་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡི་རྩི་མ་ད་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཞིམ་གི་དགོ་ཡེ།  
 5 ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་གད་ལ་རེ་སོང་ན་དགོ་ཡེ་མིག་ག་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཡག་གི་དགོ།  
 6 བྱོད་ལ་རེ་བླ་ཤིང་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཅན་གི་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་མེ་ཏྲ་ག་གི་ཡེ།  
 7 ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྐུ་ལ་རེ་སོང་ན་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་བླ་ཤིང་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་མོས་ཡིན་རེ།  
 8 ད་དུ་བསོ་ལ་རེ་ད་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་དེ་དགོང་གི་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཕྱེད་རོགས་མོ།

9 ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་རེ་ཡ་ལ་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཡ་ལ་དགོ།  
 10 རོགས་ལ་རེ་དག་ལ་ལོ་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ལོ་རེ་དགོ་ཡེ།  
 11 ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་རོགས་ལ་རེ་ཆུང་ལོ་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྒྲིང་ལ་བསོ་རོགས་ག་རྩེ་བོ་དགོ།  
 12 བྱོད་ལ་ད་མ་འགྲོགས་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་མིག་ལ་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཡག་གི་དགོ་ཡེ།  
 13 ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འགྲོགས་ལ་རེ་བཏང་ན་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་སྒྲིང་བ་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་མཐུན་གི་དགོ།  
 14 བྱོད་ལ་རེ་བླ་ཤིང་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཅན་གི་ད་ཡ་རོགས་ག་རོགས་ལོ་རེ་གཟེས།  
 15 ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་འག་ལ་རེ་སོང་ན་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་བླ་ཤིང་བསོ་ཡ་རོགས་ག་མོས་ཡིན་རེ།  
 16 ད་དུ་བསོ་ལ་རེ་ད་དགོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་དེ་དགོང་གི་ཡ་རོགས་ག་ཕྱེད་རོགས་མ་གཟེས།

1a la re ye ye ye la bso re ya la dgo ye ye ya la bso rogs ga ya ya la dgo  
 2rogs la re dga' lo dgo ye ye lo lo da ya rogs ga lo re dgo ye gzes  
 3a la ye ye ye stod la re spang dkar dgo ye ye klad gi bso ya rogs ga me tog go  
 4khyod la re ma gad dgo ye ye dri ma da ya rogs ga zhim gi dgo ye  
 5a la ye ye ye gad la re song na dgo ye ye mig ga bso ya rogs ga yag gi dgo  
 6khyod la re dran shing dgo ye ye can gi bso ya rogs ga me tog go ye  
 7a la ye ye ye ses la re song na dgo ye ye dran rgyu bso ya rogs ga los yin re  
 8da du bso 'e red dgo ye ye de dgong gi ya rogs ga rtсед rogs go

9a la ye ye ye la bso re ya la dgo ye ye ya la bso ya rogs ga ya la dgo  
 10rogs la re dga' lo dgo ye ye lo lo da ya rogs ga lo re dgo ye  
 11a la ye ye ye rogs la re chung lo dgo ye ye snying la bso rogs ga rje bo dgo  
 12khyod la da ma 'grogs dgo ye ye mig la bso ya rogs ga yag gi dgo ye  
 13a la re ye ye ye 'grogs la re btang na dgo ye ye snang ba bso ya rogs  
 ga mthun gi dgo  
 14khyod la re dran shing dgo ye ye can gi da ya rogs ga rogs lo re gzes  
 15a la re ye ye ye 'gal re song na dgo ye ye dran rgyu bso ya rogs ga los  
 yin re  
 16da du bso 'e red dgo ye ye de dgong gi ya rogs ga rtсед rogs ma gzes

SONG TWENTY-SIX: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>སྟོད་སྤང་དཀར་ཀླད་གྱི་མེ་རྟོག།

<sup>2</sup>ཁ་མ་གད་དྲི་མ་ཞིམ་གྱི།

<sup>3</sup>གད་སྟང་ན་མིག་ལ་ཡག་གི།

<sup>4</sup>ཁྱོད་དྲན་ཤིང་ཅན་གྱི་མེ་རྟོག།

<sup>5</sup>ཡལ་སྟང་ན་དྲན་རྒྱུ་ལོས་ཡིན།

<sup>6</sup>རྟོགས་རྒྱུ་ལོ་སྟོང་ལ་རྩེ་བོ།

<sup>7</sup>ཁྱོད་མ་འགྲོགས་མིག་ལ་ཡག་གི།

<sup>8</sup>འགྲོགས་དང་ན་སྤྱང་བ་མཐུན་གྱི།

<sup>9</sup>ཁྱོད་དྲན་ཤིང་ཅན་གྱི་རྟོགས་ལོ།

<sup>10</sup>འག་ལ་སྟང་ན་དྲན་རྒྱུ་ལོས་ཡིན།

<sup>1</sup>stod spang dkar klad kyi me tog

<sup>2</sup>kha ma gad dri ma zhim gi

<sup>3</sup>gad song na mig la yag gi

<sup>4</sup>khyod dran shing can gyi me tog

<sup>5</sup>yal song na dran rgyu los yin

<sup>6</sup>rogs chung lo snying la rje bo

<sup>7</sup>khyod ma 'grogs mig la yag gi

<sup>8</sup>'grog dang na snang ba mthun gi

<sup>9</sup>khyod dran shing can gyi rogs lo

<sup>10</sup>'gal song na dran rgyu los yin



SONG TWENTY-SEVEN: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1ཁ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལ་ལ་གཞོ་ལ་ལ་ལོ།  
 2རྟགས་དགའ་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་ལོ།  
 3ཡེ་ཁྱེད་ལྷང་ར་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལྷང་མའི་གཞོ་བར་ལ་ལོ།  
 4ང་ལྷང་ལྷག་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལྷེ་ན་ཨེ་ཆོག་ལོ།  
 5ཡེ་འདི་མི་ཆོག་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་རྒྱ་གཞིག་གཞོ་ཆེ་ཡོད་རེ།  
 6ང་ལྷེ་ཐོགས་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་བརྒྱ་བོའི་ད་གས་རེ་ལོ།

7ཁ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལ་ལ་ད་ལ་ལ་ལོ།  
 8རྟགས་དགའ་ལོ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་ལོ།  
 9ཡེ་ཁྱེད་ཞི་ལུ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ཞི་མའི་གཞོ་བར་ལ་ལོ།  
 10ཁ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་ལྷང་ས་ན་ཨེ་ཆོག་ལོ།  
 11ཡེ་འདི་མི་ཆོག་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་རྒྱ་གཞིག་གཞོ་ཆེ་ཡོད་རེ།  
 12ང་ལྷེ་ཐོགས་དགོ་ཡང་རེ་བརྒྱ་བོའི་ད་གས་རེ་ལོ།

1'o la ya la dgo yang re ya la bso ya la dgo  
 2rogs dga' lo dgo yang re lo lo da lo re dgo  
 3ye khyod lchang ra dgo yang re glang ma'i bso bar la dgo  
 4nga lchang phrug dgo yang re skye na da 'u chog go  
 5ye 'di mi chog dgo yang re rgyu gzig bso che yod re  
 6nga skye thog dgo yang re brgya bo'i da gras red dgo

7'o la ya la dgo yang re ya la da ya la dgo  
 8rogs dga' lo dgo yang re lo lo da lo re dgo  
 9ye khyod zhi lu dgo yang re zhi mo'i bso bar la dgo  
 10kha la la dgo yang re blangs na da 'u chog dgo  
 11ye 'di mi chog dgo yang re rgyu gzig bso che yod re  
 12nga lte thog dgo yang re brgya bo'i so gras re dgo

SONG TWENTY-SEVEN: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1 ཁྱོད་ལྷང་དང་གླང་མའི་བར་ལ།  
2 ང་ལྷང་ཕུག་སྟེན་ཨེ་ཚོག།  
3 ལར་མི་ཚོག་རྒྱ་འང་ཅི་ཡོད།  
4 ང་སྟེ་ཐོགས་བརྒྱ་པོའི་གས་རེད།

5 ཁྱོད་ཞི་ལུ་ཞི་མའི་བར་ལ།  
6 ཁ་ལ་ལ་ལྷངས་ན་ཨེ་ཚོག།  
7 ལྷངས་མི་ཚོག་རྒྱ་འང་ཅི་ཡོད།  
8 ང་སྟེ་ཐོགས་བརྒྱ་པོའི་གས་རེད།

1 khyod lcang dang glang ma'i bar la  
2 nga lcang phrug skyes na e chog  
3 lar mi chog rgyu ra ci yod  
4 nga skye thog brgya bo'i gras red

5 khyod zhi lu zhi mo'i bar la  
6 kha la la blangs na e chog  
7 blangs mi chog rgyu ra ci yod  
8 nga lte thog brgya bo'i gras

SONG TWENTY-EIGHT: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1 འོ་ལ་གཟིག་གཟོ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཡ་ལ་ལོ།  
2 ཡ་ཁྱོད་རེ་ལ་གི་ད་དགའ་ལོ་རོགས་ལྷ་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ།  
3 འདི་ལ་རེ་ལྷང་ར་ད་གླང་མའི་རོགས་ལྷ་བར་ལ་ལོ།  
4 ཁྱོད་ལ་རེ་ལྷང་ཕུག་ད་སྟེ་རོགས་ལྷ་མ་ཟེར་ལོ།  
5 ཡོ་ཁྱོད་རེ་ལོས་ར་ད་སྟེ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཟེར་ན་ལོ།  
6 ཡོ་ངས་རེ་གཟོ་ར་ད་ཡུ་ནས་རོགས་ལྷ་འབྲེག་རྒྱ་ཡིན།

7འོ་ལ་གཞིག་གཞོ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་རོགས་ལྷ་ཡ་ལ་ལྷོ།  
8རོགས་ལ་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་ལོ་རོགས་ལྷ་ལོ་རེ་ལྷོ།  
9ཡེ་འདི་རོགས་ལ་རེ་ཁ་མཐུན་ད་ཞེ་མཐུན་རོགས་ལྷ་བར་ལ་ལྷོ།  
10ཁྱོས་ལ་རེ་ལ་ལ་གཞོ་ལེན་རྒྱ་རོགས་ལྷ་མ་ཟེར་དགོ།  
11འོ་ཁྱོས་ལ་རེ་ལོས་ར་ད་ལེན་རྒྱ་རོགས་ག་ཟེར་ན་ལྷོ།  
12ཡེ་ངས་རེ་ལ་ལ་ད་སྒྲངས་ནས་རོགས་ལྷ་མི་རྩེ་ལྷོ།

1'o la gzig bso ya la da ya la rogs ga ya la dgo  
2'ya grong re la gi da dga' lo rogs ga lo lo dgo  
3'ye 'di la re lchang ra da glang ma'i rogs ga bar la dgo  
4khyod la re lchang phrug da skye rgyu rogs ga ma zer dgo  
5'ye khyod re los ra da skye rgyu rogs ga zer na dgo  
6'ye ngas re bso rtsa ra da yu nas rogs ga 'breg rgyu yin

7'o la gzig bso ya la da ya la rogs ga ya la dgo  
8'rogs la re dga' lo da lo lo rogs ga lo re dgo  
9'ye 'di rogs la re kha mthun da zhe mthun rogs ga bar la dgo  
10khyos la re la la bso len rgyu rogs ga ma zer dgo  
11'o khyos la re los ra da len rgyu rogs ga zer na dgo  
12'ye ngas re la la da blangs nas rogs ga mi rtse dgo

SONG TWENTY-EIGHT: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

1རེད་ལྷང་དང་སྒྲང་མའི་བར་ལ།  
2ཁྱོད་ལྷང་ལྷག་སྒྲེ་རྒྱ་མ་ཟེར།  
3ཁྱོད་ལོས་ར་ལྷེ་རྒྱ་ཟེར་ན།  
4ངས་ཅ་དང་ཡུ་ནས་འཁྲུག་རྒྱ།

5རོགས་ཁ་མཐུན་ཞེ་མཐུན་བར་ལ།  
6ཁ་ལ་ལ་ལེན་རྒྱ་མ་ཟེར།  
7ཁྱོས་ལོས་ར་ལེན་རྒྱ་ཟེར་ན།  
8ངས་ལ་ལ་སྒྲངས་ནས་མི་རྩེ།

<sup>1</sup>nged lcang dang glang ma'i bar la  
<sup>2</sup>khyod lcang phrug skye rgyus ma zer  
<sup>3</sup>khyod los ra skye rgyus zer na  
<sup>4</sup>ngas rtsa dang yu nas 'breg rgyus

<sup>5</sup>rogs kha mthun zhe mthun bar la  
<sup>6</sup>kha la la len rgyus ma zer  
<sup>7</sup>khyos los ra len rgyus zer na  
<sup>8</sup>ngas la la blangs nas mi rtse

SONG TWENTY-NINE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>འ་ཡ་ལ་འ་ཡ་ལ་བསོ་ཡ་ལ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>2</sup>རྒྱས་དག་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་གཞེས།  
<sup>3</sup>འོ་རྟ་འོ་འོ་བསོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>4</sup>འོ་སྒྲ་གཡུ་མེད་ད་གཞེས་འགྲུ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་གཞེས།  
<sup>5</sup>འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>6</sup>འོ་བཟླ་མི་ལུང་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་གཞེས།

<sup>7</sup>འ་ཡ་ལ་འ་ཡ་ལ་བསོ་ཡ་ལ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>8</sup>རྒྱས་ཆུང་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་གཞེས།  
<sup>9</sup>འོ་རྒྱས་ཆུང་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>10</sup>གཟུགས་སྒྲེ་ལུས་ད་ཆེགས་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>11</sup>འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་  
<sup>12</sup>འོ་བཟླ་མི་ལུང་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་འོ་བྱི་ཕྱགས་མཚོ་མའི་ཁ་ལུག་ཆུང་འཚོ་གི་འགྲོ་

<sup>1</sup>o la ya la da ya la bso ya la dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho mo'i kha lug  
 chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>2</sup>rogs dga' lo da lo lo lo re dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho mo'i kha lug  
 chung 'tsho gi 'gro gzes  
<sup>3</sup>o rta 'do ba bso rin chen da brgyan ma re 'u 'u khri phyogs mtsho  
 mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>4</sup>o sga g.yu seng da gser nag pa tra red 'u 'u khri phyogs mtsho mo'i  
 kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro gzes

- <sup>5</sup>'o zhon ma thub da byang lam bso mtshams na yod 'o 'o khri phyogs  
mtsho mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>6</sup>'o brjed mi thub ngu gangs dkar sems na yod 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho  
mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro gzes  
  
<sup>7</sup>'o la ya la da ya la bso ya la dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho mo'i kha lug  
chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>8</sup>rogs chung lo da lo lo lo re dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho mo'i kha lug  
chung 'tsho gi 'gro gzes  
<sup>9</sup>'o rogs chung lo'i da kha tshig bso mgur dre dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs  
mtsho mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>10</sup>gzugs skye lus da tshigs drug smyug red dgo 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho  
mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>11</sup>'o 'grog mi thub da rgya nag bso rtsib na yod 'o 'o khri phyogs mtsho  
mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro  
<sup>12</sup>'o brjed mi thub da gangs dkar ngu sems na yod 'o 'o khri phyogs  
mtsho mo'i kha lug chung 'tsho gi 'gro

SONG TWENTY-NINE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>རྟ་འདྲེ་བ་རེན་ཆེན་བརྒྱན་མ་རེད།  
<sup>2</sup>སྒྲ་བེ་ཤིང་ག་མེར་ནག་པ་ཏ་རེད།  
<sup>3</sup>ཆོན་མ་ཐུབ་བྱང་ལམ་མཚམས་ན་ཡོད།  
<sup>4</sup>བརྟེན་མ་ཐུབ་གངས་དཀར་སེམས་ན་ཡོད།

<sup>5</sup>རོགས་ཚུང་མོའི་ཁ་ཆོག་མཁར་མ་རེད།  
<sup>6</sup>ག་ཐུགས་སྒྲེ་ལུས་ཆོགས་དྲག་སྒྲུག་མ་རེད།  
<sup>7</sup>འགྲོག་མ་ཐུབ་བྱ་ནག་ཕྱིབ་ན་ཡོད།  
<sup>8</sup>བརྟེན་མ་ཐུབ་གངས་དཀར་སེམས་ན་ཡོད།

<sup>1</sup>rta mdo ba rin chen brgyan ma red  
<sup>2</sup>sga be shing gser nag pa tra red  
<sup>3</sup>zhon ma thub byang lam mtshams na yod  
<sup>4</sup>brjed ma thub gangs dkar sems na yod

<sup>5</sup>rogs chung lo'i kha tshig mgur ma red  
<sup>6</sup>gzugs skye lus tshigs drug smyug ma red

7'grog ma thub rgya nag rtsib na yod  
8'brjed ma thub gangs dkar sems na yod

SONG THIRTY: TEXT AS PERFORMED

1ཁོ་ལ་གཟིག་ཡ་ལ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་ལྟོ།  
2རྟགས་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྟ།  
3འོ་སྟོང་བསོ་སྟོང་ལ་སྟུག་པ་གཞོ་འཐིབས་ན་ལྟོ།  
4ཚོད་གཞོ་ཚོད་ལ་འབྲོང་མོ་གཞོ་བྲན་གི་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྟ།  
5འོ་འབྲོང་མོ་རང་ང་བྲན་ནི་དམ་རེད་ར།  
6འབྲོང་ད་རིགས་འབྲ་རིག་ན་གཞོ་སྟོང་གི་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྟ།གཟིག་།

7ཁོ་ལ་གཞོ་ཡ་ལ་ཡ་ལ་ད་ཡ་ལ་ལྟོ།  
8རྟགས་རེ་དགའ་ལོ་ལོ་ད་ལོ་རེ་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ར་ལྟ།  
9འོ་སྟོང་ལོ་སྟོང་ནས་རྟགས་བརྒྱ་གཞོ་ཅེས་ན་ལྟོ།  
10ཚོད་གཞོ་ཚོད་ལ་རྟགས་ལོ་གཞོ་བྲན་གི་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྟ།  
11འོ་རྟགས་གཞོ་རང་ང་བྲན་ནི་དམ་རེད་ར།  
12རྟགས་ད་རིགས་འབྲ་རིག་ན་གཞོ་སྟོང་གི་ལྟོ་ཨོ་རེ་ལ་ཡ་ན་ལྟ།

1'o la gzig ya la ya la da ya la wo  
2rogs re dga' lo lo lo da lo re wo e ro kha ya na zla  
3'o stod bso stod la smug pa gzo 'thibs na wo  
4tshod gzo tshod la 'brong mo gzo dran gi wo e ro kha ya na zla  
5'o 'brong so rang nga dran ni da ma red ra  
6'brong da rigs 'dra rig na gzo smeng gi wo e ro kha ya na zla gzes

7'o la gzo ya la ya la da ya la wo  
8rogs re dga' lo lo lo da lo re wo e ro kha ya nar zla  
9'o smad so smad nas rogs brgya gzo rtses na wo  
10tshod gzo tshod la rogs lo gzo dran gi e ro kha ya na zla  
11'o rogs gzo rang nga dran ni da ma red ra  
12rogs da rigs 'dra rig na nga smeng gi wo e ro kha ya na zla

SONG THIRTY: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>ཉོད་ཉོད་ལ་སྦྱག་པ་འཐེབས་ན།

<sup>2</sup>ཚོད་ཚོད་ལ་འབྲང་མོ་བྲན་གི།

<sup>3</sup>འབྲང་རང་ར་བྲན་ནི་མ་རེད།

<sup>4</sup>འབྲང་རིགས་འདྲ་རིག་ན་སྦྱང་གི།

<sup>5</sup>སྦྱང་སྦྱང་ནས་རོགས་བརྒྱ་ཅེས་ན།

<sup>6</sup>ཚོད་ཚོད་ལ་རོགས་མོ་བྲན་གི།

<sup>7</sup>རོགས་རང་ར་བྲན་ནི་མ་རེད།

<sup>8</sup>རོགས་རིགས་འདྲ་རིག་ན་སྦྱང་གི།

<sup>1</sup>stod stod la smug pa 'thib na

<sup>2</sup>tshod tshod la 'brong mo dran gi

<sup>3</sup>'brong rang nga dran ni ma red

<sup>4</sup>'brong rigs 'dra rig na smreng gi

<sup>5</sup>smad smad nas rogs brgya rtse na

<sup>6</sup>tshod tshod la rogs lo dran gi

<sup>7</sup>rogs rang nga dran ni ma red

<sup>8</sup>rogs rigs 'dra rig na smreng gi

SONG THIRTY-ONE: TEXT AS PERFORMED

<sup>1</sup>ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་བསོ་རེ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་བསོ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་

<sup>2</sup>རོགས་ལ་རེ་དག་ལ་ལོ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལོ་ལོ་བསོ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལོ་རེ་དགོ་ཡེ།

<sup>3</sup>ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་རྩོ་ལ་རེ་གམ་པ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་མི་འགོ་ལ་རོགས་ག་འདྲག་འུ་ནི་རེད།

<sup>4</sup>ཁུ་ལ་རེ་སྒྲན་མོ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་མི་འདྲག་ལ་རོགས་ག་འགོ་ནི་རེད།

<sup>5</sup>ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཁུ་ལ་རེ་བཞུར་གི་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་བཞུར་ཐག་ལ་རོགས་ག་རིང་ནི་རེད།

<sup>6</sup>རྩོ་ལ་རེ་གམ་པ་དགོ་འོ་འོ་ཡེ་ཡེ་གྱི་ལ་ལེ་ལ་རོགས་ག་བདེ་མོ་བྱུས།

7ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་རེ་ཡ་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ཡ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་  
 8རོགས་ལ་རེ་དག་ལ་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལ་རེ་དགོ་  
 9ཨ་ལ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་རེ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་  
 10ལྷོད་རེ་ལི་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་  
 11ཨ་ལ་རེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་རེ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་རོགས་ག་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་  
 12རོགས་ལ་རེ་ལྷོད་ལ་ལ་དགོ་འི་འི་ཡེ་ཡེ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་ལ་

1a la re ye ye ye ye la bso re ya la dgo 'o 'o ye ye ya la bso ya rogs ga ya  
 ya la dgo  
 2rogs la re dga' lo dgo 'o 'o ye ye lo lo bso ya rogs ga lo re dgo ye  
 3a la ye ye ye ye rdo la re gram pa dgo 'o 'o ye ye mi 'gro ya rogs ga  
 'dug 'u no red  
 4chu la re ngon mo dgo 'o 'o ye ye mi 'dug ya rogs ga 'gro no red  
 5a la ye ye ye ye chu la re bzhur gi dgo 'o 'o ye ye bzhur thag ya rogs ga  
 ring ni red  
 6rdo la re gram pa dgo 'o 'o ye ye kyil le ya rogs ga bde mo byos  
  
 7a la ye ye ye ye la re ya la dgo 'o 'o ye ye ya la ya rogs ga ya ya la dgo  
 8rogs la re dga' lo dgo 'o 'o ye ye lo lo ya rogs ga lo re dgo  
 9a la ye ye ye ye nga la re zhi lu dgo 'o 'o ye ye mi 'dug ya rogs ga 'gro  
 no red  
 10khyod re zhi mo dgo 'o 'o ye ye mi 'gro ya rogs ga 'dug no re  
 11a la re ye ye ye ye nga la re 'gro gi dgo 'o 'o ye ye 'gro thag ya rogs ga  
 ring ni red  
 12rogs la re chung lo'i dgo 'o 'o ye ye sku khams ya rogs ga bde mo byos



SONG THIRTY-ONE: LITERARY POETIC TEXT

<sup>1</sup>ཆུ་སྒོན་མོ་མི་འདུག་བཞུར་ནི་རེད།

<sup>2</sup>རྩོ་གམ་པ་མི་འགོ་འདུག་ནི་རེད།

<sup>3</sup>ཆུ་བཞུར་པ་འི་བཞུར་ཐག་རིང་ནི་རེད།

<sup>4</sup>རྩོ་གམ་པ་ཀྱིས་ལེ་བདེ་མོ་བྱས།

<sup>5</sup>ང་ཞི་ལུ་མི་འདུག་འགོ་ནི་རེད།

<sup>6</sup>ཁྱོད་ཞི་མོ་མི་འགོ་འདུག་ནི་རེད།

<sup>7</sup>ང་འགོ་བའི་འགོ་ཐག་རིང་ནི་རེད།

<sup>8</sup>རྟོགས་ཆུང་ལོ་འི་སྐུ་ཁམས་བདེ་མོ་བྱས།

<sup>1</sup>chu sngon mo mi+i 'dug bzhur no red

<sup>2</sup>rdo gram pa mi 'gro 'dug no red

<sup>3</sup>chu bzhur pa'i bzhur thag ring ni red

<sup>4</sup>rdo gram pa kyil le bde mo byos

<sup>5</sup>nga zhi lu mi 'dug 'gro no red

<sup>6</sup>khyod zhi mo mi 'gro 'dug no red

<sup>7</sup>nga 'gro ba'i 'gro thag ring ni red

<sup>8</sup>rogs chung lo'i sku kham bde mo byos

# PART FOUR

## THE MUSIC

BY

祁慧民 Qi Huimin

## INTRODUCTION

The songs are divided into *glu* and *la gzhas* and illustrate several melodies. In Figure 2, I have added information from Figure 1 and added a new column, 'related melody':

Figure 2. Song details and melody relations.

GLU 'SONGS'				
Category	Name	Time	Singer	Related Melody
<i>bstod glu</i> 'praise'	Song 1	3.00	Chos lo	
	Song 2	2.38	Chos lo	
	Song 3	3.47	Gdugs dkar	
	Song 4	4.29	Gdugs dkar	
	Song 5	3.11	Bsod nams bkra shis	
<i>glu shags</i> 'humorous songs'	Song 6	2.28	Gdugs dkar	
	Song 7	2.04	Chos lo	
	Song 8	1.28	Chos lo	Song 7
	Song 9	3.19	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
	Song 10	1.58	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
	Song 11	1.02	Chos lo	Song 7
<i>bcol glu</i> 'entrusting/ enjoining'	Song 12	2.26	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
	Song 13	2.46	Chos lo	Song 1
<i>gya ston gyi glu</i> '80-year-olds'	Song 14	2.03	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
<i>ra ston gyi glu</i> 'new tents'	Song 15	3.20	Chos lo	Song 1
<i>ne'u ston gyi glu</i> '3-year-old children'	Song 16	3.08	Gdugs dkar	Song 6

<i>skyo glu</i> 'sad songs'	Song 17	4.28	Chos lo	Song 1
<i>bkra shis</i> 'ending'	Song 18	2.24	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
	Song 19	2.19	Gdugs dkar	Song 6
LA GZHAS 'LOVE SONGS'				
Category	Song Name	Time	Singer	Related Melody
<i>rtse 'go'i skor</i> 'beginning'	Song 20	1.03	Lhun 'grub	
	Song 21	1.16	Lhun 'grub	
	Song 22	1.31	Lhun 'grub	
<i>rogs mthun pa'i skor</i> 'falling in love'	Song 23	1.24	Lhun 'grub	
	Song 24	1.21	Lhun 'grub	Song 20
	Song 25	1.47	Lhun 'grub	Variation of Song 22
	Song 26	2.47	Lhun 'grub	
<i>rogs rtsod pa'i skor</i> 'conflict'	Song 27	1.05	Lhun 'grub	
	Song 28	1.12	Lhun 'grub	
<i>rogs dran pa'i skor</i> 'missing my lover'	Song 29	1.47	Lhun 'grub	
	Song 30	1.14	Lhun 'grub	
<i>bde mo 'jog pa'i skor</i> 'ending'	Song 31	2.09	Lhun 'grub	

The first three singers (Bsod nams bkra shis, Chos lo, and Gdugs dkar) sang *glu* and the youngest singer, Lhun 'grub, sang *la gzhas*. I now analyze and present music notation for representative types of these songs.

## GLU 'SONGS'

There are nineteen *glu*. Melody repetition is noticeable in songs Eight to Nineteen, which might be because the songs were sung to be recorded rather than in a more authentic performative environment.

During folk music fieldwork in Qinghai, Shandong, and Zhejiang, I encountered folk singers performing one melody in two or three phrases for a few days while singing solo or question-and-answer songs. An example is the Shanxi folk song, *Lan Huahua*. Although there are eight stanzas of lyrics, a single musical stanza with two musical phrases is repeated seven times. A singer employs various techniques. For example, they may alter the speed at which they sing so the audience will better understand the song.

Vocables such as *o ye*, *a sang ko*, *o la la mo*, and *ye* in these Tibetan songs constitute the melody as an introductory line in free rhythm sung slowly. The lyrics are analyzed and classified in Part One. The music maintains its own rules. Each singer had their own distinctive melody that they repeated. An exception is Bsod nams bkra shis, who sang only one song. Chos lo, who sang eight songs featuring three melodies, is old, his singing is unclear, and the song's key is unstable. Gdugs dkar sang ten songs with four melodies.

## *Bstod glu* 'Praise Songs'

The first phrase is the introductory line and the following phrase in this group of songs is mostly a variation of the introduction or the second or third line. The lyrics determine the variation of melodies. For example, in Song Three, the melody is stable from the third phrase, and then the skeleton of the variation in later phrases is as follows, owing to the number of words in the lyrics:



I record the first part and do not write the repeated melody in the following notations for songs One, Two, Three, Four, and Five.

### Song One







*Glu shaqs* 'Humorous Songs'

In the six *glu shags*, the melodies of songs Six and Seven are repeated. Song Eight repeats Song Seven, Song Nine repeats Song Six, Song Ten repeats Song Six, and Song Eleven repeats Song Seven. Below I give the first parts of songs Six and Seven and do not write the music for repeated parts. Furthermore, the rhythm of the second phrase of Song Seven is not free. This differentiates *glu shags* and *bstod glu*.

## Song Six

[illegible]

## Song Seven

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system (measures 1-4) features a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the vocal melody with eighth notes and a final half note. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The third system (measures 9-12) shows the vocal melody with a final half note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. The score is written in a clear, legible font with standard musical notation.

Song Seven, which has four phrases, differs from other *glu*. The rhythm stabilizes at the end of the first phrase. The 2/4 time signature becomes the main rhythm. Ensuing phrases are variations of this part. There are variations in Song Seven, e.g., see:

Example 1. A variation of the third phrase.



Example 2. A variation of the fourth phrase.

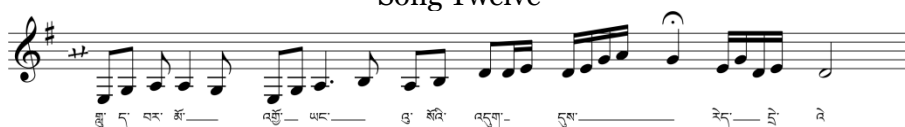


Variations of Song One and Song Six

No new melodies appear in the remaining six categories of *glu*: *bcot glu*, *bya ston gyi glu*, *ra ston gyi glu*, *ne'u ston gyi glu*, *skyo glu*, and *bkra shis*. Song One (Chos lo) and Song Six (Gdugs dkar) were repeated. Gdugs dkar sang Song Seven. Chos lo and Gdugs dkar took turns singing and used their own melodies. Only Gdugs dkar sang Song Six in the *bkra shis* category.

As mentioned, *glu* often have three lines of lyrics, but to allow more people to have a chance to sing, the singer may omit the second line and go directly to the third set of lyrics. Among the *glu* songs, only songs Twelve and Fourteen feature three lines of lyrics. The melodies of these two songs repeat the melody of Song Six. Consequently, only one phrase of the second stanza is recorded below.

## Song Twelve



## LA GZHAS 'LOVE SONGS'

*La gzhas* is a category with sections of two stanzas each: *rtse 'go'i skor* 'beginning song', *rogs mthun pa'i skor* 'falling in love', *rogs rtsod pa'i skor* 'conflict song', *rogs dran pa'i skor* 'missing a lover', and *bde mo 'jog pa'i skor* 'ending'. Each song constitutes a love story. Compared to *glu*, the music of *la gzhas* is vivid and variable. *Rogs mthun pa'i skor* 'falling in love' of Song Twenty-four is very similar to Song Twenty, and Song Twenty-five is a variant of Song Twenty-two. Lhun 'grub's melodious voice presents us with a love story.

There are five categories of *la gzhas*. Each category features different songs. I do not give the musical notation for melodies that are repeated.

*Rogs mthun pa'i skor* 'Falling in Love'

## Song Twenty



## Song Twenty-one

5

9

Later, Song Twenty-one repeats the following phrase:

## Song Twenty-two

1

2

3

4

# Song Twenty-three



The skeleton of Song Twenty-three repeats. The first line has fewer lyrics than the second line, which changes into the rhythm notes XXX in the last beat of the last bar:



Song Twenty-five is a variation of Song Twenty-two. The following are variants:

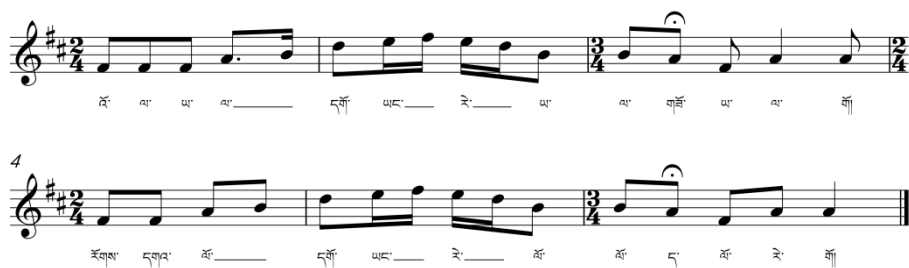


# Song Twenty-six



*Rogs rtsod pa'i skor* 'Conflict Songs'

Song Twenty-seven



Two staves of musical notation for Song Twenty-seven. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. The second staff begins with a '4' above the first measure, indicating a four-measure phrase. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. Both staves have Tibetan lyrics written below the notes.

Song Twenty-eight



Five staves of musical notation for Song Twenty-eight. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. The second staff begins with a '4' above the first measure, indicating a four-measure phrase. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. The third staff begins with a '7' above the first measure, indicating a seven-measure phrase. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. The fourth staff begins with an '11' above the first measure, indicating an eleven-measure phrase. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. The fifth staff begins with a '15' above the first measure, indicating a fifteen-measure phrase. It contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change, and then another two measures. Both staves have Tibetan lyrics written below the notes.

5

9

13

5

## CONCLUSION

Omission and simplification often figure prominently in the reduction and disappearance of folk music. Song Twenty-six below is in the main part, devoid of repetitions:



Also, singers may wish to simplify a song, believing a prolonged period of repetition is monotonous. In Song Twenty-eight, for example, the singer simplifies a song with seventeen bars into this phrase:



Another obvious example is that the second stanza in *glu* was deleted because the singer wanted to give other singers space and time to sing, but is this beneficial to the development of such songs?

In the two groups of songs, *la gzhas* display more variation than *glu*. When the elders sang *glu*, their breathing was weak, their pronunciation was unclear, and their memory of the songs had faded. Despite these limitations, this work is precious. Rapid social transformations and widespread access to social media, and the ever-expanding variety of immediately available global performances help explain why younger community members are not inheriting most Tibetan folk songs, foretelling a time when these songs will have vanished.



# PART FIVE

## PHOTOGRAPHS

## LANDSCAPE AND LIVESTOCK

1. My family in the summer pasture in the sixth month (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, Gnam mkha, b. 1994) in 2016. Around twenty-five households pitched their tents in two lines on both sides of a small river. We moved here from the winter pasture late in the fifth month to graze our livestock for two months.



2. My family's tent (below). When I was a child, there was no road for trucks and cars. Before dawn, my parents would load the yaks with our family items that included a shelf for Buddha images and scriptures, our yak-hair tent, one to three kettles and pots, wooden pails, sheepskin blankets, robes, yak skin mats, several yak skin packages of barley flour, dry cheese, and chunks of butter. Father rode a fine horse and, at dawn, drove our family sheep to the summer pasture. Great Aunt rode a gentle horse and took Younger Sister and me. We also helped my sisters drive the yaks. Mother was at the end with our ferocious mastiff, which could be very dangerous for passersby. It took a whole day to settle in the new pasture, where we had to make a *tsha thab*,<sup>68</sup> and Mother made an adobe stove. We also erected an adobe

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<sup>68</sup> The family sleeps on an adobe platform one *chi* in height built on the right side of the tent.

platform where we stored our food packages and put up the shelf that supported deity images and scriptures. It was hard work moving from one pasture to another. However, in 2015 and 2016, the government improved the roads to the pastures. My family members loaded what they needed on a *rkang gsum* 'three-wheeled truck'. It took twenty minutes to reach the summer pasture. Sometimes, my father and younger sister transported all the family's necessities on their motorcycles to the summer pasture. Beforehand, my brother would ride his motorcycle and drive the sheep to the summer pasture. In contrast, my sister-in-law and younger sister rode one motorcycle and drove our yaks (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town).



3. Autumn pasture (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2015, Ku b+ha).



4. Zog ba (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2010, Lhun 'grub). In 2010 after grazing our livestock for one and half months in the autumn pasture (Picture 3), we moved to Zog ba to keep our livestock off the winter pasture. Older people in every family moved to the winter pasture. Younger people kept their livestock here (Picture 4) for about a month. Five families pitched their tents and lived there. It was our best annual pasture experience because we grazed livestock together in the daytime and sang at night. As suggested earlier, *la gzhas* feature song content with romance and physical intimacy, limiting the occasions and the audience to whom they can be performed. We had no worries about many taboos because the people here were in their twenties to forties and were not closely related. We could sing love songs during both the day and night. Since about 2013, most women in my tribe have operated motorcycles and no longer need to stay here at night. After tethering their livestock in the evening, they drove back to the winter pastures where houses had been built. They commented, "We don't want to stay here because we prefer to watch TV at night in our warm houses."



5. Winter pasture (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 27 May 2017, Lhun 'grub).



6. Mdo ba Town Center (2015, Rgya mo skyid).





## PEOPLE AND LIFE

7. Father makes a fire in our stove. Rta 'grin tshe brtan is locally known as Rta lo. We, his children, call him "A rga" 'Brother'. Other people ask, "Why don't you (I and my other four siblings) call him A rgya 'Father'?" We don't have a clear answer. Mother said, "When you were very little, you called your great uncle, A rgya. After Great Uncle's departure, you could no longer call your father A rgya because we were afraid it might upset Great Aunt if someone caused her to recall her husband (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 27 May 2017, Lhun 'grub).



8. Tshe ring sgrol ma (b. 1993) milks yaks (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2016, Rgya mo skyid).





9. My mother feeds an orphan lamb (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2016, Rgya mo skyid).



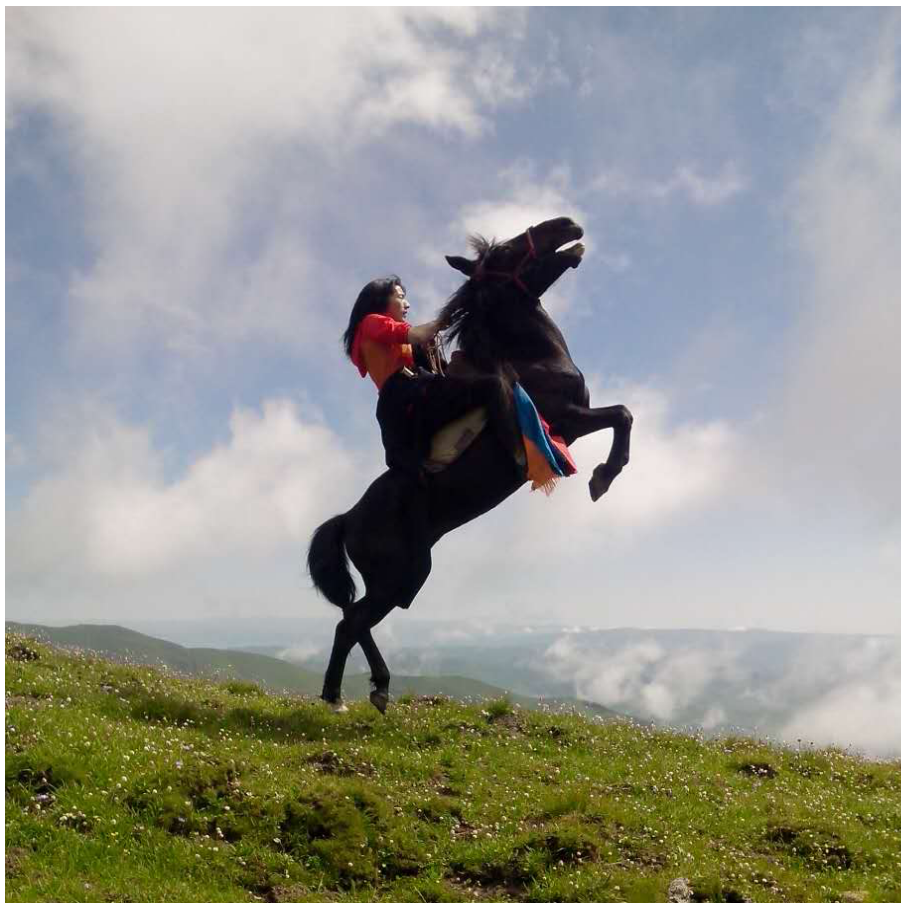
10. Yu b+ha (b. 1966), a local woman (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2015, Bkra kho).



11. Mkhar mo bkra shis (b. 2013) (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2017, Lhun 'grub).



12. G.yang drung thar (b. 1994) is my aunt's second son. He herded his sheep on his fine horse and then raced downslope, encouraging his horse to perform as shown in this photograph (Mdo ba Town, 2014, Tshe ring don 'grub).



13. Rin chen (b. ~1920; Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, Reb gong County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon Province, 2016, Bkra shis rab brtan).

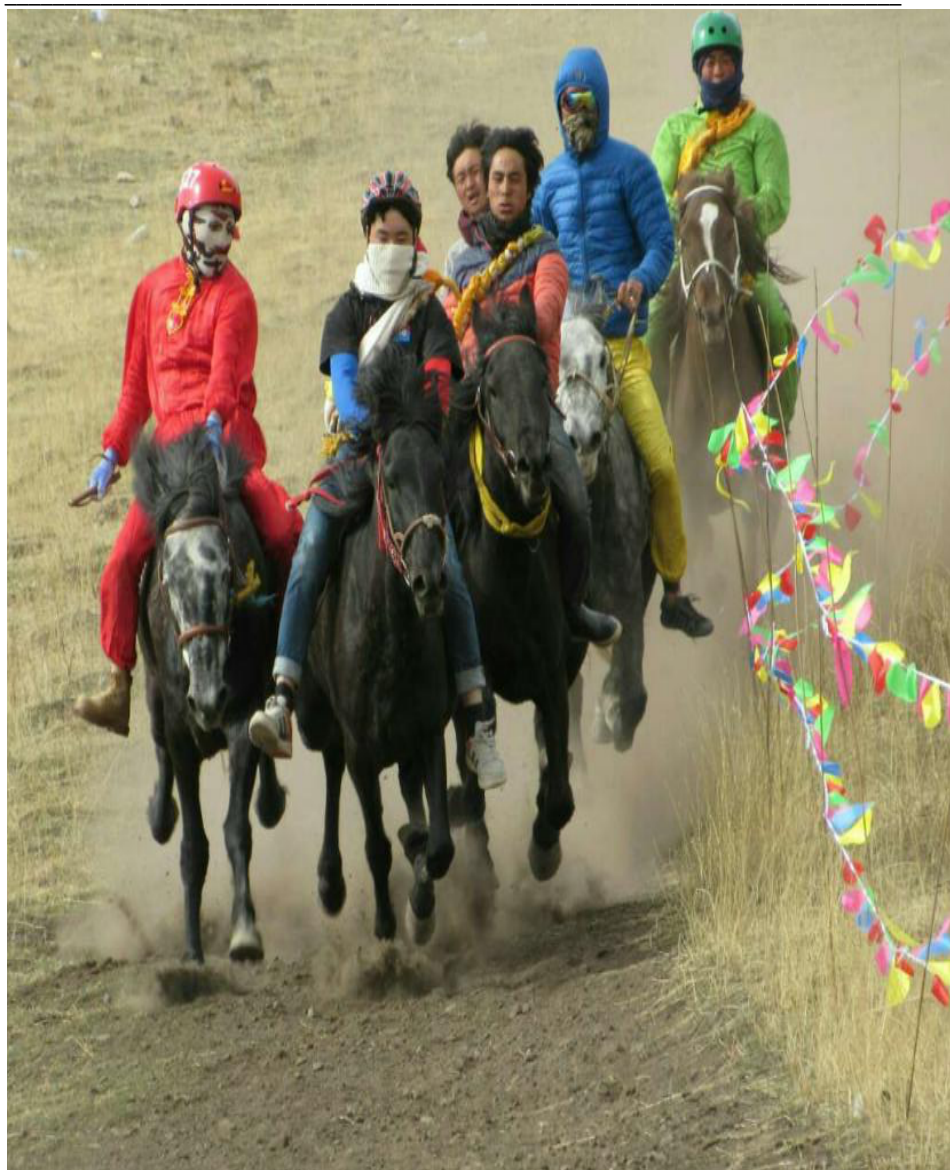


## LOCAL ACTIVITIES

14 and 15. Horseraces. The riders were all young men from six communities in Mdo ba. The horserace organizers and community leaders allowed only young men with a minimum weight of fifty kilograms to ride in the *rgyug rta* 'horse for racing' competition (Mdo ba Town, 2016, Ku b+ha).







16. Checking the horse's browband (Mdo ba Town, 2015, Bkra shis).





17 and 18. *Lab tse* (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 14 June 2017, Tshe ring don 'grub).



19. *Lab tse* (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 15 June 2016, Tshe ring don 'grub).



20. Wedding. The bride, seventeen-year-old Byams pa skyid, was about to leave her home when I took this picture. There were around fifty people at the ceremony at the bride's home. Twelve men were preparing to escort the bride. After waiting for about ten minutes for the escorts to get ready, the bride's relatives also accompanied her. The groom and his escorts had just left, and several singers from the bride's side had sung *bcol glu* to the groom's side (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2016, Lhun 'grub).



21. Night gathering. Families holding a wedding ceremony might have invited locals once or twice after the wedding day. Generally, they invited them at night when they had more time to enjoy themselves. In this photo, about fifty people had gathered in the groom's home at around nine PM, just after the groom's family has served dinner to the guests. One of the groom's relatives sat by the stove and poured milk tea if guests requested it. He also urged singers to sing. They first sang *glu*. Around ten-thirty PM after elders left, about thirty people remained. Five singers began singing *la gzhas* (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, Mtsho sngon Province, 2016, Lhun 'grub).





22. *Glu* singer, Mkha 'gro (b. 1984), in Sgro rong bo Community, considered one of the best local singers and invited to sing at weddings, song competitions, and other gatherings. Before 2010, there were no microphones, so singers put one hand to their ear and held a *kha btags* in the other while singing. This changed after microphones were adopted. Older singers were uncomfortable with microphones and refused to use them, while singers younger than thirty were pleased to sing into microphones. Unlike exceptional singers such as Mkha 'gro, most local residents in their thirties cannot sing *glu* (folk song competition, Reb gong County, 2016, Pad ma skyabs).



23. Singing *la gzhas* (Mdo ba Town, Reb gong County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon Province, 2016, Lhun 'grub). I took this picture during a night gathering in a restaurant. Since 2015, a couple from Ldong nge has operated the restaurant, managing night gatherings and inviting local *la gzhas* singers to sing. Around thirty people and two *la gzhas* singers were at Mkha 'gro that night (including a female singer from Rgya 'du). The restaurant owner asked us not to take videos because they did not want them shared. Some audience members offered *kha btags* to encourage the performers to sing again. I also offered two *kha btags* to the singers and took a picture. It was my only opportunity that evening to photograph the singers. This gathering was unlike others I attended when I was a young boy. This evening, the audience paid little attention to the singers. Some chatted, munched on sunflower seeds, and enjoyed beer. Only about fifteen people remained by ten PM, and few seemed to enjoy the songs. I heard that about seventy people might have attended when singers sang modern songs such as *glu dbyangs* and *rdung len* on other nights.



24. Tshe ring skyid (b. 1935). Very old people wore lambskin hats during Lo sar. Occasionally, a bride wore one during her wedding, and a three-year-old child might have worn one during their first haircut celebration (Sgro rong bo Community, Mdo ba Town, 2015, Dbang lo).





25. Dkon mchog skyabs' first haircut on the day his family celebrated his first haircut in Kha skya. Sitting to the right is Rta 'grin, one of the community's wealthiest and most trusted men. The family invited him to cut Dkon mchog skyabs' hair around nine AM. Rta 'grin braids the pigtail. Families have different preferences regarding their children's hair at their three-year-old haircutting ceremony. Children in Dkon mchog skyabs' family had a pigtail. After the boy's hair was cut, guests came, and some sang, congratulating the parents (Kha skya Community, Mdo ba Town, Rgya mo skyid).



# CONCLUSION

One day in early 2015, I phoned my friend, who later became my wife (Rgya mo skyid), at her home in Mdo ba Town, where she lived with her uncle and his two daughters. I invited her to my home during Lo sar. She replied, "I can't come until the day after tomorrow because tomorrow is the birthday of one of my cousins. Uncle bought a birthday cake tonight, and we'll celebrate tomorrow. It will be her second birthday celebration."

The next day, Rgya mo skyid sent me some videos of the birthday celebration via WeChat.<sup>69</sup> The little girl was wearing a Tibetanized shirt, blue-gray jeans, and a birthday hat and shyly blowing out sparkling candles in the birthday cake. Some of her friends sang "Happy Birthday" in Chinese. The difference between those my age and those about ten years younger is enormous regarding many fundamental aspects of life, including food, celebrations, clothing, recreation, and conversation topics.

Over the following months, I joined several gatherings with former classmates and attended wedding and birthday celebrations in Mdo ba Town and Reb gong County Town. I felt uncomfortably like an outsider because the songs they played and practiced were unfamiliar. I struggled to learn what they preferred, which included hip-hop and popular Chinese songs.

When I attended high school, I learned popular songs in Chinese and English and sang some to my classmates when they asked me to perform during gatherings. My classmates praised me, exclaiming, "You are now catching up with modernization!"

I left for Xi'an City in 2012 to continue my education. Everyone around me spoke Chinese. There were very few Tibetans in my school. I sent WeChat messages to my friends and asked them to send me Tibetan folk songs when I felt homesick. I relaxed when I listened to these songs. Later, when I joined parties, I preferred to sing Tibetan songs, especially folk songs. Most Tibetans at these parties were younger than me and unable to sing these songs. I was surprised that

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<sup>69</sup> In 2020, WeChat was China's most popular messaging app with a monthly user base of more than one billion (<https://cnb.cx/2GmqjNJ>, accessed 24 August 2019).

some of my younger friends didn't understand the meaning of Tibetan folk songs. Various factors explain this. Some never had a chance to participate in local gatherings because they grew up in towns. Some were born in rural areas but attended primary boarding schools and spent most of the year away from home after the age of seven. Furthermore, having experienced difficulties because of their poor Chinese language skills, many Tibetan parents encourage their children to access Chinese language learning resources and learn Chinese well.

Change happens fast. Each time I go home, even after just a few months away, locals are busy building new red-brick homes and buying furniture, big-screen TVs, motorcycles, vehicles, smartphones, and so on. Locals often ask me to adjust their TVs and find program signals. Family members now often gaze at TV screens when having meals together instead of enjoying conversations.

Children's games today are very different from what I played as a boy. For example, my parents were busy preparing for Lo sar when I went home during the winter holiday in 2017. As usual, I helped Father clean Buddha images and arrange them in the shrine room. After we finished, I went to herd sheep with my brother and found neighboring children playing on a small hill. I curiously approached them. Each child had a one-meter-long stick and was lying behind the hill, pointing their sticks at "soldiers" on the other side. When I asked what they were playing, they replied, "We are killing Japanese soldiers," apparently imitating what they had seen on TV.

Future generations will become increasingly disinterested in traditional aspects of Tibetan culture, such as folk songs if we do not use new media to introduce inspirational ideas, create new presentations, make them meaningful, and make them proud of their heritage.

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TIBETAN TERMS

'bo ra འོ་ར།  
 'brug mo byams འབྲུག་མོ་བྱམས།  
 'brug mo mkhar འབྲུག་མོ་མཁར།  
 'brug mo mtsho འབྲུག་མོ་མཚོ།  
 'bru mo'i gzho dbyangs  
     འབྲུ་མོ་འི་གཞོ་དབྱངས།  
 'bum pa འབུམ་པ།  
 'chi kha gtam ma mang/ nyal  
     kha chu ma mang  
     འཛི་ཁ་གཏམ་མ་མང་། ཉལ་ཁ་ཚུ་མ་མང་།  
 'jam dbyangs bkra shis  
     འཇམ་དབྱངས་བརྒ་ཤིས།  
 'phags pa skyabs འཕགས་པ་སྐྱབས།  
 a chen ཨ་ཅེན།  
 a mchog ཨ་མཚོག།  
 a mdo ཨ་མདོ།  
 a mye rdza rgan ཨ་མྱེ་རྩ་རྒན།  
 a rga ཨ་ར།  
 a rgya ཨ་རྒྱ།  
 a yig ཨ་ཡིག།  
 b+ha b+ha བླ་བླ།  
 bcol glu བཅོལ་གླུ།  
 bde mo 'jog pa'i skor  
     བདེ་མོ་འཇོག་པའི་སྐོར།

bka' rams pa dge 'dun rgya  
     mthso  
     བཀའ་རམས་པ་དགེ་འདུན་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 bkra kho བརྒ་ཁོ།  
 bkra lo བརྒ་ལོ།  
 bkra shis བརྒ་ཤིས།  
 bkra shis rab brtan  
     བརྒ་ཤིས་རབ་བརྟན།  
 bkra shis sgrol ma བརྒ་ཤིས་སྒྲོལ་མ།  
 bkra shis skyid བརྒ་ཤིས་སྐྱིད།  
 bla brang བླ་བརྒན།  
 bla ma བླ་མ།  
 blo brtan rdo rje བློ་བརྟན་རྡོ་རྗེ།  
 blo bzang 'phrin las lung rtogs  
     rgya mtsho  
     བློ་བཟང་འཕྲིན་ལས་ལུང་རྟོགས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 blo bzang 'phrin las rgya  
     mtsho བློ་བཟང་འཕྲིན་ལས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 blo bzang bstan pa'i rgya  
     mtsho བློ་བཟང་བསྐྱེན་པའི་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 blo bzang chos grags rgya  
     mtsho བློ་བཟང་ཆོས་གྲགས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 bod gling བོད་གླིང་།  
 bsang བསང་།  
 bsang bdag བསང་བདག།

bsang chu བསང་ཚུ།  
 bsang khog བསང་ཁོག།  
 bsod noms bkra shis  
     བསོད་ནམས་བརྒྱ་ཤིས།  
 bsod noms bstan 'dzin  
     བསོད་ནམས་བསྟན་འཛིན།  
 bsod noms sgrol ma  
     བསོད་ནམས་སྒྲོལ་མ།  
 bstan 'dzin 'jigs med skal ldan  
     dpal bzang བསྟན་འཛིན་འཇིགས་མེད་  
     སྐལ་ལྷན་དཔལ་བཟང་།  
 bstan pa བསྟན་པ།  
 bstod glu བསྟོད་གླུ།  
 btsun ne བཙུན་ནེ།  
 bu mo 'gro sa gnas, ban de 'gro  
     sa sgar  
     བུ་མོ་འགོ་ས་གནས། བན་དེ་འགོ་ས་སྐར།  
 bya nag gshog rdeb  
     བྱ་ནག་གཤོག་རེབ།  
 byams pa skyid བྱམས་པ་སྦྱིད།  
 chos 'phel ཆོས་འཕེལ།  
 chos grags rgya mtsho  
     ཆོས་གྲགས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 chos lo ཆོས་ལོ།  
 chu skyes dge 'dun dpal bzang  
     ཚུ་སྦྱེས་དགེ་འདུན་དཔལ་བཟང་།

chur ba ཚུར་བ།  
 dang sa དང་ས།  
 dbang lo དབང་ལོ།  
 dge 'dun 'phrin las rab rgyas  
     དགེ་འདུན་འཕྲིན་ལས་རབ་རྒྱས།  
 dge 'dun chos 'phel  
     དགེ་འདུན་ཆོས་འཕེལ།  
 dge 'dun chos 'phel slob 'bring  
     དགེ་འདུན་ཆོས་འཕེལ་སྒྲོབ་འབྲིང་།  
 dge 'dun rgya mtsho  
     དགེ་འདུན་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 dge lo དགེ་ལོ།  
 dgos 'dod དགོས་འདོད།  
 dgu chu དགུ་ཚུ།  
 ding ru'i gling bu དིང་རུའི་གླིང་བུ།  
 dka' lo དཀ་ལ་ལོ།  
 dkar mdzes དཀར་མཛེས།  
 dkar ril དཀར་རིལ།  
 dkon mchog skyabs  
     དཀོན་མཆོག་སྦྱབས།  
 dmyal ba དམྱལ་བ།  
 do lam འོ་ལམ།  
 Do wa Drog, mdo ba 'brog  
     མདོ་བ་འབྲོག་  
 dpa ris དཔ་འའ་རིས།  
 dpa ris lug glu དཔ་འའ་རིས་ལུག་གླུ།



dpa tog དཔ་ཏོག  
 dpyi sa དཔྱི་སཱ།  
 dud 'gro ལུང་འགོ།  
 dung dkar blo bzang 'phrin las  
 ལུང་དཀར་བློ་བཟང་འཕྲིན་ལས།  
 dung dkar tshig mdzod  
 ལུང་དཀར་ཆིག་མཛོད།  
 g.yang drung thar གཡང་རྩུང་ཐར།  
 g.yu sngogs གཡུ་སྒོག་ས།  
 gad dmar གད་དམར།  
 gad dmar dgu chu གད་དམར་དགུ་ཚུ།  
 gcan tsha གཅན་ཚ།  
 gcod pa གཅོད་པ།  
 gdu b+he གདུ་བླེ།  
 gdugs dkar གདུགས་དཀར།  
 ge sar གེ་སར།  
 glang dmar གླང་དམར།  
 glu གླུ།  
 glu gcig la 'di 'dra 'gor don ci གླུ་  
 གཅིག་ལ་འདི་འདྲ་འགོར་དོན་ཅི།  
 glu med na glu sgo 'byed don ci  
 གླུ་མེད་ན་གླུ་སྒོ་འབྱེད་དོན་ཅི།  
 glu shags གླུ་ཤགས།  
 glu skad གླུ་སྐད།  
 gnam mkha གནམ་མཁའ།  
 gnam rgyal sgrol ma

གཙམ་རྒྱལ་སྒྲོལ་མ།  
 gya ston gyi glu གྱུ་སྟོན་གྱི་གླུ།  
 hu tse ལུ་ཅེ།  
 jag glu ring mo ཇག་གླུ་རིང་མོ།  
 jo khang ཇོ་ཁང།  
 ka cu ཀ་ཚུ།  
 kan lho ཀན་ལྷོ།  
 kan su'u ཀན་སུ་འུ།  
 kha btags ཁ་བཏགས།  
 kha skya ཁ་སྐྱུ།  
 kho de ཁོ་དེ།  
 khra btsem ཁ་བཅེམ།  
 khyi rnga ཁྱི་ར།  
 khyo'i glu sgrig ma red  
 ཁྱིའི་གླུ་སྒྲིག་མ་རེད།  
 khyos glu rko bzhin yod dam  
 ཁྱོས་གླུ་རྒོ་བཞིན་ཡོད་དམ།  
 khyung bo skyabs ཁྱུང་བོ་སྐྱབས།  
 klu chu ལུ་ཚུ།  
 klu mo ལུ་མོ།  
 klu mo dkar mo'i sgrung  
 ལུ་མོ་དཀར་མོའི་སྒུང།  
 klu mo mtsho ལུ་མོ་མཚོ།  
 klu sgrub ལུ་སྒྲུབ།  
 ku b+ha ལུ་བླ།  
 la gzhas ལ་གཞས།

lab tse ལའ་ཅེ།  
 lcags mo ལུགས་མོ།  
 lcags mo skyid ལུགས་མོ་སྒྱིད།  
 lcags rgya ལུགས་རྒྱ།  
 lcags so lhun 'grub  
     ལུགས་སོ་ལུན་འགྲུབ།  
 lcags thur rgyal ལུགས་ཐུར་རྒྱལ།  
 ldong nge ལྷོང་ངེ།  
 len skad ལེན་སཀད།  
 lha ལྷ།  
 lha do ལྷ་དོ།  
 lha ma yin ལྷ་མ་ཡིན།  
 lha mo ལྷ་མོ།  
 lha rgod skyabs ལྷ་རྟོད་སྐྱམས།  
 lha sa ལྷ་ས།  
 lhu b+ha ལུ་བྷ།  
 lhun 'grub ལུན་འགྲུབ།  
 lo sar ལོ་སར།  
 ma Ni མ་ནི།  
 ma sri མ་སྤྱི།  
 mang ra མང་ར།  
 mchod khri མཚོད་ཁྲི།  
 mchod pa མཚོད་པ།  
 mdo ba མདོ་བ།  
 mdo ba 'brog མདོ་བ་འབྲོག།  
 mdo ba tA ni མདོ་བ་རྒྱ་ནི།

mdo ba tA ni dgyes 'dzoms  
     མདོ་བ་རྒྱ་ནི་དགེས་འཛོམས།  
 mdo ba zhang མདོ་བ་ཅང་།  
 mdo ba zhang 'phrod bsten  
     gling མདོ་བ་ཅང་འཕྲོད་བསྟེན་གླིང་།  
 mdo sngags dar rgyas gling  
     མདོ་སྐྱགས་དར་རྒྱས་གླིང་།  
 mdzo མཛོ།  
 mdzo mo མཛོ་མོ།  
 mgar rtse མགར་རཅེ།  
 mgo log མགོ་ལོག།  
 mgon po mtsho མགོན་པོ་མཚོ།  
 mgon po skyabs མགོན་པོ་སྐྱམས།  
 mgon shul མགོན་ཤུལ།  
 mi མི།  
 mi shes na rgan par dris, mi  
     rig na sgang la bud  
     མི་ཤེས་ན་རྒན་པར་དྲིས། མི་རིག་ན་སྤང་ལ་བུད།  
 mkha 'gro མཁའ་འགོ།  
 mkhar byams rgya མཁར་བྱམས་རྒྱ།  
 mkhar mo bkra shis  
     མཁར་མོ་བཀྲ་ཤིས།  
 mtsho byang མཚོ་བྱང་།  
 mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།  
 mtsho nub མཚོ་བུབ།  
 mtsho shar མཚོ་ཤར།

mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།  
 mtsho sngon po མཚོ་སྒོན་པོ།  
 nan cin dmar gsod chen mo  
 ནན་ཅིན་དམར་གསོད་ཆེ་མོ།  
 ne'u skra རེ་ལུ་སྐྱ།  
 ne'u ston gyi glu རེ་ལུ་སྟོན་གྱི་གླུ།  
 ngag dbang 'phrin las rgya  
 mtsho དག་དབང་འཕྲིན་ལས་ཀྱི་མཚོ།  
 nyi ma tshe ring ཉི་མ་ཚེ་རིང་།  
 nyi ma tshe ring dang zla  
 bzang sgrol ma  
 ཉི་མ་ཚེ་རིང་དང་སྐྱ་བཟང་སྒོལ་མ།  
 o ye ཨོ་ཡེ།  
 pad+ma mtsho པད་མ་མཚོ།  
 phag mo bde mtsho ཕག་མོ་བདེ་མཚོ།  
 po ta la པོ་ཏ་ལ།  
 ra ston gyi glu ར་སྟོན་གྱི་གླུ།  
 ram dkar རམ་དཀར།  
 rdo rje རོ་རྗེ།  
 rdo rje tshe ring རོ་རྗེ་ཚེ་རིང་།  
 rdung len རུང་ལེན།  
 rdza lung gong ma རྩ་ལུང་གོང་མ།  
 rdza lung zhol ma རྩ་ལུང་ཞོལ་མ།  
 rdza rgan རྩ་རྒན།  
 reb gong རེབ་གོང་།  
 rgan gya རན་གྱ།

rgan gya'i skar ma dang sman  
 'tshong tshe skyid  
 རན་གྱའི་སྐར་མ་དང་སྐར་མཚོ་ཆེ་སྟེང་།  
 rgya 'du རྒྱ་འདུ།  
 rgya gdang chos lo རྒྱ་གདང་ཆོས་ལོ།  
 rgya gling རྒྱ་གླིང་།  
 rgya gor རྒྱ་གོར།  
 rgya mo skyid རྒྱ་མོ་སྟེང་།  
 rgyang phrag རྒྱལ་ཕྱག  
 rgyug rta རྒྱལ་རྟ།  
 ril mo རིལ་མོ།  
 rin chen རིན་ཆེན།  
 rin chen tshe ring རིན་ཆེན་ཚེ་རིང་།  
 ris sgar རིས་སྐར།  
 rkang gling རཀང་གླིང་།  
 rkang gsum རཀང་གསུམ།  
 rkang tsha རཀང་ཚ།  
 rma chu རམ་ཚུ།  
 rma lho རམ་ལྷོ།  
 rnam thar རྣམ་ཐར།  
 rnga ba རྣ་བ།  
 rogs dran pa'i skor  
 རོགས་བྲན་པའི་སྐོར།  
 rogs mthun རོགས་མཐུན།  
 rogs mthun pa'i skor  
 རོགས་མཐུན་པའི་སྐོར།

rogs rtsod pa'i skor

རོགས་རྩོད་པའི་སྐོར།

rong bo རོང་བོ།

rta 'grin ཏ་འགྲིན།

rta 'grin tshe brtan ཏ་འགྲིན་ཚེ་བརྟན།

rta b+ha ཏ་བ།

rta lo ཏ་ལོ།

rta nag sgrog 'gros ཏ་ནག་སྒྲོག་འགོས།

rtsam pa རྩམ་པ།

rtse 'go'i skor རྩེ་འགོའི་སྐོར།

rtse khog རྩེ་ཁོག།

sa cha re la dpe re, lung pa re

na chu re

ས་ཆ་རེ་ལ་དཔེ་རེ། ལུང་པ་རེ་ན་ཆུ་རེ།

sbra སྤྱ།

sbyin pa rgya mtsho སྤྱིན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ།

sga ru སྐ་རུ།

sgrig སྒྲིག།

sgro b+hu སྒོ་བུ།

sgro lha སྒོ་ལྷ།

sgro rong bo སྒོ་རོང་བོ།

sgro tshang སྒོ་ཚང།

sgrol kho སྒོ་ལ་ཁོ།

sgrol ma སྒོ་ལ་མ།

sgrol ma mtsho སྒོ་ལ་མ་མཚོ།

sgrol ma skyid སྒོ་ལ་མ་སྦྱིད།

sgyo སྟོ།

sgyo 'khyog yin, sgyo ril yin

སྟོ་འཁྱོག་ཡིན། སྟོ་རིལ་ཡིན།

sgyo ril སྟོ་རིལ།

sgyo skam yin nam, sgyo ril yin

སྟོ་སྐམ་ཡིན་ནམ། སྟོ་རིལ་ཡིན།

sha bo ཤ་བོ།

shar skyabs mgon skal ldan

rgya mtsho

འར་སྐུབས་མགོན་སྐལ་ལཱ་རྒྱལ་མཚོ།

shug rgan ཤུག་རྒན།

shug rgan dgu chu ཤུག་རྒན་དགུ་ཆུ།

si khron སི་ཁྲོན།

skad can zhig gis khrom pa

skyid la skur

སྐད་ཅན་ཞིག་གིས་ཁྲོན་པ་སྦྱིད་ལ་སྐར།

skad med zhig gis khrom pa 'ur

la skur

སྐད་མེད་ཞིག་གིས་ཁྲོན་པ་ལུར་ལ་སྐར།

skal bzang སྐལ་བཟང།

skal bzang nor bu སྐལ་བཟང་ནོར་བུ།

skal bzang skyabs སྐལ་བཟང་སྐུབས།

skal ldan rgya msho'i dang sa

སྐལ་ལཱ་རྒྱལ་མཚོའི་དང་ས།

sko b+hes སྐོ་བེས།

skyo glu སྐོ་གུ།

sman bla skaybs མཆོད་ལྷ་སྐྱབས།  
 spang sngo gdang སྤང་སྒོ་གདང་།  
 srid pa a yig gi dbyibs ltar  
     chags pa  
     སྤྲོད་པ་ཨ་ཡིག་གི་དབྱིབས་ལྟར་ཆགས་པ།  
 srid pa lug cig gi grol pa'i  
     dbyibs ltar chags pa སྤྲོད་པ་ལུག་  
     ཅིག་གི་སྒོལ་པའི་དབྱིབས་ལྟར་ཆགས་པ།  
 srid pa'i ba chung bsha glu  
     སྤྲོད་པའི་བ་ཆུང་བཤའ་གྲུ།  
 stag tshang lha mo སྟག་ཚང་ལྷ་མོ།  
 stobs stag lha སྟོབས་སྟག་ལྷ།  
 su ru སུ་རུ།  
 tA ni ཏཱ་ནི།  
 thun rin ཐུན་རིན།  
 tsha thab ཚ་ཐབ།  
 tshe 'bum skyid ཚེ་འབུམ་སྦྱིད།  
 tshe ring don 'grub  
     ཚེ་རིང་དོན་འགྲུབ།

tshe ring rgya mtsho ཚེ་རིང་རྒྱ་མཚོ།  
 tshe ring sgröl ma ཚེ་རིང་སྒྲོལ་མ།  
 tshe ring skyid ཚེ་རིང་སྦྱིད།  
 tsho 'du ཚོ་འདུ།  
 tshong khang che bo ཚོང་ཁང་ཆེ་བོ།  
 ya sri ཡ་སྤྱི།  
 yab rje bla ma shar skyabs  
     mgon skal ldan rgya mthso  
     ཡབ་རྗེ་སྐུ་མ་ཤར་སྐྱབས་མགོན་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷན་རྒྱུ་མཚོ།  
 yi dwags ཡི་དྲགས།  
 yo lag ཡོ་ལག།  
 yu b+ha ཡུ་བྷ།  
 yu lo ཡུ་ལོ།  
 yum skyid ཡུམ་སྦྱིད།  
 zho 'ong ཞོ་འོང།  
 zhong hwa ཞོང་འུ།  
 zi ling ཟི་ལིང།  
 zog ba རོག་བ།  
 zon thar skyid རོན་ཐར་སྦྱིད།

CHINESE TERMS

Aba 阿坝	Nanjing 南京
Baishhezuan 白蛇传	Nanjing datusha 南京大屠杀
chi 尺	Nian Zhihai 年治海
Dongwei 东维	Ningxia 宁夏
Duoedajilin 多俄达吉林	Qi Huimin 祁慧民
Duowa 多哇	Qiang 羌
Duowa Rega 多哇热尕	Qinghai 青海
Duowa xiang 多哇乡	Qirina 其日那
Gannan 甘南	Regasi 热尕寺
Gansu 甘肃	Renminbi 人民币
Ganzi 甘孜	Salar, Sala 萨拉
Gashenzi 尕什则	Sang Chengqing 桑成青
Guinan 贵南	Shanxi 山西
Guoluo 果洛	Shaanxi 陕西
Haibei 海北	Shandong 山东
Haidong 海东	Shanghai 上海
Hainan 海南	Shuangpeng 双朋
Haixi 海西	Sichuan 四川
Henan 河南	Tianzhu 天珠
Huangnan 黄南	Tongren 同仁
Hui 回	Tu 土
Jiande 尖德	Tuhuisi 土灰寺
Jianzha 尖扎	Wuwei 武威
Jiaolongwu 交隆务	Xi'an 西安
Kashenjia 卡什加	Xiahe 夏河
Labuleng 拉卜楞	Xining 西宁
Labulengsi 拉卜楞寺	Xunhua 循化
Lan Huahua 兰花花	Yingxiongbensi 英雄本色
Lanzhou 兰州	Zeku 泽库
Liji 力吉	Zhejiang 浙江
Linxia 临夏	Zhengba Shanghaitan 争霸上海滩
Longwu he 隆务河	Zhiyue 直跃

# INDEX

- 'Bo ra, 34, 35  
 'Brug mo byams, 25  
 'Brug mo mkhar, 25  
 'Bum pa, 63, 64  
 'Bum phrug, 3  
 'Gyur med rgya mtsho, 3  
 A mchog, 34, 35, 36  
 A mye rdza rgan, 45  
 Aba, 217  
 adobe stove, 21, 34, 181  
 Amdo, 6, 7, 8, 9, 208, 209  
 amulet, 30, 31  
 autumn pasture, 19, 44, 45, 60,  
     61, 67, 68, 184  
*b+ha b+ha*, 27  
 Ba yan, 96  
 baby hair cutting songs, 14  
 Baisheshuan, 23, 217  
 baked bread, 19  
 bandits, 7, 34, 74  
 Barbara Brower, 3  
 barley, 19, 24, 27, 28, 62, 181  
 barley flour, 19, 27, 181  
*bcol glu*, 55, 75, 80, 81, 83, 173  
*bde mo 'jog pa'i skor*, 61, 84,  
     86, 167, 174, 210  
*Bde mo 'jog pa'i skor*, 15, 178  
 beer, 24, 201  
 beginning song, 21, 174  
 belly, 18, 19  
 Big Dipper, 94  
 Big Shop, 24, 25  
 birth, 5, 10, 18, 19, 94  
 birthday cake, 206  
 birthdays, 18, 57  
 birth-giving, 19  
 Bka' rams pa dge 'dun rgya  
     mtsho, 23  
 Bkra lo, 78  
 Bkra shis, 3, 13, 26, 78, 79,  
     192, 195  
 Bla brang Monastery, 35, 78  
*bla ma*, 23, 26, 34, 35, 36, 43,  
     49, 50, 55, 90, 93, 94, 105,  
     106, 119, 120, 122, 123, 132,  
     133, 138, 210, 216  
 black yak-hair tent, 7, 18, 19,  
     26, 92  
 Blo bzang 'phrin las lung rtogs  
     rgya mtsho, 27  
 Blo bzang 'phrin las rgya  
     mtsho, 27  
 Blo bzang bstan pa'i rgya  
     mtsho, 27  
 Blo bzang chos grags rgya  
     mtsho, 27  
*bod gling*, 75, 210  
 Brahma, 95  
 bride, 52, 55, 74, 95, 198, 203  
 bridle, 73, 93  
 browband, 195  
*bsang*, 35, 45, 210, 211  
 Bsang chu, 59, 72, 78, 79  
 Bsang khog, 42, 59, 72, 78  
 Bsod nams bkra shis, 13, 15,  
     18, 26, 43, 72, 73, 76, 85,  
     166, 167, 168  
 Bsod nams bstan 'dzin, 25  
 Bstan 'dzin 'jigs med skal ldan  
     dpal bzang, 27  
*bstod glu*, 50, 56, 60, 172  
*Bstod glu*, 60  
 Buddha, 50, 87, 181, 207  
 butter, 18, 24, 27, 34, 52, 57,  
     58, 181  
 butterfly, 33  
 Byams pa skyid, 198  
 Caihua Dorji, 3  
 Caihuan Duo jie, 3

- 
- Caixiangduojie, 5  
 call and response, 21, 60  
 calves, 28, 29, 30, 61  
 camp, 19, 20, 39  
 cassette tape-player radio, 66,  
     67, 69, 70  
 caterpillar fungus, 18, 26, 27,  
     28  
 cave, 30  
 cell phone, 73  
 chanting, 31, 39, 72, 90  
 cheese, 18, 24, 27, 34, 61, 181  
 China, 5, 8, 14, 17, 65, 66, 87,  
     93, 206  
 Chinese, 16, 18, 23, 24, 25, 26,  
     46, 47, 75, 78, 90, 206, 217  
 Chos 'phel, 19  
 Chos lo, 13, 15, 76, 78, 79, 83,  
     85, 86, 166, 167, 168, 173  
 cigarettes, 24  
 clouds, 34, 51, 95  
 computers, 25  
 conch, 60, 88  
 conflict songs, 15, 84, 86  
 cuckoos, 26, 55  
 cultural preservation, 5, 7  
 dakinis, 88  
 Daniel Miller, 3  
 darling, 96, 97, 98, 100  
 deer, 51, 65, 97  
 Dge 'dun 'phrin las rab rgyas,  
     27  
 Dge 'dun chos 'phel, 46  
 Dge 'dun rgya mtsho, 23  
 Dge lo, 23  
 Dgu chu, 46  
 Dharma, 87, 88, 90  
 digital media, 7  
*ding ru'i gling bu*, 75, 211  
 dipper, 34  
 Dka' lo, 76  
 Dkar ril, 29, 30, 31  
 Dkon mchog dge legs, 3, 7  
 Dkon mchog skyabs, 16, 25,  
     204  
 Do lam, 19  
 Do wa Drog, 23, 211  
 Dongwei, 22, 217  
 Dorje Tashi, 3  
 Dpa ris, 81  
*dpa tog*, 66, 212  
 Dpal ldan bkra shis, 3  
 Dpyi sa, 46  
 dragon, 86, 92, 95  
 Duoedajilin, 23, 217  
 Duoje Zhaxi, 3, 9  
 Duowa, 5, 14, 17, 22, 217  
 eagle, 91  
 elders, 6, 7, 10, 20, 49, 50, 56,  
     59, 61, 66, 78, 179, 199  
 enjoining, 14, 80, 85, 166  
 entrusting, 14, 75, 80, 85, 166  
 ethnoautobiography, 7  
 ethnography, 9  
 evil spirits, 75  
 falling in love, 15, 40, 84, 86,  
     167, 174  
 femur, 75  
 Fernanda Pirie, 3  
 fire, 16, 33, 34, 38, 39, 69, 78,  
     186  
 fish, 60, 65, 95  
 flashlight, 32, 33, 41, 69  
 flute, 49, 73, 75, 76  
 foal, 29  
 fog, 37, 38, 39, 99  
 foreigners, 26  
 fox, 54, 91  
 fried bread, 18, 35, 52  
 G.yu sngogs, 26  
 Gabriela Samcewicz, 13  
 Gabriella Samcewicz, 3  
 Gannan, 10, 217  
 Gansu, 10, 24, 34, 69, 72, 81,  
     208, 217  
 Ganzi, 10, 217



- Gashenzi, 46, 217  
 Gcan tsha, 47  
 Gcod pa, 66  
 Gdu b+he, 69, 70  
 Gdugs dkar, 13, 15, 78, 82, 83,  
     85, 86, 166, 167, 168, 173  
 Gengqiu Gelai, 3, 7  
 Gesang Nuobu, 3, 5  
 ghee, 19  
 Gling, 95  
 global performances, 11, 179  
 globalization, 7  
*glu*, 5, 14, 15, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53,  
     55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 70, 74,  
     75, 76, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85,  
     86, 91, 102, 105, 107, 111,  
     113, 115, 116, 118, 120, 121,  
     122, 123, 124, 125, 166, 167,  
     168, 172, 173, 174, 179, 198,  
     199, 200, 210, 211, 212, 214,  
     215, 216  
*glu shags*, 52, 55, 56, 75, 80,  
     81, 83, 84, 85, 166, 172, 212  
*Glu shags*, 14, 15, 51, 172  
 Gnam rgyal sgrol ma, 25, 58  
 gold, 65, 99  
 gore, 28  
 gossip, 51, 89, 96  
 grain, 94  
 grass seed, 24  
 grassland, 14, 19  
 guests, 20, 21, 55, 59, 199, 204  
 Guinan, 69, 217  
 Guoluo, 10, 217  
*gya ston gyi glu*, 80, 83  
 Haibei, 10, 217  
 Haidong, 10, 43, 217  
 Hainan, 10, 217  
 haircut, 16, 57, 58, 59, 94, 203,  
     204  
 Haixi, 10, 217  
 health clinic, 23, 24  
 heart, 30, 32, 39, 65, 98, 99  
 Henan, 47, 209, 217  
 herders, 20, 26, 39, 61, 62, 74,  
     84  
 Hildegard Diemberger, 3  
 honeybee, 33  
 horns, 30, 93  
*hu tse*, 32, 63, 68, 73, 78, 79,  
     212  
 Huadan Zhaxi, 3  
 Huangnan, 10, 14, 17, 217  
 Hui, 23, 217  
 humorous songs, 14, 15, 75,  
     80, 85, 166  
 husband, 19, 25, 65, 78, 99,  
     186  
*jag glu ring mo*, 81, 212  
 Jermay Jamsu, 3  
 jewelry, 65, 99  
 Jiande, 22, 217  
 Jianzha, 47, 217  
 Jiaolongwu, 22, 217  
 Jo khang, 97  
 Juha Janhunen, 3  
 juniper, 20  
 Ka cu, 24, 38  
 Kan lho, 10, 38, 72  
 Kashenjia, 22, 217  
 Keith Dede, 3  
 Kelsang Norbu, 3, 5  
*kha btags*, 50, 78, 200, 201,  
     212  
 Kha skya, 22, 204  
 Kho de, 18  
*khra tsem*, 90  
 Khyi rnga, 22, 23  
 Khyung bo skyabs, 24  
 King Ge sar, 95  
 kitchen, 24, 46  
 Klu chu, 46, 59  
*Klu mo dkar mo'i sgrung*, 23  
 Klu mo mtsho, 21, 61  
 Klu rgyal 'bum, 6  
 Klu sgrub, 26

- 
- Konchok Gelek, 3, 7  
 Kunchok Benzhou, 3  
*la gzhas*, 5, 15, 16, 60, 61, 62,  
     63, 64, 70, 84, 166, 167, 174,  
     179, 184, 199, 201, 212  
 Labuleng, 46, 217  
 Labulengsi, 35, 217  
 lambskins, 24  
 lamentations, 8  
*Lan Huahua*, 168, 217  
 Lanzhou, 9, 18, 217  
 Lcags mo skyid, 25  
 Lcags rgya, 19  
 Lcags thur rgyal, 26  
 Ldong nge, 22, 76, 83, 201  
 Lha do, 63, 64, 65  
 Lha mo sgrol ma, 4  
 Lha rgod skyabs, 78, 79, 83  
 Lha sa, 75, 78, 87, 90, 97  
 Lhamodrolma, 4  
 Lhun 'grub, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15,  
     83, 86, 167, 174, 184, 185,  
     190, 198, 201  
 Li Jianfu, 8  
 Libu Lakhi, 8  
 Liji, 46, 217  
 Linxia, 24, 217  
 liquor, 24, 52, 55, 73, 91  
 Literary Tibetan, 5, 8, 9, 10, 14,  
     62  
 Lo sar, 49, 67, 73, 74, 78, 84,  
     203, 206, 207  
 Longwu he, 46, 217  
 love songs, 15, 20, 21, 33, 37,  
     60, 84, 86, 98, 99, 167, 184  
 lover, 65, 98, 99, 174  
*ma Ni*, 74, 90, 122, 123, 213  
*Madam White Snake*, 23  
 magpie, 87  
 Mahayana Buddhism, 97  
 Mark Bender, 4  
 marmot, 76  
 mat, 21  
*mchod khri*, 72, 78, 213  
 Mdo ba, 5, 14, 16, 17, 22, 23,  
     24, 26, 27, 44, 45, 46, 64,  
     66, 68, 72, 76, 78, 181, 182,  
     183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188,  
     189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 195,  
     196, 197, 198, 199, 201, 203,  
     204, 206  
 Mdo ba 'brog, 23  
 Mdo ba Commune, 22  
 Mdo ba Township, 22, 24  
 Mdo sngags dar rgyas gling, 23  
*mdzo mo*, 26, 44, 213  
 meat, 18, 21, 24, 32, 35, 68  
 melodies, 6, 51, 60, 64, 75, 76,  
     80, 84, 166, 168, 172, 173,  
     174  
 melody, 16, 49, 74, 75, 84, 166,  
     168, 169, 173  
 Mgar rtse, 46, 59  
 Mgo log, 10, 43, 79  
 Mgon po mtsho, 18, 25  
 Mgon po skyabs, 58  
 milk, 18, 19, 27, 30, 34, 35, 37,  
     39, 52, 58, 78, 79, 87, 199  
 missing my lover, 15, 86, 167  
 Mkha 'gro, 52, 64, 200, 201  
 Mkhar byams rgya, 76  
 Mkhar mo bkra shis, 16, 25,  
     190  
 mobile pastoralism, 10  
 modernization, 7, 206  
 monastery, 23, 29, 93  
 Mongolian, 10, 47, 209  
 Monguor, 47  
 mosquito, 38  
 motorcycle, 40, 42, 44, 52, 63,  
     73, 76, 78, 182  
 mountain deity, 35  
 Mtsho sngon po, 65, 79, 80  
 music notation, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10,  
     11, 167  
 musical notation, 5, 7, 22, 174

- Muslim, 23, 37  
 mutton, 19, 20, 32, 35, 52, 58  
*Nan cin dmar gsod che mo*, 23  
 Nanjing, 23, 217  
 Nanjingdatusha, 23, 217  
*ne'u skra*, 57, 135, 136, 214  
*ne'u ston gyi glu*, 80, 83, 173  
 neighbors, 20, 21, 34, 55, 67, 89  
 Ngag dbang 'phrin las rgya mtsho, 26  
 Nian Zhihai, 208, 217  
 Ningxia, 47, 217  
 nomad lifeways, 6  
 noodles, 21, 24, 27, 35, 52, 69  
 nuns, 49, 56  
 Nyangchak, 8  
 Nyi ma tshe ring, 13  
 onion soup, 19  
*Ophiocordyceps sinensis*, 18  
 Pad+ma mtsho, 25  
 Padmasambhava, 88  
 painful, 18, 19, 33, 38  
 pastoral life, 6, 8, 9  
 Phag mo bde mtsho, 26  
 pharmacy, 24  
 photographs, 5, 6, 22  
 phrases, 168, 172  
 Phun tshogs, 10, 209  
 praise, 14, 15, 49, 50, 75, 80, 85, 166  
 Prajnaparamita, 97  
 prayer beads, 33, 88  
 pregnant, 18  
 Pure Land, 94  
 Qi Huimin, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 15, 209, 217  
 Qiang, 10, 217  
 Qinghai, 5, 8, 9, 14, 17, 65, 168, 208, 217  
 Qirina, 22, 217  
*ra ston gyi glu*, 81, 173  
 raven, 87  
 Rdo rje, 3, 9, 18, 67  
 Rdo rje bkra shis, 3, 9  
 Rdo rje tshe ring, 67  
*rdung len*, 69, 70, 214  
 Rdza lung gong ma, 44  
 Rdza lung zhol ma, 44  
 Rdza rgan, 36, 45  
 Reb gong, 24, 42, 46, 47, 59, 192, 200, 201, 206  
 recuperate, 19  
 Red Star Commune, 22  
 Regasi, 23, 217  
 reins, 18, 33  
 religious personalities, 8, 72  
 Renqingka, 4  
 restaurants, 23, 28, 37  
 Rgya 'du, 22, 45, 52, 63, 201  
 Rgya gdang chos lo, 76  
*rgya gling*, 75, 214  
 Rgya mo skyid, 25, 187, 188, 204, 206  
*rgyang grags*, 44  
*rgyug rta*, 193, 214  
 rhododendron, 19  
 rhythm, 168, 172, 176  
 rice, 24, 62  
 Rigdrol Golok, 4  
 Rigdrol Jikar, 6  
*ril mo*, 68, 214  
 Rin chen mkhar, 4  
 Rin chen rdo rje, 3, 9  
 Rin chen tshe ring, 25, 33, 34  
 Ris sgar, 23  
*rkang gling*, 75, 214  
*rkang gsum*, 182, 214  
 Rma lho, 10, 14, 17, 46, 47, 192, 201, 209  
*rnam thar*, 70, 214  
 robe, 21, 26, 28, 30, 33, 34, 40, 69  
*Rogs dran pa'i skor*, 15, 178  
*rogs mthun*, 61, 69, 70, 84, 86, 167, 174, 214

- Rogs mthun pa'i skor*, 15, 174  
*rogs rtsod pa'i skor*, 61, 84, 86, 167, 174, 215  
*Rogs rtsod pa'i skor*, 15, 177  
 romantic love, 8  
 Rta 'grin, 12, 18, 19, 25, 186, 204  
 Rta 'grin tshe brtan, 12, 18, 25, 186  
 Rta b+ha, 74, 76  
 Rta lo, 25, 186  
*rtsam pa*, 18, 19, 27, 58, 73, 215  
*rtse 'go'i skor*, 61, 84, 86, 167, 174, 215  
 Rtse khog, 46, 47  
 Rural Credit Union Bank, 25  
 saddle, 33, 73  
 Sakyamuni, 88  
 Salar  
     Sala, 23, 43, 64, 217  
 Sang Chengqing, 25, 217  
 Sangs rgyas bkra shis, 10, 13, 209  
 Sarge, 3, 13  
 sash, 28, 34, 95  
 Sbyin pa rgya mtsho, 13  
 school, 21, 23, 28, 29, 31, 32, 45, 46, 47, 63, 67, 68, 83, 206  
 Sgro rong bo, 22, 26, 43, 45, 46, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 192, 196, 197, 199, 200  
 Sgro tshang, 26, 63  
 Sgrol ma, 12, 18, 25, 59, 78  
 Sgrol ma mtsho, 12, 18, 25  
 Sha mo thar, 4  
 Shaanxi, 47, 217  
 Shamo Thar, 4  
 Shandong, 168, 217  
 Shanghai, 23, 217  
 Shanxi, 168, 217  
 Shar skyabs mgon skal ldan rgya mthso, 26  
 sheep, 7, 10, 18, 20, 21, 24, 26, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 43, 50, 54, 56, 57, 62, 67, 68, 70, 74, 75, 76, 80, 81, 93, 181, 191, 207  
 sheep dung, 20, 62, 68  
 sheepskin, 21, 26, 181  
 Shuangpeng, 46  
 Shug rgan dgu chu, 20  
 Si khron, 10, 46  
 siblings, 18, 19, 20, 27, 29, 33, 49, 55, 56, 61, 72, 186  
 Sichuan, 10, 217  
 sing in turn, 21, 79  
 singing, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 20, 21, 22, 33, 49, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56, 61, 63, 64, 70, 74, 75, 76, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 96, 168, 173, 199, 200  
 Six Sentient Beings, 50  
 Skal bzang, 3, 5, 13, 60, 63, 65, 78, 209  
 Skal bzang nor bu, 3, 5, 13, 60  
 Skal ldan rgya msho'i dang sa, 44  
 Skal ldan rgya mtsho'i dang sa, 14, 43  
 Sko b+hes, 40, 41  
*skyo glu*, 80, 81, 84, 173  
 Sman bla skaybs, 69  
 smoke, 34, 37, 66  
 Snying lcags rgyal, 8  
 social chaos, 23  
 social media, 8, 11, 179  
 social transformations, 11, 179  
 son, 19, 41, 42, 56, 58, 66, 68, 72, 74, 78, 83, 191  
 song lore transmission, 9  
 Spang sngo gdang, 44, 60  
 sparrow, 34

- 
- srid pa'i ba chung bsha glu*, 81  
 Stag tshang lha mo, 79  
 stanza, 49, 54, 60, 168, 173,  
     179  
 Stod sbang dkar, 89  
 stream, 20  
*su ru*, 19, 216  
 sugar, 24, 52  
 taboo, 20, 51, 56  
 tantric practitioners, 49, 50,  
     88  
 tantric specialist, 35  
 tea, 18, 21, 24, 26, 27, 28, 34,  
     35, 52, 59, 73, 78, 79, 89,  
     199  
 television, 73  
 tent celebrating songs, 14, 85  
 tethering lines, 20  
 Thun rin, 14, 17, 22, 46  
 Tianzhu, 81, 217  
 Tibetan pastoral area, 10  
 Tibetan songscapes, 9, 10  
 Tibetan Studies, 5  
 Tibetan traditional songs, 7  
 Tongren, 14, 17, 217  
 Toni Huber, 4  
 tortoise, 33  
 traditional peoples, 7  
 tribe, 44, 76, 81, 98, 184  
 Tshe dbang rdo rje, 3, 5  
 Tshe dpal rdo rje, 3, 7  
 Tshe ring don 'grub, 72, 196,  
     197  
 Tshe ring rgya mtsho, 21  
 Tshe ring sgrol ma, 16, 25, 55,  
     63, 84, 187  
 Tshe ring skyid, 16, 25, 72, 203  
 Tshong khang che bo, 24  
 Tu, 47, 217  
 Tuhuisi, 23, 217  
 turquoise, 88  
 TV, 23, 184, 207  
 umbrella, 40  
 vaccinate, 25  
 vegetables, 24, 45  
 Veronika Zikmundova, 4  
 watchdog, 32  
 water, 20, 32, 37, 44, 50, 60,  
     74, 95  
 WeChat, 206  
 wedding, 16, 43, 56, 64, 67, 72,  
     74, 199, 203, 206  
 wheat, 24, 69  
 willow, 98  
 wolves, 7, 21, 26, 37, 39, 51, 62,  
     67, 68, 70, 74  
 Wuwei, 10, 81, 217  
 Xi'an, 18, 47, 84, 206, 217  
 Xiahe, 59, 217  
 Xining, 10, 217  
 Xunhua, 23, 217  
 yaks, 7, 16, 18, 20, 24, 26, 27,  
     28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39,  
     43, 49, 50, 61, 68, 78, 99,  
     181, 187  
 Yellow River, 95  
 Yingxiongbenzi, 23, 217  
 Yo lag, 22, 26  
 Yu lo, 25  
 Yum skyid, 26  
 Zeku, 47, 217  
 Zhejiang, 168, 217  
 Zhengba Shanghaiitan, 23, 217  
 Zhiyue, 22, 217  
 Zho 'ong, 46  
 Zhong hwa, 23, 43, 64  
 Zla ba bstan 'dzin, 8  
 Zog ba, 16, 60, 67, 70, 184  
 Zon thar skyid, 19, 72